Collier's

NOVEMBER 13, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

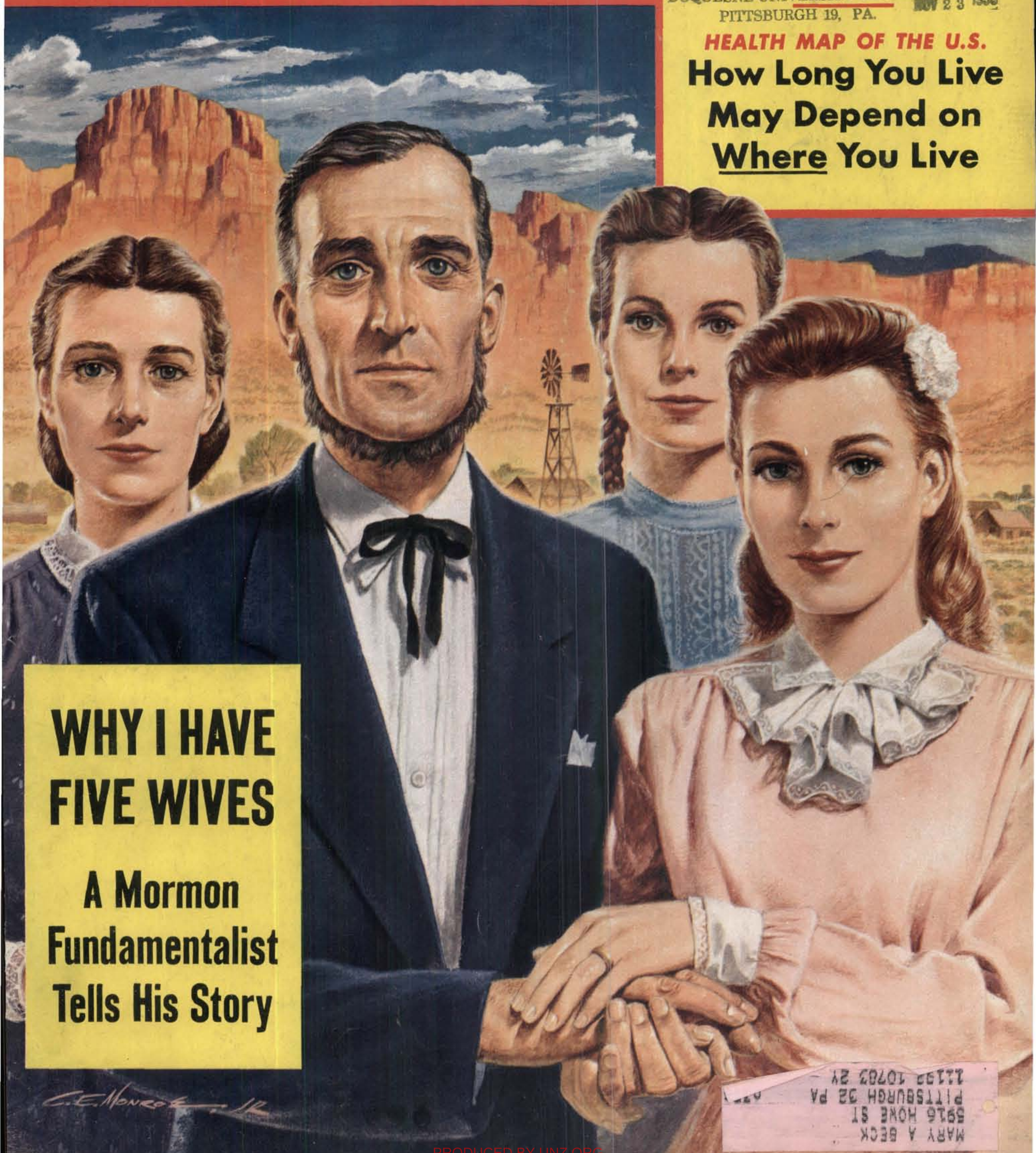
A MOTHER REBELS

'I Won't Send My Children To Public School'

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY NOV 2 3 1953
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

HEALTH MAP OF THE U.S.

How Long You Live May Depend on Where You Live


C.E. Monroe, Jr.

WHY I HAVE FIVE WIVES

A Mormon Fundamentalist Tells His Story

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA
11193 10703 2Y

OLD GRAND-DAD
HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

The most beautiful way to give fine whiskey

OLD GRAND-DAD in this CLASSIC DECANTER

OLD GRAND-DAD IS ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE STANDARD BOTTLE. THE PRICE IS THE SAME FOR EACH.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

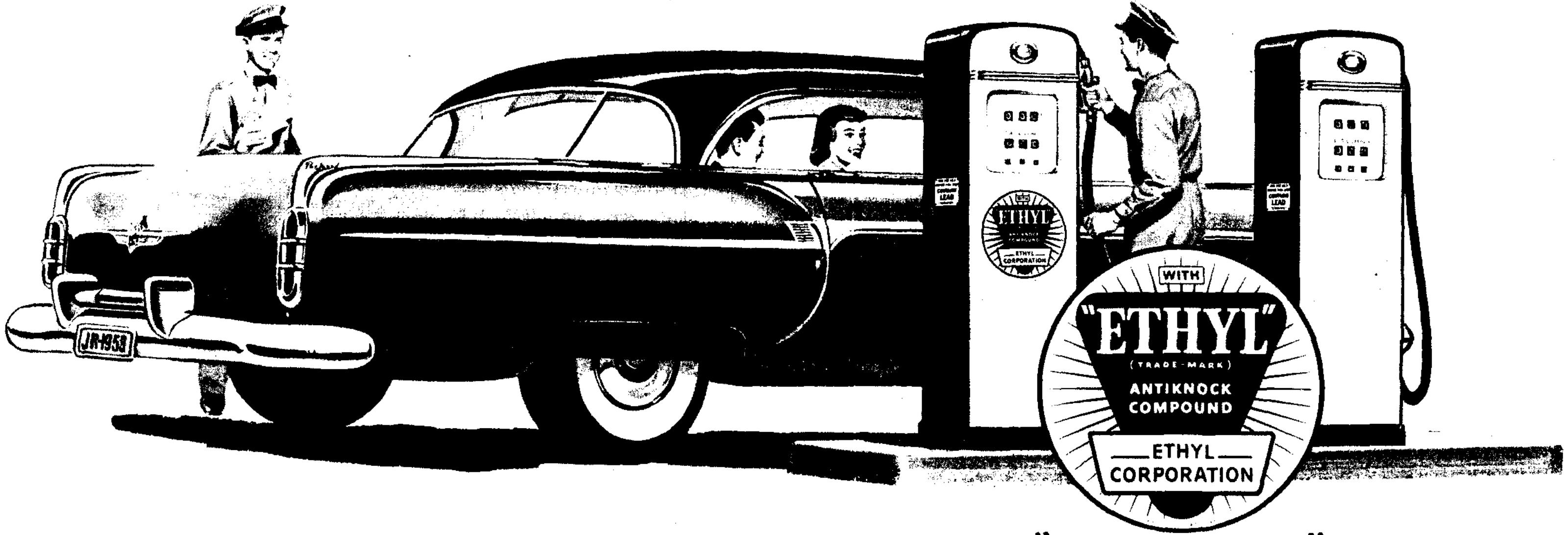
Keep this under your cap

—it's the secret of top performance

Next time your service station man removes the cap on your gas tank, tell him to fill 'er up with "Ethyl" gasoline. High octane "Ethyl" gasoline will make a powerful difference in the performance of your car. You'll get top power and full mileage from every gallon.

And all the while you'll be protecting your engine from the harmful effects of "knock." Yes—there's nothing like a tankful of "Ethyl" gasoline to make driving the pleasure it should be!

ETHYL CORPORATION • New York 17, N. Y.
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada


JR-1953
ETHYL
WITH
"ETHYL"
(TRADE-MARK)
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

Protect your engine—get more power with **"ETHYL"** *gasoline*
TRADE-MARK

Picture OF THE MONTH

If you were one of the lucky million and more who saw "Kiss Me Kate" when it played on Broadway and the road, you have a mouth-watering idea of the ideal treat in store for the even luckier millions who will be seeing *it* when it plays as an M-G-M color-spectacle!

And let understatement go sit under an olive tree while we tell you what a show "Kiss Me Kate" is! Name a world, it's out of it! Name a wonder, it's got it! Name a star team. Could they be brighter, or righter, than the coosome twosome of Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel?

Howard Keel is the fiery star and harassed producer of a musical comedy version of "Taming of the Shrew". His very untamed ex-wife and co-star is Kathryn Grayson. Their extra-marital mixups blow up hilariously on opening night when Howard starts taming Kate for real.

Yes, Cole Porter's rafter-raising, laughter-ringing musical score to the brilliant book by Sam and Bella Spewack is now a star-spangled movie.

Miss Tap Toe in person, Ann Miller, puts the heat on the jumpin' jazz beat of Mister Porter's "Too Darn Hot". Three up-and-coming young fellas—Bobby Van, Tommy Rall and Bob Fosse—perform the temperature-raising "Tom, Dick and Harry", the eye-brow-raising "Always True To You in My Fashion" and the heart-lifting, "Why Can't You Behave?". Razzle-dazzle, sizzle-swizzle choreography throughout will fascinate the fancy dancing fans. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, with hard-boiled personalities and soft-shoe specialties, are the gagster-gangsters who very nearly hijack the show.

But no single star can steal a show as big as this. We haven't even mentioned the rousing, carousing "Wunderbar"—or the tuneful trading of punches and pinches in the Keel-Grayson clinches of "So In Love"—or the fantastically furious finale "Kiss Me Kate". George Sidney of "Show Boat" fame directed, Jack Cummings produced.

Coming right at you, right on the wheels of "The Band Wagon", "Kiss Me Kate" makes the weight in the mighty M-G-M musical tradition. It's really great!

* * *

M-G-M presents "KISS ME KATE" starring KATHRYN GRAYSON, HOWARD KEEL, ANN MILLER with Keenan Wynn, Bobby Van, James Whitmore, Kurt Kasznar. Screen play by Dorothy Kingsley. Music and lyrics by Cole Porter. Play by Samuel and Bella Spewack. Photographed in Ansco Color. Print by Technicolor. Directed by George Sidney. Produced by Jack Cummings.

Collier's

NOVEMBER 13, 1953

ARTICLES

WHY I HAVE FIVE WIVES . . . . Edson Jessop with Maurine Whipple 27
ARIZONA RAIDED SHORT CREEK—WHY? . . . . Wiley S. Maloney 30
NO MORE SHAMPOOS FOR NELLIE . . . . Collier's Color Camera 32
ARE YOU FIT FOR POLITICAL OFFICE? . . . Richard and Maurine Neuberger 36
MEN OF THE CAINE 50
'I WON'T SEND MY CHILDREN TO PUBLIC SCHOOL' . Robert C. Goodman 62
HOW TO WAKE UP . . . . Dr. Paul H. Fluck 88
HOW LONG YOU LIVE MAY DEPEND ON *WHERE* YOU LIVE . Louise Levitas 92
CAN YOU STALK A DEER? . . . . Alfred M. Lansing 110

SHORT STORIES

THE SECRET WITNESS (The Short Short Story) . . . . . . Wyatt Blassingame 10
ELEVEN GUYS NAMED GEORGE . . . . Willard H. Temple 34
WE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE . . . . John and Ward Hawkins 40
DEATH HAD A BIRTHDAY . . . . Charles B. Child 70
THE ROMANTIC TAXPAYER . . . . Hannibal Coons 80

SERIAL

THE SHADOWS OF THE IMAGES (Part Four of Five Parts) . William E. Barrett 100

FEATURES

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Gurney Williams 8
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14
NURSE . . . . Martha Blanchard 18
LETTERS 20
BRIGHT SAYINGS . . . . Edwin Lepper 69
EDITORIAL 114

THE COVER . . . . C. E. Monroe, Jr.

The cover picture, without portraying any specific individuals, symbolizes a way of life which most Americans until recently had believed long dead. Polygamy was outlawed by the Mormon Church in 1890—but Arizona authorities who raided the isolated village of Short Creek not long ago found multiple marriage being practiced as an article of faith by a group of fundamentalist Mormons. On page 27, a member of the sect, Edson Jessop, explains why he joined it—and what it's like to have five wives

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

COLLIER'S, Vol. 132, No. 12.

PUBLISHED every other week by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Paul C. Smith, Shepard Spink, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

COPYRIGHT, 1953, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold simultaneously in the United States and Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All Rights Reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

TITLE "COLLIER'S" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $4.50. All other countries, 1 year $7.50. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

EDWARD ANTHONY
Publisher

ROGER DAKIN
Editor

GORDON MANNING
Managing Editor

RICHARD CHAPLIN
Assistant Publisher

DAVID MANESS
Assistant Managing Editor

ELEANOR STIERHEM MACMANNI
Fiction Editor

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN
Art Director

JAMES A. QUIGNEY
Photo Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
WARREN BROWN
SEY CHASSLER
HOWARD COHN
ARTHUR C. FIELDS
EVELYN HARVEY
DIANA HIRSH
HOMER JENKS
JERRY KORN
JOHN C. PELLEW
CORNELIUS RYAN
JAMES THRASHER
GURNEY WILLIAMS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON
HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE
CHARLOTTE KNIGHT
TOM MEANY
BILL STAPLETON
FRANCIS WALLACE
ELIZABETH WOODY

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES
BARBARA BLAKEMORE
ROBERT BLINN
JEAN B. CAMPBELL
JOHN CONCANNON
EARL FULTZ
ALFRED M. LANSING
RONALD OLIPHANT
ROGER PIPPETT
LOUIS SARDELLA
JANET SHEPS
CHARLES SMITH
NAOME WALSH
MARTHA WEINMAN

EDITORIAL RESEARCH
ROSANNE McVAY, *Research Chief*
MADELIN ALK
DOROTHY D. BENNETT
LEE CAMPBELL
CHRISTOPHER S. CARTER
DIANE DOWNS

●

FRANKLIN C. LORANGER, *Proofroom Chief*
MARTIN IMER
FRANKLIN C. REILEY

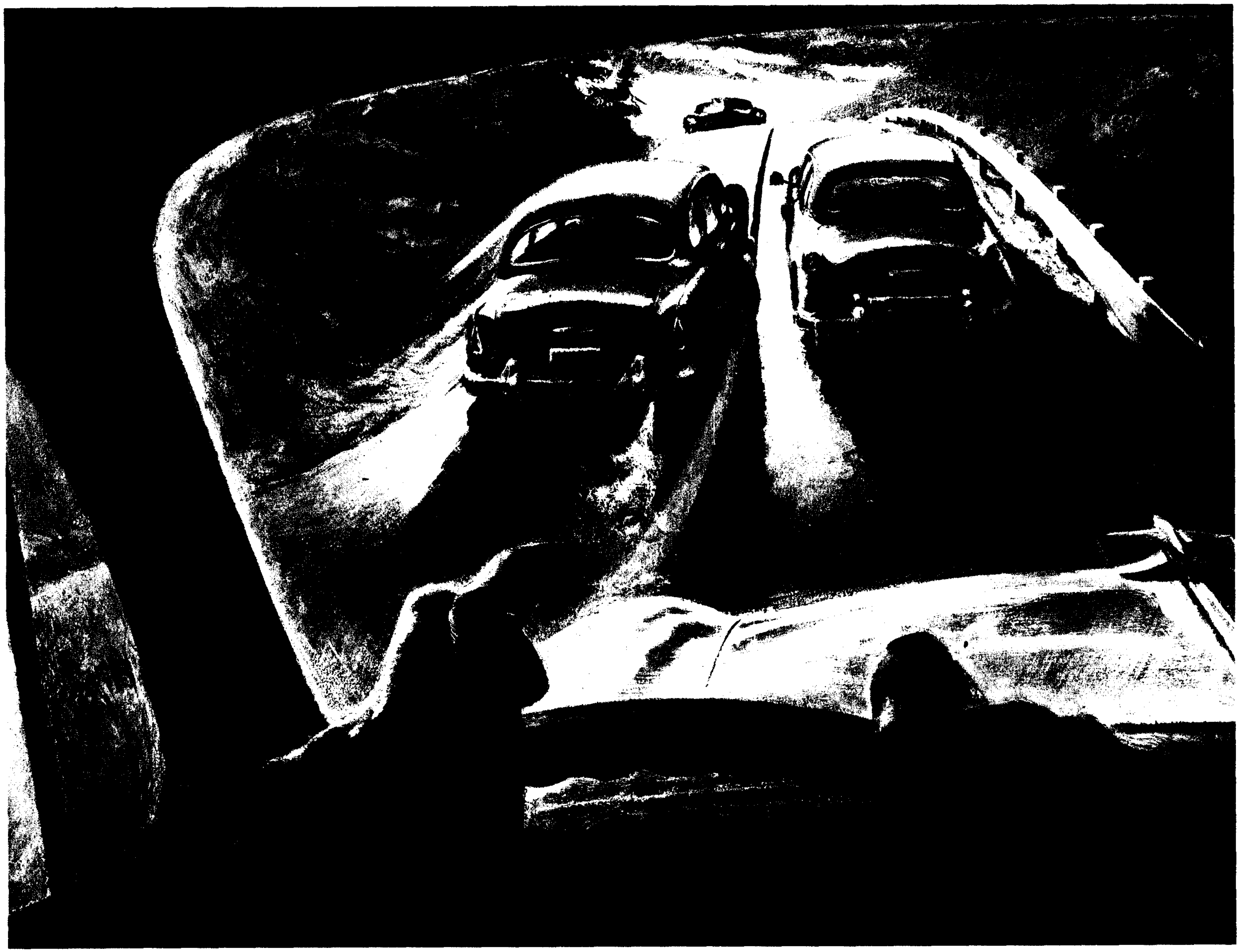
BUREAUS

WASHINGTON
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*
JOHN NEWHOUSE

WEST COAST
THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*
ROBERT CAHN
JOHN FLOREA

MIDWEST (Chicago)
BILL FAY

FAR EAST (Tokyo)
PETER KALISCHER



Never pass unless you can see what's coming. The brow of a hill *may* conceal an empty road—*or a rendezvous with death!*

How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

EVERY AUTO ACCIDENT *costs* money. Every accident avoided *saves* money. The question is: "Who pays the cost; who gets the savings?" With State Farm Mutual, the answer is simple.

State Farm aims to insure only careful drivers. This means that the high cost of accidents caused by reckless driving does not have to be shared by State Farm members. Instead, the savings their own careful driving earns are passed back to them in the form of low insurance rates. And this—plus other State Farm economies and efficiencies—amounts to total savings for members of millions of dollars a year.

If you drive carefully, you may be surprised at how much these State Farm "careful driver savings" can mean to you. Why not find out? Phone your local State Farm agent. He's listed under "State Farm Insurance" in your classified phone book.

Other benefits of State Farm membership

1. *Semi-annual premium payments.* Wouldn't it be easier on your budget to pay for your automobile insurance in two small payments each year, rather than in one lump sum? Advanced State Farm billing and bookkeeping practices make this possible for State Farm members—at no increase in cost.

2. *Mutual benefits.* State Farm is a mutual company. Savings from low claim costs and high operating efficiency are passed on to members, who actually own the company, in the form of low insurance rates. On the other hand, State Farm policies are non-assessable. You never pay more than the established rate for any period.

3. *Fair, fast claim service.* More than 7,000 State Farm agents stand ready, day or night, to serve you in case of accident. Backing them are 700 field adjusters working out of 300 strategically located offices, to speed claim service for members . . . wherever they live . . . wherever they travel. *That's why you can rely on State Farm claim service.*

4. *Established leadership.* Since 1942 more motorists have insured their cars with State Farm than with any other company. Today over 2,800,000 members are in the auto company alone. And new applications for State Farm insurance are coming in on an average of 2,000 every working day! *Look to State Farm for Life and Fire Insurance, too. See your agent!*

State Farm Insurance

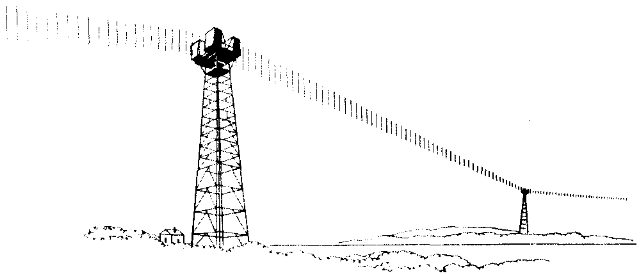
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company
and wholly owned affiliates
State Farm Life Insurance Company
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company

STATE FARM
Auto
Life Fire
INSURANCE

Home office: Bloomington, Illinois • *Branch offices:* Berkeley, Calif. • St. Paul, Minn. • Lincoln, Nebr. • Nashville, Tenn. Marshall, Mich. • Dallas, Tex. • Charlottesville, Va. • Toronto, Ont. • Field claim offices in more than 300 principal cities

Hear "Cecil Brown News Commentaries," Saturdays and Sundays over Mutual Broadcasting System stations. Check local radio listings.

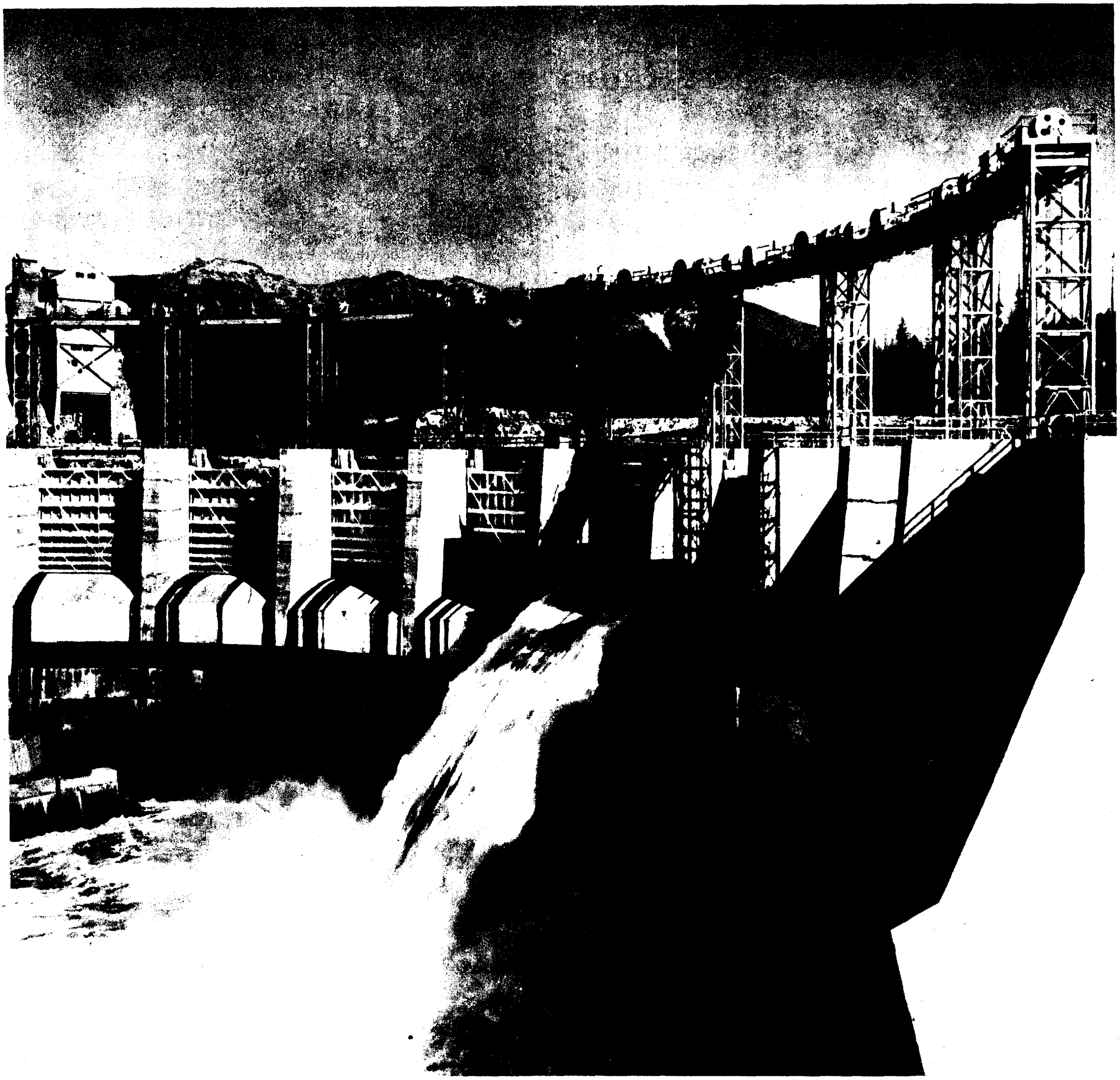
A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



Building Sky Paths for Words and Pictures

A distant voice you heard today, or a TV show from afar may well have reached you over radio relay equipment made by Western Electric. For telephone calls and television programs nowadays leap across the continent from tower to tower by Bell telephone radio relay equipment, and we manufacture the equipment which does the job. We want you to know about Western Electric's part in such stirring and progressive achievements—and to know, too, of the teamwork that produces them.

Here is how it works: Bell Laboratories people *design* something new and better—Western Electric people *make* it as well and as efficiently as possible—and Bell telephone company people *operate* it to give you service that grows steadily better and more valuable.



Here's one that hasn't cost you a cent in taxes!

If this power dam were built by the federal government, the millions of dollars of construction cost would come from money you pay in taxes or be added to the national debt. But this is *not* a government dam. It was built without *one* cent of tax money. In fact, it will *pay* taxes — its full share — to local, state and federal governments. It's the Cabinet Gorge Dam located deep in the mountains of northern Idaho and completed recently by the Washington Water Power Company — one of more than 250 major power projects currently being built by business-managed electric companies.

When tax-paying, business-managed electric companies can build, finance and operate giant power projects, isn't it extravagant for the federal government to spend your tax money to build them?

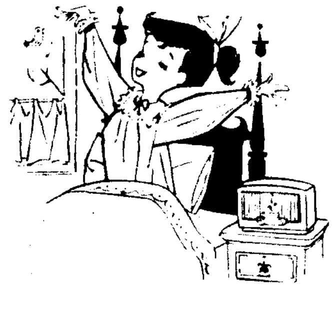
This important question for U. S. taxpayers is raised by America's Electric Light and Power Companies.*

"MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—ABC radio—Fridays—9:30 P.M., E.S.T. • "YOU ARE THERE"—CBS television—witness history's great events

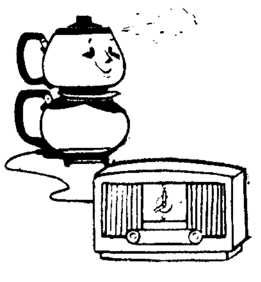
** Names on request from this magazine*

Again G.E. gives you more than any other Clock-Radio for $39.95*

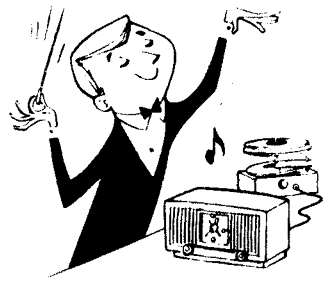
Lulls you to sleep... shuts itself off!



Wakes you to music or news!



Turns appliances on or off ...automatically!



Now with phono jack for your record player!

THE WORLD'S MOST USEFUL RADIO

CLOCK-RADIO

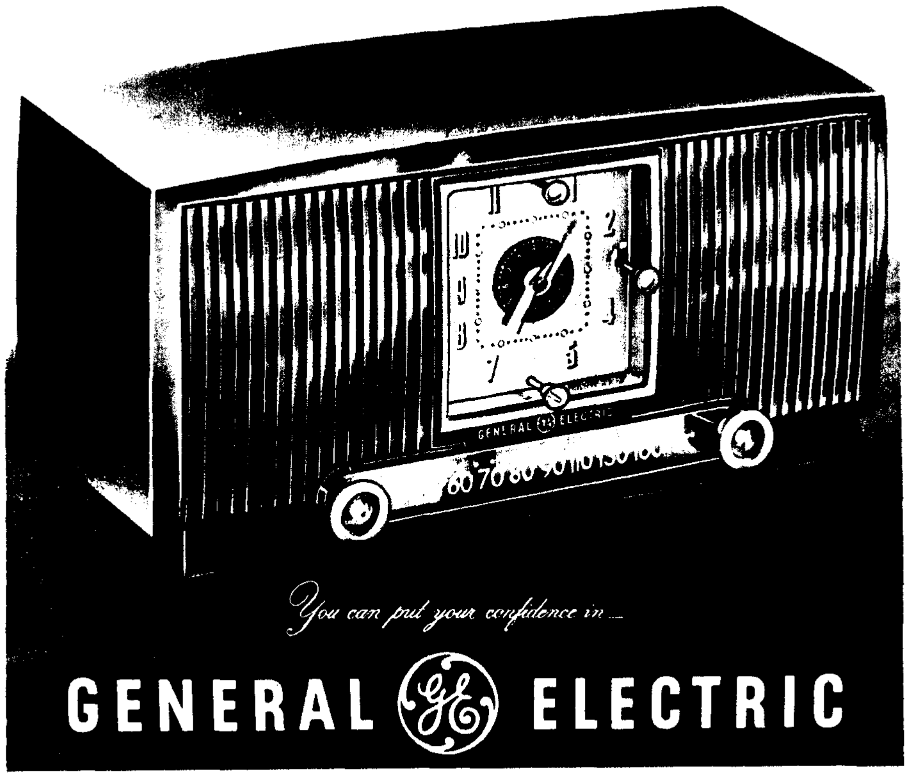
General Electric Comedy Theatre presents
RAY MILLAND
in "Meet Mr. McNutley" TV & Radio—CBS networks—weekly

• Nearly 3 million happy families agree—G.E. gives you more for your money than any other clock-radio. And now G.E. adds a phono-jack for your record player. You can wake up or go to sleep to your favorite recordings—or music or news from the radio. Only General Electric gives you this great extra feature plus your choice of four colors at no extra cost. In mahogany, ivory, red or white—all at the same low price.

General Electric Co., Radio & TV Dept., Syracuse, N. Y.

G-E Clock-Radio prices start at $27.95

Prices subject to change without notice.
**Slightly higher west and south.*



You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Reporter Maurine Whipple

FEW reporters wind up an assignment as exhausted as Maurine Whipple was after she completed her intensive interviews with Edson Jessop, with whom she wrote the unusually arresting article about plural marriages. The Short Creek colony of Mormon fundamentalists has an intense and natural suspicion of outsiders, and it took a patient, tactful and quick-thinking Miss Whipple days to gain their confidence. Meanwhile Miss Whipple was commuting by plane, bus and car some 600 miles between Kingman, Arizona, and her home base, a California-desert, 10-room house belonging to some absent friends.

In addition to responsibilities as a temporary caretaker, she fed assorted household pets and spent almost sleepless nights typing, revising and retyping the story. "Toward the end," she admits, "the syntax was coming off the top of a mind that felt like cotton wool."

The final ordeal took place early one morning when the entire population of Short Creek—80 souls at the time—gathered in a dooryard and demanded to hear the final draft. "I had read and reread it to some of the spokesmen many times," Miss Whipple adds, "but this was the hardest reading of all. I hadn't eaten breakfast—and 80 critics were listening. Understandably, they weighed every word, every interpretation, every quote; made me account for every punctuation mark. But nevertheless, even though my voice croaked like a crow, when it was over I had to admit it was worth it. I even had to admit I was grateful. Mr. Jessop signed the article." It begins on page 27, with Maurine Whipple's punctuation intact.

★ ★ ★

CONSIDERING the fact that the man-and-wife writing team of Richard and Maurine Neuberger is represented on page 36, we trust we may be permitted a slight stage whisper to the effect that in this issue of Collier's the Maurines have landed.

Getting back on the track . . . The biographical picture captions on pages 36 and 37 will explain why the Neubergers are eminently qualified to tell you the hows of achieving public office. Besides politics, their hobby is the American outdoors, which has involved trudging over much of the Lewis and Clark trail and camping in Alaska and the Yukon. This doesn't faze Mrs. Neuberger, who once, on a dare, swam across an ice-floe-stuffed mountain lake. As for Mr. Neuberger, his fifth book, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, has just been published by Random House.

★ ★ ★

FROM Burbank, California, Robert Goodman reminds us: "Absent Without Official Leave stories seem to be my specialty this season. I first learned of the Mary Turner case (page 62) when I was writing The Soldier Who Went AWOL—U.S. to Korea (printed in Collier's, June 20, 1953).

"While researching background on the Turner rebellion, I made the intriguing discovery that this home-education question has interested Collier's for quite a spell. This quote: 'The criticism is voiced constantly these days that parents are not living up to their responsibilities—and their opportunities—in the home training of their children, that they are leaving the job almost entirely to the school,' is from an article dealing with home education, in Collier's for August 2, 1924."

★ ★ ★

NOTES transcribed from a telephone scratch pad after calling Dr. Paul H. Fluck in Lambertville, New Jersey, about his salutary article on page 88.

Dr. Fluck?

Yes.

Do *you* have any trouble waking up in the morning?

No. I've been a country doctor for 17 years and you know what that means: somebody's always sick, people rouse me at all hours of the night, and so I'm used to waking or getting up at any and all times. By the way, I'm the only American who has seen every one of this country's 174 National Park units. Took me seven years to do it. I'm also a government-licensed bird bander, a pastime that helps me forget about people who put in rush calls for me at 4:00 A.M. because their poison ivy itches. Anything else?

No. Thanks, very much.

★ ★ ★

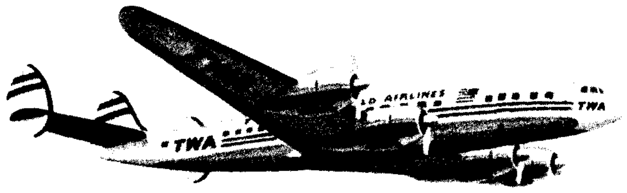
SPECIAL credit must be tendered the eminent Dr. Jacques May for his year-long labor of collaboration with Collier's editors in plotting the distribution of U.S. ailments (page 92). Dr. May took up medical mapping after a tour of duty in Indochina, where geographical hazards—starvation and superstition—proved to be medical stumbling blocks. Small deceptions were necessary to work cures. Inoculation, for example, was labeled "a sacred rite of blood brotherhood." And that made it okay.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

Dr. Jacques M. May

How to go a long way and not be away long

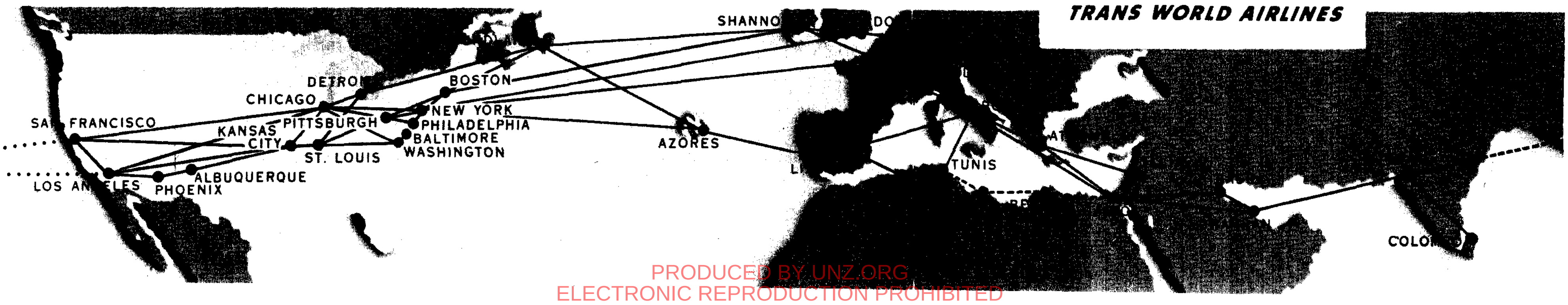
Today's businessman has a new answer to the traditional family send-off. It's the cheerful "See you soon" that goes with traveling TWA. Five-mile-a-minute Constellations speed him to far-off business appointments in hours . . . overnight if his trip is overseas. And not only does he get there sooner, he can stay longer . . . take all the time he needs to get results. For in back of his mind is the reassuring thought that there's another TWA Skyliner just waiting to speed him home.



Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA, or see your travel agent.

Fly the finest . . . FLY TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES


SHANNO
DETRO
BOSTON
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
PITTSBURGH
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
FRANCISCO
ALBUQUERQUE
PHOENIX
LOS AN ELES
AZORES
TUNIS
COLO

I went to Hall's home town as a tourist; I sat in the bars and talked to anybody who could tell me about him

The SECRET WITNESS

By WYATT BLASSINGAME

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

NERVOUSLY Alvin Hall lighted one cigarette from another. I watched him, but pretended to look out across the water. "I hear you were in Korea," I said.

"A lot of people were," he said shortly, and went into the cabin and sat down on his bunk and began to take off his shoes.

We were anchored on the grouper banks, about thirty miles offshore. There were just the two of us. Earlier the people back on Long Key had told me about Hall: how he had been wounded and had won the Silver Star and had practically saved the whole Army during the first few weeks of the war, and how he was too modest to talk about it. He was a real hero, people said.

The hell he was.

I followed him into the cabin. "Turning in?" I asked.

"We've got to be fishing before daylight," he said. Hanging on the bulkhead over his head was a pistol. It was supposed to be for shooting sharks or sting rays, only there were no bullets in it now. I had thrown all the cartridges over the side that afternoon. But Hall didn't know that.

I took off my clothes and lay down. I had plenty of time. I wanted him to be almost asleep, only half-conscious when my voice started coming to him out of the dark, reminding him of a night he didn't want to be reminded of. So I lay there, feeling the slow pitch of the boat, remembering—remembering that night on the Korean front. It came harshly to my mind, as though lighted by star shells.

I REMEMBERED my brother Leland and the startled look on his face as he stared at me, saying, "You? You a replacement for this outfit?"

"You weren't easy to find," I said. There had been a welter of gooks and soldiers and women and children, jeeps and armored cars and oxcarts. "But I kept looking."

"All right," he said, "keep on looking. Find me tomorrow or the next day." And then later that night, when we were in a tight spot, he was saying, "You wouldn't leave. You wouldn't go when you had the chance." There had been one attack and there was certain be another. I was scared.

"What are we going to do?" I said, whispering, trying to keep my voice from going shrill.

"We're going to hold," Leland said.

I nodded. He was an officer; he was in command. And he was my older brother. He had always been the leader, the one to make the decisions.

That's when Lieutenant Hall came up, crawling along the side of the ridge and making too much noise.

"Captain! We've got to get out of here!" he said. His voice was shaking. "They'll kill—"

"Shut up!" Leland said. He grabbed Hall by the shoulder and shook him. "We'll have relief in the morning."

"Relief, hell! We've been left behind so the rest could get away! A damned sacrifice!"

Down the hill a machine gun opened up.

"They're here," Hall sobbed. "They're here—"

Leland slapped him. "Go back to your post," he said.

And then it happened. Maybe he'd had the gun in his hand all the time. I didn't see it; all I saw was the streak of flame that came from it and Hall's face above the flame and Leland jolting backward. And then I was out of the foxhole, crying. That was probably the first time Hall knew I was there. He hadn't done anything or said anything before to indicate he thought there might be someone observing him and Leland. Then the mortar shell hit a few yards to the right. . . .

It was three months before the medics found me in the gook hut. And it was while I was in the hospital in Japan that I began to hear the story of how Lieutenant Alvin Hall had got the Silver Star for assuming command of his unit after Captain Leland Smith had panicked under fire and been killed, of how Lieutenant Hall had led a half-dozen survivors back to safety.

I wanted to know how all this had come about; I

Announcing '54 DODGE

A gracious new elegance brings even greater rewards to the Action Car for Active Americans.

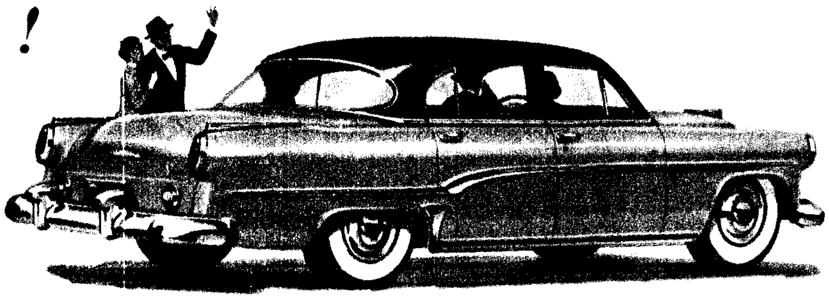
Elegance in Action

DODGE ROYAL V-8 FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

The Dodge with more than ever before!

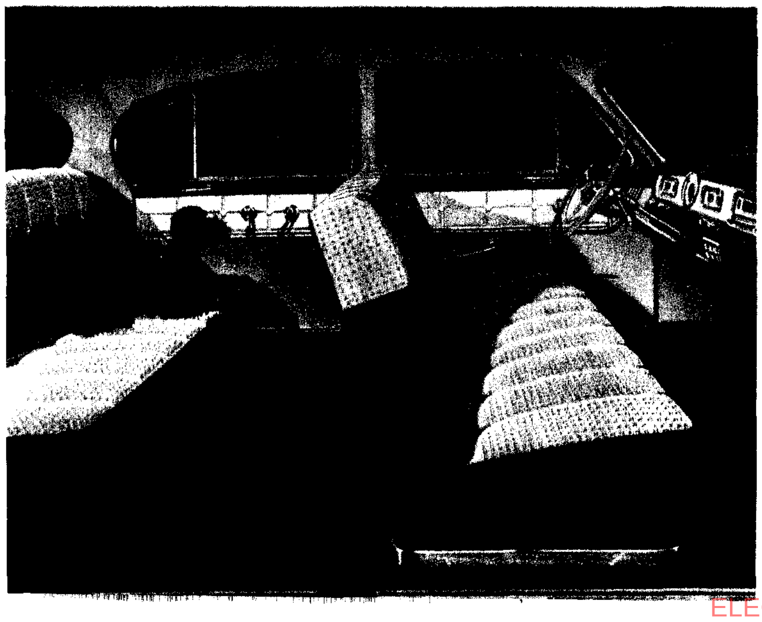
More to it—More in it—More of it!

New Fully-Automatic PowerFlite Drive is newest, smoothest, most powerful of all automatic transmissions. No clutch—just press the accelerator for a smooth surging flow of velvet power.



New Full Time Power Steering takes the hard work out of driving—leaves all the pleasure in! You drive more safely, more confidently. You park, take turns, with effortless ease.

More Massive, more impressive from every angle—with a longer sweep of clean-lined beauty from bumper to bumper, from head-lamp to tail light. Wide selection of models to choose from: Royal V-8 · Coronet V-8 · Coronet 6.



Elegant Jacquard Fabrics, loomed in the manner of the most exquisite tapestries, create a new sense of gracious living *inside* the new Dodge. Soft, satin-tone finish of instrument panel cuts glare. New Color-Mate styling throughout.

DEPENDABLE *New '54*

DODGE

The Action Car for Active Americans

Specifications, equipment and price subject to change without notice.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Florsheim Shoes

Styled to Look Better;
Built to Look Better Longer!

The KENT, *S-1427, tan Windsor calf, wing tip blucher with storm welt,* **$20.95**

Florsheim Shoes are famous for their authentic styling; in fact Florsheim pioneered every *new* trend in men's shoes from French Toes to Tassel Slip-Ons. But it's Florsheim *quality* that counts most—the quality that means longer wear and lower cost in the long run.

Other Florsheim Styles $17.95 *and higher*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

had to. But when I kept stopping every doctor or nurse that passed my bed and asking them, they called in a psychiatrist. So I quit asking then.

I lay in one hospital bed after another, and remembered, and planned.

When I was finally released, with a knee that would always be a little stiff, I already knew the name of Hall's home town. It was a little place on a key on the Gulf coast of Florida. I went there as a tourist; I sat in the bars and talked. I went to all kinds of bars and talked to all kinds of people.

Everybody knew Alvin Hall. Sure, he was the island hero—only the war had changed him. He was a commercial fisherman now, staying out on the grouper banks for four or five days at a time. Sometimes he went with a crew of one but more often alone, because he wasn't easy to get along with any more, even though everyone made allowances for him.

"Sure," one man told me, "you can get a job with him—if you don't care anything about sleeping."

It wasn't even necessary to change my name. A man with a name like John Smith never needs to change his name. And Alvin Hall had never seen me except that one time, and that had been in the dark.

SO NOW I lay there and thought, and Alvin Hall lay in a cot not two feet away, with his breath taking on the long, soft sounds of sleep.

"Lieutenant," I said. I whispered as we had done that other night. "Remember Korea? Remember that night on the ridge and the second attack coming?"

The sound of his breathing changed. It seemed to stop, to be suspended for a second, then start again. Perhaps he was still asleep. I couldn't tell.

"Remember?" I said, whispering at him in the darkness. "Captain Smith was shaking you and you were saying, 'We've been left behind so the rest could get away. A damned sacrifice!' "

Now his breathing did change. It began to come in thick, choking sounds. But his body did not move.

"There was an enlisted man in a foxhole near the captain," I said. "Only you didn't notice him until you'd murdered Leland."

I waited. The sound of his breathing had stopped. He'll reach for the gun now, I thought. Then the sound of his breathing came again, louder, turning into a long, sobbing, burbling, crazy sound, the sound he had made that night on the ridge. It didn't stop. It went on and on, and finally I was the one who moved first.

I stood up and turned on the light. "All right," I said, braced, ready. "All right, you cold-blooded killer. I'm Leland Smith's brother."

HE DID not move. His eyes were still shut and the tears squeezed out from under his lids and ran down across his cheeks. His mouth was shut too, with the sound coming out of his throat, steady and horrible.

I leaned over and struck him on the cheek as Leland had done that other night.

He sat upright, his eyes opening. He saw me leaning over him and turned, burying his face in both hands. "I'm all right," he said, his voice thick. "Go back to sleep."

"I haven't been to sleep," I said.

He got up then and tried to get past me, out of the cabin. I caught him by the arm; it was then I first realized I had begun to tremble. "You didn't hear me," I said. "You didn't hear me."

"Hear what?" he said.

I knew he hadn't heard. "Whatever you were dreaming," I said, "do you dream that often?"

"What the hell is it to you?" he said and pulled away from me and went out on the deck. Then he looked back at me. "You can quit when you get ashore," he said. "And to hell with you."

I heard him walking back and forth across the little deck. I saw the glow of one cigarette after another. And I thought of why none of the Long Key fishermen would stay with him for more than one trip, of why most of his life was spent alone—here on this boat—waiting for the time he would have to go to sleep, waiting to dream again.

I turned out the light and lay down. Maybe it was God, I thought; maybe it was Leland taking his own revenge. Maybe it was some quality in Alvin Hall. I didn't know. I only knew it was out of my hands.

—WYATT BLASSINGAME

Some facts you should know in selecting a laxative

Occasionally, just about everyone has trouble with his elimination.

Usually, it isn't caused by anything more than an upset in his everyday schedule. Sometimes staying up too late for a few nights can do it.

Or, for some people, taking a long car or train ride may be the cause. In such cases, you usually can benefit by taking a laxative. The question is, which is the best laxative for you?

Comparing some well-known laxatives

Most people don't know how to choose the laxative they want because they don't know enough about laxatives. They know what they want in a laxative. Effectiveness and gentleness. By effectiveness they usually mean speedy action. And they don't want to take a laxative that's harsh.

That's why the makers of Sal Hepatica produce, below, a comparison chart of some well-known laxatives.

As you see on the chart, Sal Hepatica has both gentle and speedy action—while the other three frequently used laxatives have one or the other of these properties, but not both.

This is because Sal Hepatica is a saline laxative and provides speedy relief with gentle liquid bulk rather than by irritant action.

The benefits of liquid bulk

Thus, you can take Sal Hepatica before breakfast, and get quick, easy relief—usually *within an hour.* Such prompt action is invaluable to busy people who can't afford to let constipation ruin their day.

Or you can take Sal Hepatica ½ hour before supper and enjoy gentle relief by bedtime.

Sal Hepatica combats gastric distress—helps sweeten a sour stomach. And as gastric distress (heartburn) is a condition which often accompanies constipation, you will find this additional feature of Sal Hepatica most helpful.

Recommended by doctors for 60 years

Since this world-famous laxative was first formulated, it has been recommended by four generations of doctors. And, in a recent survey, it was recommended by more than half the doctors interviewed.

Sal Hepatica has literally helped millions of people. And we sincerely believe it will help you. If you try Sal Hepatica the next time you need a laxative, we're sure you'll find it gentle and effective.

COMPARISON WITH THREE WELL-KNOWN LAXATIVE TYPES

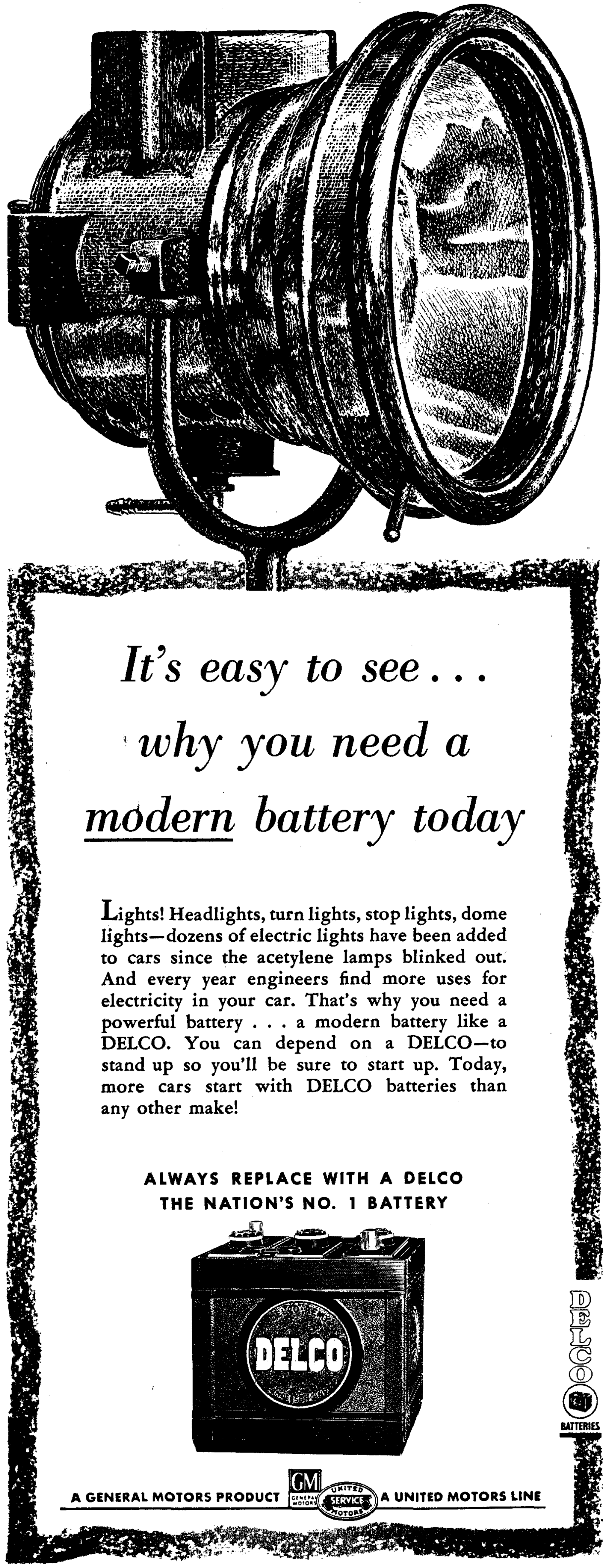
	Sal Hepatica	A	B	C
has non-irritant gentle action	**YES**	YES	NO	NO
has speedy action	**YES**	NO	NO	NO
provides liquid bulk	**YES**	YES	YES	NO

Sal Hepatica

Gentle, speedy

SAL HEPATICA®

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



It's easy to see . . . why you need a modern battery today

Lights! Headlights, turn lights, stop lights, dome lights—dozens of electric lights have been added to cars since the acetylene lamps blinked out. And every year engineers find more uses for electricity in your car. That's why you need a powerful battery . . . a modern battery like a DELCO. You can depend on a DELCO—to stand up so you'll be sure to start up. Today, more cars start with DELCO batteries than any other make!

ALWAYS REPLACE WITH A DELCO
THE NATION'S NO. 1 BATTERY

DELCO BATTERIES

A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT A UNITED MOTORS LINE

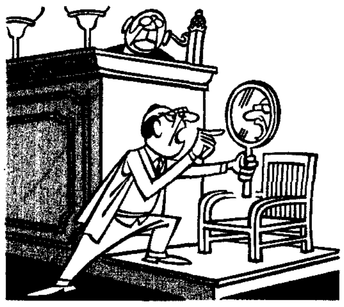
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

This bit of information from a gentleman in Pasadena, California. He advises us that take-home pay is called take-home pay because that's the only place you can afford to go on it.

★ ★ ★

It's pretty complicated, but with our customary agility we shall seek to simplify the current furor in Austin, Nevada. To begin with, it hardly pays to punch the district attorney in the nose, not even if you are a deputy sheriff. The D.A. will only return the compliment. It is even less profitable to demand that the district attorney be prosecuted for assault and battery because, according to the county commissioners gathered in solemn session in Austin, it is unreasonable to expect the district attorney to prosecute himself. Anyway, that's what happened in Austin; and we for one are prepared to let the matter drop.



★ ★ ★

In an elevator in the courthouse in Tulsa, Oklahoma, there's a sign reading: Courtesy Is Contagious. And under the words Miss Pat Milligan found that some misanthrope had written: "Nobody around here has the disease."

★ ★ ★

At the suggestion of one of his lady readers, Mr. L. S. Sanders, Jr., of the Kosciusko, Mississippi, Star-Herald has come out boldly for wider parking spaces for women drivers. The lady explained that the actual job of parking doesn't bother her, but the incidental crashing and ripping noises are getting on her nerves.

★ ★ ★

No, we didn't know that there's a bookshop in New Orleans telling wanderers-in that "We Earn Our Living by the Sweat of Your Browse." And the funny thing is, we don't feel any different now that we know it.

★ ★ ★

The judge in Fairfield, Iowa, fined Mrs. Effie Fisher $50 for shooting a squirrel that was gnawing on a tree in her back yard. Mrs. Fisher said, closed season or not, no squirrel was going to eat her trees and that she would pay no fine. The alternative was 15 days in the jailhouse. Off marched Mrs. Fisher to the cooler, pausing only to buy some new clothes so she'd be a credit to the place. Emerging after 15 days, she thanked the sheriff and announced that in the sneezer she had got a lot of overdue sewing done, to say nothing of a right good rest. She also served anew dire notice on all squirrels who might be fixing to visit her back yard and nibble at her trees.

★ ★ ★

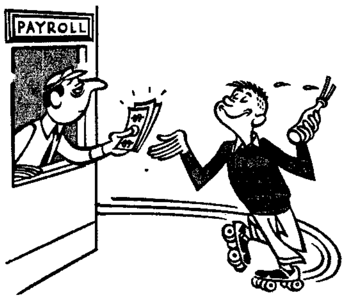
Fellow in Milwaukee decided to burglarize a business firm. Got in all right but fell, breaking an ankle. Dismayed but not discouraged, he dragged himself upstairs and gashed his wrist breaking into an office. This was the limit. Decided he was in the wrong racket. Called the cops.

★ ★ ★

The city of Hallowell, Maine, hasn't any municipal judge. The governor has looked high and low but can't find a lawyer willing to take on the job. Can't understand it either because the job pays $300 a year.

★ ★ ★

Listen, kiddies. There's a high-school boy in New Haven, Connecticut, who works four hours every weekday and still gets good grades. His name is Bob Lawrence and, as a reward for being attentive this far, we'll tell you what this young toiler does. He roller-skates. Rolls something less than a mile on one pair, changes to another pair, skates the same distance, puts on another pair . . . And so on, and on, and on, for four hours. Gets paid for it, too, as a test pilot for the roller-skate division of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Almost forgot to mention that he gets free pop between skatings just to keep his spirits up.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Giving you the benefit of our experience we advise you to be calm should anybody happen along and say: "In my right hand I hold two current American coins which total sixty cents. One is not a dime. What are these two current American coins?" Just tell the person that one is not a dime but the other one is, and go back to your interrupted wondering about what the world is coming to anyway.

THE GIFT INCOMPARABLE

America's Guest Decanter Now Festively Gift-Boxed

Old Forester
DECANTER
OLD FORESTER
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Bottled in Bond – 100 Proof

OLD FORESTER

"There is nothing better in the market"

© 1953—B. F. DIST. CORP.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

PHILCO ANNOUNCES THE WORLD'S
HIGH FIDELITY SOUND AND

PHILCO 4406 HIGH FIDELITY COMBINATION

Revolutionary Phonorama* Sound System for Television, FM-AM Radio and Records

PHONORAMA BY PHILCO! This masterpiece of home entertainment, the magnificent 4406, introduces the world's first television combination with deep dimension picture and High Fidelity sound. HF-200 chassis with 21-inch deep dimension picture plus High Fidelity Phonorama sound. For the first time in any combination you hear the entire range of sound from television, FM-AM radio, and high-fidelity recordings. The cleanest, purest, most thrilling sound in history . . . Phonorama by Philco. All in a luxurious cabinet of mahogany solids and veneers.

*Trademark

FIRST TELEVISION COMBINATION WITH

DEEP DIMENSION PICTURE

Not just Part of the Picture . . . but All the Picture in Deep Dimension

A history-making achievement in home entertainment and standard-bearer of Philco's revolutionary HF-200 television with the spectacular new deep dimension picture

FROM Philco's 25 years of leadership in electronic research comes the world's first television with deep dimension picture: the new Philco HF-200.

No other receiver on the market today so completely overcomes the obstacles of distance, interference and noise . . . or so completely solves the problems of picture stability, contrast and definition. Everywhere the new HF-200 adds new *miles* to reception . . . new *depth* to the picture. Now you see not just part of the picture with background lost in blur and diffusion, but *all* of the picture in *deep dimension.*

Standard-bearer of this great new HF-200 television is the 4406, left, combining the spectacular deep dimension picture with Philco's revolutionary new Phonorama High Fidelity sound for television, records, and FM-AM radio. You have to see it . . . *and* hear it . . . to believe it!

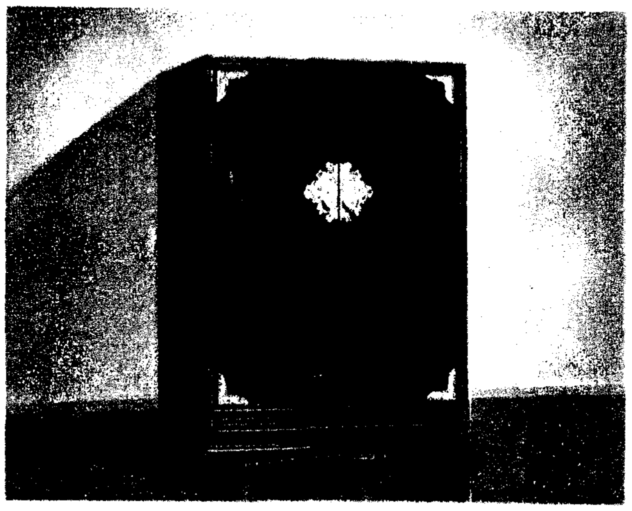
See all the new 1954 Philco television models at your dealer's. Every model available with Philco's exclusive built-in All Channel Tuner for UHF. Prices from $179.95 to $1000, federal tax and warranty included. Specifications subject to change.

* * *

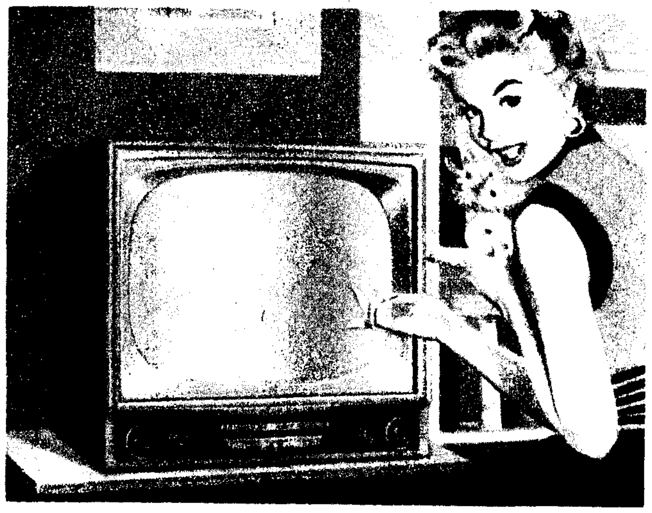
Philco Factory Supervised Service, industry's largest organization of factory-supervised TV specialists . . . available through your dealer. And remember, Philco Replacement Tubes improve the performance of *any* television or radio receiver.

PHILCO® *Famous for Quality the World Over*

BIG 24-INCH SCREEN . . . 335 square inch picture . . . in no more room space than many 21-inch sets. UHF-VHF built-in aerial system. In blond oak. Model 6104-L.



THE 4308 21-inch console with deep dimension picture. UHF—VHF aerial. Imported English hardware, African mahogany veneers, deeply recessed doors typify its luxury.



THE PHILCO 4004, one of Philco's spectacular values in 21-inch table models. Mahogany finish cabinet. Available with smart matching table.

® PHILCO CORP.

MARS
Toasted Almond Bar
MARS
beau
[redacted]
★MARS®
[redacted]
BAR
Like a chocolate nut sundae!
10¢

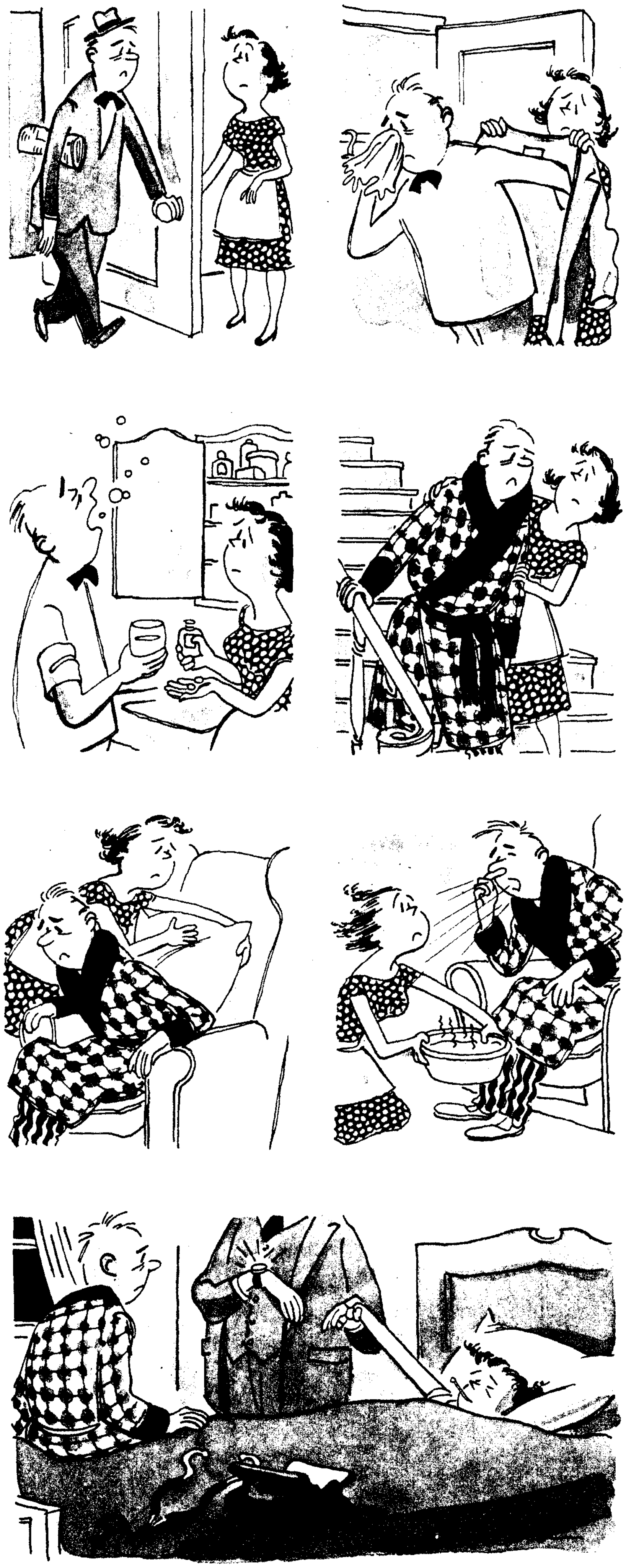
You'll score sure as shootin' with a Mars Toasted Almond Bar.

A sweetheart! Heaped high with plump, toasty almonds—lavish with creamy nougat—all smothered deep in a butter-smooth coating of purest milk chocolate.

If you are really out to add another beau to your string, make that date with a Mars Bar today, sure.

NURSE

By MARTHA BLANCHARD



An Historic Announcement about Old Crow

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

To meet the demand for a lighter, milder prestige bourbon,
the world-famous Old Crow Distillery now offers an 86 Proof bottling of Old Crow,
lower in price, as a companion to the traditional 100 Proof Bottled in Bond

As you know, there are hundreds of whiskey brands in America. Yet you can count almost on the fingers of one hand those few select brands that have won for themselves so unique an acceptance that their prestige equals that of the products of *any* American industry.

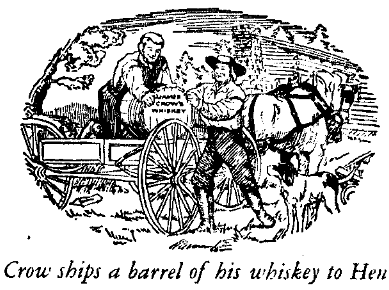
Such a brand, of course, is Old Crow, "the greatest name in bourbon."

2½ gallons a day was Crow's original production

Today, to meet the growing demand for a fine bourbon that is lighter and milder than the world famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, the time-honored Old Crow distillery now offers a bottling of celebrated Old Crow at 86 Proof. (Available now in addition to the regular 100 Proof Bonded bottling.)

This means that if you are among those who prefer their bourbon lighter in taste, you can now enjoy the famous brand that was favored by Mark Twain and Henry Clay — and described by Daniel Webster as *"the finest in the world."* You can enjoy it at a reasonable price, too. For the resultant savings in taxes and other costs will be passed along to you . . . and you'll be able to get your 86 Proof Old Crow generally for under $5 for 4/5 qt.

Old Crow has deep and historic roots in America. It's been over a hundred years since Dr. James Crow built his tiny distillery on the Kentucky frontier. Prior to his arrival, distilling was a crude process done after the manner of the old mammy's formula for bread-making by taking "a passel" of meal, "a passel" of malt, about "so much" water, b'iled down until it was done. Dr. Crow, a graduate of the College of Medicine and Surgery in Edinburgh, Scotland, revolutionized this process by introducing scientific methods. He experimented and studied until he at last reached the nice proportions that were destined to bring world renown to the whiskey that bore his name.



James Crow ships a barrel of his whiskey to Henry Clay

Today this same distinctive Old Crow taste can be shared alike by you who prefer the traditional 100 Proof Bottled in Bond (ask your dealer for the Bond) and by you who have been wanting so fine a bourbon, but milder in taste (ask your dealer for the 86 Proof).

* * *

NOW—TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS!

86 PROOF
Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
Celebrated Old Crow — lighter, milder and lower-priced than the 100 Proof Bottled in Bond

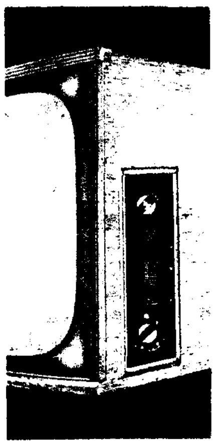
* * *

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
The most famous of bonded bourbons available as usual

* * *

The introduction of this 86 Proof bottling will enable many thousands more to join the ranks of celebrated Americans and lovers of fine bourbon everywhere who agree that Old Crow is the finest Kentucky whiskey ever put into glass.

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY



EMERSON 21" SPACE-SAVER MODEL 740

"PATENT APPLIED FOR"

Now! A TV Picture So Clear, So Sharp

...you'll think you're at the movies!

Space-Saver 21-inch Models. Here's what the whole TV industry has been striving for—the largest picture in the most compact cabinet, and it's yours with Emerson!

Fringe Reception. Whether you live in a steel skyscraper or many miles from a station, Emerson's Dynapower Chassis brings you a movie-perfect picture!

Emerson Miracle Picture Lock. No fading, no flickering, no "ghosts"—thanks to the exclusive Emerson Miracle Picture Lock which holds the picture *steady* at all times.

Every Emerson Ready for UHF. Every Emerson has built-in antenna. There are 44 distinctive models to choose from, priced as low as

$149 95

Prices include excise tax and warranty.

ANOTHER ENGINEERING MIRACLE BY EMERSON!

THE SECRET!

Emerson's exclusive, revolutionary *side controls* make possible the Space-Saver Cabinet: the front is all screen, a big 21" picture in the slimmest, trimmest cabinet ever built—all wood, in blonde, mahogany, other fine finishes.

☆SEE RALPH BELLAMY IN "MAN AGAINST CRIME"☆

Emerson Television and Radio *

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Emerson

EMERSON RADIO & PHONOGRAPH CORP., N. Y., U. S. A.

America's Best Buy! Over 14,000,000 satisfied owners

Letters...

$!$&%@& ?#*@&#¢$%?%& ?@!#*&¢@?#!$*%&¢@?

The Honest Cop

EDITOR: Roses to you for your wonderful articles on The Plight of the Honest Cop (Sept. 18th, Oct. 2d-16th). We need this type of article (with no facts spared) more often, because it gives us the inside story of police corruption, why it happens, and what we, as citizens, can do about it.

May I also add that the highway patrolman is another cop who deserves a little more merit than he gets.

NANCY NIGHTINGALE, Windsor, Ohio

. . . I have been following your series on The Plight of the Honest Cop and I enjoyed it immensely. I only wish there were more writers covering the favorable side of the policeman's case. More and better stories such as yours are needed to offset the opinion that most of the public have concerning policemen in general. S. W. CHRIST, Chief of Police, Mankato, Minn.

. . . Thanks for The Plight of the Honest Cop. It should open the eyes of the honest taxpayers.

C. PETERSEN, Los Angeles, Cal.

Situation Wanted

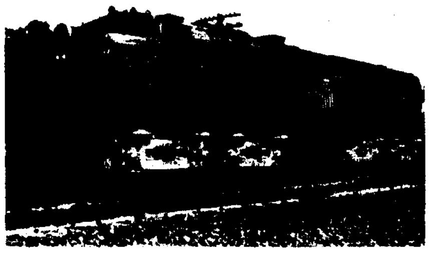
EDITOR: Since I am unemployed at this time please consider me for your 1954 Football Forecaster. Qualifications? Better than some. Francis Wallace's bowl prospects, picked in his 14th Football Preview (Sept. 18th), lost 60 per cent in their debut games.

Georgia Tech, Alabama, Texas, Florida and Maryland started September 19th, and Alabama, Texas and Florida got beaten. Per cent correct: 40.

Please give me a trial in '54.

D. WHITTENBERG, Fort Smith, Ark.

Gas Turbines on the Rails



EDITOR: In James Haggerty's article Now It's a Jet Truck (Sept. 18th) he mentions that gas turbine engines may soon be used in—among other things—a locomotive.

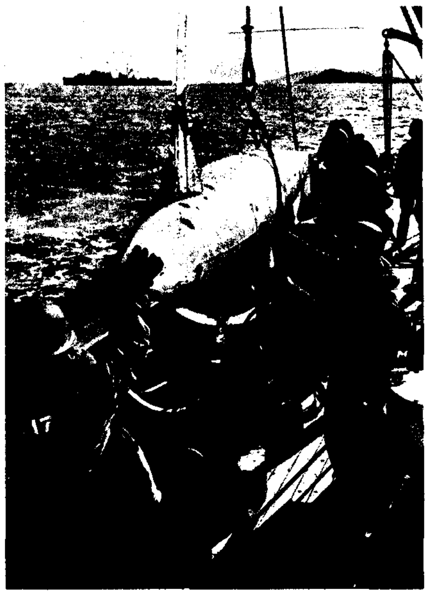
The Union Pacific Railroad has been using gas turbine "locos" in regular freight service in Wyoming for over a couple of years now. These locomotives are built by General Electric and burn bunker C fuel oil and are rated at 4,500 horsepower each, equivalent to three Diesel-electric units used in similar service. The U.P. will have 25 gas turbine engines when the latest order has been delivered.

One of these locomotives is now in experimental service hauling freight trains between Los Angeles and Las Vegas, burning propane for fuel, which is carried in a tank car coupled to the rear of the engine. The turbine itself is geared to a generator which provides power to the eight traction motors mounted in the four trucks on which the unit rests.

CHARD WALKER, Summit, Cal.

Mr. Haggerty was speaking specifically of the use of the Boeing 502 engine in locomotives. Reader Walker is correct, however, in his statement that the Union Pacific uses gas turbine locomotive engines and also, according to General Electric spokesmen, in his statistics and specifications.

No Paravane



EDITOR: In your article Now Russia Threatens Our Sea Power (Sept. 4th) you show a picture of crewmen putting a paravane over the side, and also state that sawlike teeth of the torpedo-shaped paravane sever mine cables. The object being put over the side is a float, not a paravane, and the only teeth anywhere near that float are in the mouths of the men launching it.

In 1943 I took an eleven-week course at the Mine Warfare School at Yorktown, Virginia, and served as mine-sweeping officer aboard a mine sweeper for almost two years.

E. N. BROCK, Natchez, Miss.

The information for the picture caption to which Mr. Brock refers was gathered from official U.S. Navy sources. Nevertheless, it appears, on further check, that the Navy nodded and that former mine sweeper Brock is correct. The pictured object is a float, not a paravane.

The Fearless Engineers

EDITOR: The Collier's article concerning engineering schools and involving RPI (The Engineers—They Have No Fears, Oct. 2d) was received in this vicinity with great enthusiasm. It seemed to me a most capable job. Those of us concerned with the importance of educating engineers and scientists are most happy that you chose to do the article.

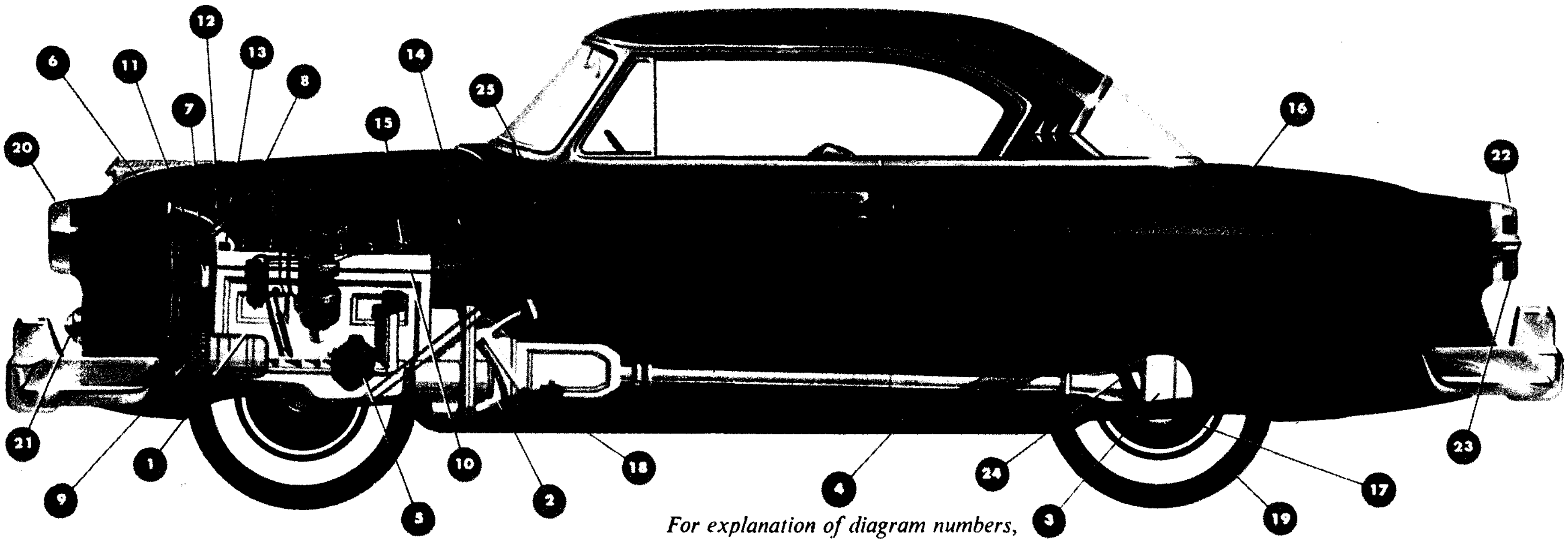
LIVINGSTON W. HOUSTON, President,
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute,
Troy, N.Y.

(Continued on page 24)

Don't let this happen to you!

Reading this page may save you and your loved ones from the discomforts and dangers of winter breakdowns.

Car-Saving Tips for Winter



For explanation of diagram numbers, look for the same numbers below.

HERE'S a handy one-page guide, to keep your car running and looking its best this Winter—and for many Winters to come. It tells you what experienced motorists do, to get top performance from their cars.

It also mentions certain products you'll need. The man who services your car will be glad to recommend the products best suited to *your* car.

FIRST THING TO REMEMBER IS LUBRICATION. As most everyone knows, you change over to winter grade OIL and GREASE, in your ① motor, ② transmission, ③ differential and ④ chassis. Change ⑤ oil filter cartridge every 5,000 miles. In cars with automatic transmission, check level of TRANSMISSION FLUID; change fluid as manufacturer recommends. Next thing . . .

DON'T FORGET YOUR ⑥ RADIATOR. If it leaks, use SEALER. Check condition of ⑦ radiator hose, ⑧ heater hose and ⑨ fan belt. Check for leaks at ⑩ cylinder head gasket, ⑪ water pump, ⑫ hose clamps. Check operation of ⑬ thermostat. Use high temperature thermostat in Winter. Flush cooling system with CLEANING COMPOUND. Fill with ANTI-FREEZE mixture. Remember: The AAA and U. S. Bureau of Standards advise against re-using your old anti-freeze, because it may cause expensive corrosion-damage to your cooling system.

IGNITION AND TUNE-UP COME NEXT. Check ⑭ battery. Check condition of ⑮ spark plugs and covers. Protect ignition with WATERPROOFING SPRAY. This brings us to . . .

THE PART OF THE CAR YOU SEE EVERY DAY, the part your neighbors see too, the ⑯ body. Keep your car new—protect or restore its good looks—by doing these things people usually forget: use CAR CLEANER; TAR REMOVER; TOUCH-UP ENAMEL; CHROME RETOUCHER; PASTE WAX; LIQUID WAX, OR SPRAY WAX; LIQUID POLISH; TOP DRESSING; black or white TIRE PAINT; white wall TIRE CLEANER; UPHOLSTERY CLEANER and SPOT REMOVER. Remember, the longer your car keeps its new look, the happier you'll be on trade-in day.

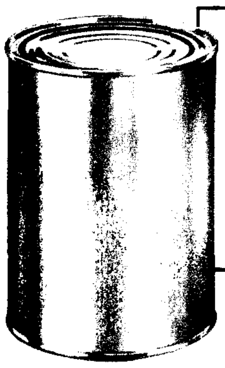
THEN THERE'S SAFETY: Check ⑰ brakes; re-line if necessary. Check ⑱ BRAKE FLUID. Check wheel alignment, check tire pressure, and switch ⑲ tires every 5,000 miles, for maximum tire mileage. Carry chains, or put on snow tires, if conditions where you drive warrant it. A bag of salt and one of sand are useful if you drive where it's hilly. Check your ⑳ headlights, ㉑ parking lights, ㉒ tail lights, ㉓ stop lights. Check ㉔ shock-absorbers. Check ㉕ windshield blades. If you have a windshield squirter, use the recommended ANTI-FREEZE. Carry around with you a can of GENERAL-USE OIL, for door hinges and squeaks; LOCK FLUID; also WINDSHIELD ANTI-ICING PREPARATION. And especially, carry a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Finally, if you use GASOLINE ANTI-FREEZE to protect against frozen gas lines, remember to get it when you fill up with gas.

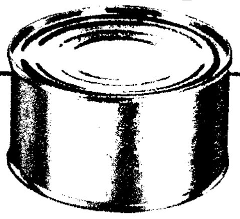
Save this handy one-page guide. Check things off as you get them done!

Packaged in cans

FOR EXTRA PROTECTION

The products mentioned above that are printed in SMALL CAPITAL LETTERS *have the advantage of being packaged in cans—unbreakable containers that assure you that the product is brand new, clean, genuine . . . and has not deteriorated. No wonder people prefer products that are packaged in cans for extra protection!*





Cans protect and preserve the products that protect and preserve your car

UNITED STATES STEEL

USS

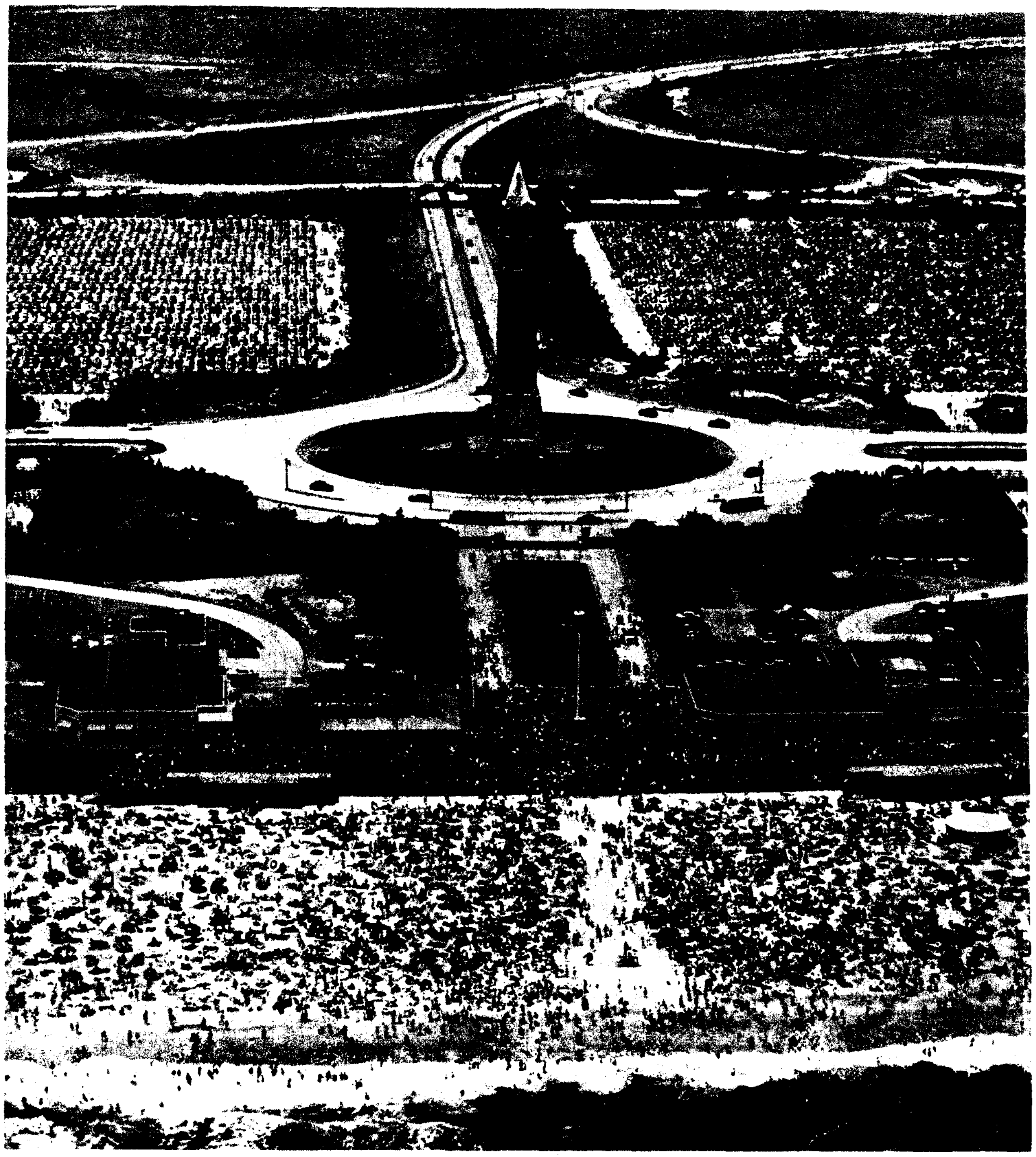
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Should Your Child be a Public Servant?

BY ROBERT MOSES

COMMISSIONER OF PARKS
NEW YORK CITY
As told to Donald Robinson



Jones Beach on Long Island, New York, today serves as a model for public beaches all over the world. The planning and building of its miles of beaches, its acres of buildings and parking lots and the network of parkways connecting it with New York and other cities called for the work of hundreds of engineers and specialists of all kinds. Jones Beach is operated as a public service . . . by public servants.

THERE ARE more misconceptions about the public service than about almost any other career in American life. After over thirty years in the public's service on every governmental level—but mostly municipal and state—I ought to know.

Just recently, for example, a friend said to me, "Isn't it a fact that practically all career public jobs are drudgery of a dull and routine character?"

I explained that this wasn't a fact at all. Some government jobs are humdrum, but thousands of others are stimulating, exciting, even dangerous and in a high sense rewarding.

"There's nothing dull," I told my friend, "about keeping impoverished families from breaking up, about fighting to halt an epidemic of polio, about damming streams and impounding water for reclamation, power, flood control, navigation and other purposes. There's nothing dull about locating, laying out, financing and building a housing development which will replace slums, or building great crossings like the George Washington and Triborough Bridges and the Rapid Transit and vehicular tunnels and their arterial approaches and connections in New York City, making possible a civilization which more and more runs on wheels."

Another thing I hear is, "There's no opportunity for individual enterprise in the public service."

This annoys me. I think of public servants like those who invented the famous Garand Rifle; who developed the system for purifying uranium used in processing atomic energy; or who used biochemistry to produce a new vaccine against epidemic typhus, saving millions of lives.

Then there's the remark I often hear, "You can't get recognition and promotion in the public service."

This is also untrue. Hundreds of men and women have climbed from the bottom to the top of important and respected government agencies. A great authority on conservation rose from a low level in the U.S. Department of Agriculture in 1903 to become the director of the entire Soil Conservation Service. One of our very prominent ambassadors began as a legation clerk in 1911.

I also hear statements which go to the other extreme, exaggerating the advantages of public service.

Typical is the widespread belief, "Government employees have soft, lifetime jobs. They can't be fired."

Personally, I'm not impressed by the hunger for that kind of security. Regardless of that, however, the fact is that public service employees *can* be disciplined and dropped. In one recent year alone thousands of federal employees were discharged for misconduct, inefficiency and similar reasons.

In view of all this, *should your child become a public servant?*

My answer is, "Yes, under certain conditions."

There are three chief kinds of public service posts. The first is elective office. To get one you must, as a rule, make a career of politics. This can be a fine thing for the right man—heaven knows we need more high caliber men in office—but it is a dangerous trade.

I would recommend it to the man who has an established income, a profession, business or talent he can fall back upon if he fails of reelection.

Next is appointive office. It can give great prestige and gratification, but it is also a risky business. These risks and uncertainties, it should be added, must be shared by the family of the official.

You may find yourself on the outside when your party, if you have one and if this association helped you in, gets beaten at the polls or your chief decides to pay a political debt with your job. There are, however, many appointive officers in exempt and normally unprotected positions whose prestige and usefulness are great enough to keep them in high positions irrespective of politics.

The third sort is the permanent, protected job in federal, state or local government. This is a field with excellent opportunities. It has, however, some drawbacks and disadvantages.

Let's talk about the good side of the permanent service first. To begin with, it is an enormous field. The federal government employs about 2,300,000 persons today, state governments 650,000, county governments 375,000 and municipalities 934,000. And these figures don't include teachers or those in the military services. Most of the jobs are filled by competition, and promotions up close to the top are also competitive.

There are openings in the public service field for virtually every sort of talent and training known to man. Take the sciences. The federal government is the biggest employer of scientists in the world. State and local agencies employ thousands more. Everything from entomology to probing the mysteries of the cosmic ray is included. Take law. The number of legal positions on public payrolls open to women as well as men is colossal. Or take economists, accountants, psychologists, welfare workers, athletic directors, writers, editors, librarians, musicians, artists, almost anything you can think of. You can be sure some governmental agency has use for them. No matter what interests your child has, he can probably pursue them in the public service.

Not long ago, I was talking with one of the country's most noted scientists who had given up a high-paying industrial job to work for less money on a secret Navy project in Florida. "I have the feeling that I'm doing something for my country," he said. "It means a lot more to me than money." This man derives satisfaction from the work itself and from the respect of his fellows, even without high pay, ribbons, titles and luxuries.

There are other advantages in public service. Government employees, I can say on the basis of my own experience, are by and large honest, helpful, interesting people to work with. Working conditions are usually good, with short work weeks, long vacations with pay, sick leave and fair pensions.

What about salaries?

Let's face it. Your child will never make a Hollywood salary in the public service. Nevertheless, starting salaries for college graduates who enter the federal government are, in the main, as good as those offered by private industry. In the middle brackets federal salaries are in some instances superior to those in private industry. And many public servants earn such salaries. At last count, 11,562 federal employees were drawing $10,000 a year or more. They can't go much higher, though. The federal ceiling is $12,000 for most career jobs. A few go to $15,000 or more.

As a whole, state, county and municipal salaries, except in the largest cities and states and in so-called "public authorities," are lower than those paid by the federal government. But they're edging up. Recently, I was glancing through job offerings in various cities and states. New York City, for example, was seeking junior engineers, just out of college, at $3,885 a year.

For many years Robert Moses has directed the planning and building of the vast network of parkways, bridges and tunnels which surrounds New York City. At present he is Commissioner of Parks and Planning and Construction Co-Ordinator of New York City, Chairman of the New York State Park System and Chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority.

Most governmental agencies give automatic salary increases and provide machinery for steady promotion.

The public authorities in the fields of turnpikes, thruways, bridges, tunnels, electricity, port development, etc., which get their funds from the sale of revenue bonds to private investors, pay excellent salaries and are relatively free from politics and upsets of personnel.

Now for the darker side of the public service picture. I've told you that your child can never expect to become a millionaire in the public service. This may or may not be significant to him. But he should realize that there are many frustrations in public work.

The public employee is often hog-tied in red tape. The man who wants to move decisively in some situation frequently finds his hands bound by cumbersome regulations and customs and by timid superiors and subordinates. Public funds are involved, and there are intricate regulations to protect them from misuse. With changes of administration—and they do happen—new policies may be adopted which the conscientious public servant may find difficult to swallow. Politics and influence are never entirely absent.

I remember the battle I had to keep politicians from turning Jones Beach, on Long Island, into political plums. I was able to stop this and other patronage raids, and political leaders have let me more or less alone for years. Sometimes, however, without a lot of public support it can't be done, and the honorable public servant is made miserable.

These are a few of the headaches of public service. There are more. Public servants get used to being classified as "bureaucrats," "second-raters who couldn't make good in private industry," "feeders at the public trough." At the moment it is fashionable to magnify the shortcomings of public employees and to exaggerate the number of dishonest, disloyal and lazy ones. The average is at least as good as elsewhere. There are loafers in other callings and there have been known to be politics, favoritism and nepotism in private business.

Apparently some very intelligent and discriminating leaders in private industry don't share this negative view about public employees. Many men in civil and military services have in a sense graduated or perhaps, I should say, migrated into high positions in private business, big firms and consulting practices. Having made good in public, they have gravitated naturally into private affairs. Many a big corporation is headed by a former public official. Public work has been the stepping stone for these men.

If, despite all the drawbacks, your child decides that he'd like to make a lifetime career of public work, I would suggest that he get as much general education as he can, followed by training in the special branch which most interests him. Above all he should learn to write and speak good English. The more literate the man, the better his training, the better job he will get and the faster he will rise.

If he has no specialty, he might well consider the sphere of public administration. Washington and many state and local governments are eager to recruit college graduates with good general knowledge of government, for posts as administrative assistants. The federal government has even launched a special program for training what it calls "Junior Management Assistants" for promising young college people who can pass a tough examination on public affairs. It gives them an intensive course lasting six months to a year, designed to develop them as junior government administrators and future executives.

It is impossible to illustrate the thousands of activities that come under the head of public service. High on the list, however, is the field of public health, which embraces everything from the administration and enforcement of municipal health and sanitation codes to the development of new vaccines to halt widespread epidemics.

A young person interested in this type of work would be wise to major in political science and public administration at college. Many universities give good courses in this field. As a matter of fact, any student who is contemplating a public service career, irrespective of his specialty, should study history, political science and public administration and take all the English theme and rhetoric courses open to him and, if possible, write for the college papers and practice debating.

To boys and girls who are thinking of entering the public service, I say that it is both a frustrating and fascinating one and that while the material rewards are small, the satisfactions are many. In my own case I have found public service enormously absorbing and stimulating. With all its risks, I endorse it as one of the greatest professions. And I want to see more good young people come into it. At all levels of government we need men and women of brains, courage and ambition, whose vision encompasses something more challenging than money-making, if our expanding democracy is to survive and be vindicated.

◆ ◆ ◆

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.

You'll find additional help in the pamphlet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Send for a free copy at the address below.

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 5-C, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

THE FIFTH OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
and Victoria Vat
SCOTCH WHISKIES

Full or Levee Dress
of Drum Major
of The Gordon Highlanders
in the Traditional
Regimental Tartan.

Dewar's never varies!

DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
Specially Selected and Blended
by
JOHN DEWAR & SONS Ltd
PERTH
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH

Famed are the clans of Scotland
...their colorful tartans worn in glory
through the centuries. Famous,
too, is Dewar's White Label and
Victoria Vat, forever and always a
wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

LETTERS continued

. . . Your article is one of several on the shortage of engineers and scientists to have appeared in recent magazines.

I am a high-school junior and expect to be an engineer. I wonder why these same companies which are making such frantic efforts to obtain engineers do not make more full scholarships available to high-school students.

Many boys who might qualify for engineering take other courses in high school because their families cannot stand the expense of their college education.

If the shortage is so acute, it would seem that financing some of these fellows would assure a steady crop of engineers.

ROGER W. SLACK, St. Petersburg, Fla.

. . . I have read many articles recently, all purporting to show the "shortage" of engineers, and the "high" salaries new engineers are commanding. The plain fact is that it is not true. There is no shortage of engineers, except in the "peasant" bracket ($300-$400 per month).

It's the same old story: there is no "shortage" of teachers—except in the low-paying schools. The "shortage" in housing is only in low-cost housing. The "shortage" of automobiles a few years ago was only in good cars at low cost—the used-car lots overflowed with high-priced autos.

The new engineering grads will not long be satisfied with $300-$400 per month. They will soon run into the real "shortage," when they ask for a raise.

HARRY L. EDWARDS, Scranton, Pa.

Big Rush in Canada

EDITOR: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed Canada's Great Uranium Rush (Oct. 2d).

The people in the United States do not realize what is happening in Canada. The people in Canada are having some difficulty in realizing it, too. But a few more articles like this one and the show will be "on the road."

J. W. MURRAY, Holyoke, Mass.

. . . The article in regard to Canada written by your Bill Stapleton was one of the best I've read in your magazine. The "shots" taken by Bill were just out of this world.

T. R. BARTOLOTTA, Middletown, Conn.

Look, No Girls

EDITOR: Nestled here in the valley, everything was serene and peaceful at the Thule Air Force Base until—*Bang!* —Collier's for September 18th fell into our midst. More specifically, we refer to the story entitled Lost, by Walt Grove.

Now every man jack at the base has left his post and is out searching for the Air Force nurse that the author refers to in a paragraph which reads: "It simply did not seem real. Only the night before, the lieutenant had been sitting in the officers' mess at Thule Air Base on the west coast of Greenland listening to the jukebox and holding his girl's hand. She was an Air Force nurse and her name was Mary Beth Ross."

Please, we beseech the author, tell us where these girls are in hiding. Even pin-up pictures bring a premium price here.

C. R. JOHNSON, Thule Air Force Base, Thule, Greenland

. . . Seems that Mr. Grove has never been to Thule, due to his passage about Lieutenant Love holding his girl's hand. If the good lieutenant was holding any woman's hand it would have to be the U.S. Weatherman's wife's hand or an Eskimo's, since there are no nurses here in Thule except male nurses.

PFC JACKSON O. MALLIN,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

The Fear of Fear

EDITOR: Thank you from the heart for the editorial What Are We Afraid Of? (Oct. 2d). There should be more articles like that—to rebuild our courage and stifle fears caused by the timidity of world leaders and misleading statements from so-called authorities. We need not underestimate the strength of our enemies, but to belittle our own strength and resources is not the way to build confidence and courage.

C. B. MACDANIEL, Connersville, Ind.

. . . I do not agree with your editorial when you say that "fear has become a kind of national habit." I think it is talking and writing about fear that has become a national habit.

The citizens seem to me almost phlegmatically deaf to the alarms of our politicians and publications.

ELIZABETH MANNING
(Address withheld at writer's request.)

Commuter's Delight

. . . Congratulations on the new Collier's. It's my constant companion on the commuters' special. That beautiful color portrait of Margaret O'Brien (Margaret O'Brien Grows Up, Sept. 4th) should delight her fans, of whom I am one.

LEO COLLINS, Collingswood, N.J.

. . . I love the new Collier's. There's twice as much reading material and it's five times more interesting. Makes me feel more than ever that my subscription has paid off in big dividends.

LEE HAMILTON, Wichita, Kans.

THINK BETTER!...Famous toy train manufacturer Lawrence Cowen, President of The Lionel Corporation, talks over new models...and takes a "Coffee-break!" Coffee's gentle stimulation aids clear thinking, makes planning more fun. Building toys or buying them, working or shopping, you'll be more alert after a "Coffee-break!"

—give yourself a "Coffee-break"!

WORK BETTER!...Toy trains are fun, but hard work builds them. That's why designers relax with fragrant coffee! Coffee's pleasant lift helps efficiency on every job. When *your* work is going slowly, take a break – for coffee!

FEEL BETTER!...Trains are fun for everyone—and a cup of delicious coffee adds to the pleasure! At work or play, at any hour of the day, enjoy coffee's hearty flavor. Pour yourself a cheerful cup. Give yourself a "Coffee-break!"

There's a welcome lift in every cup!

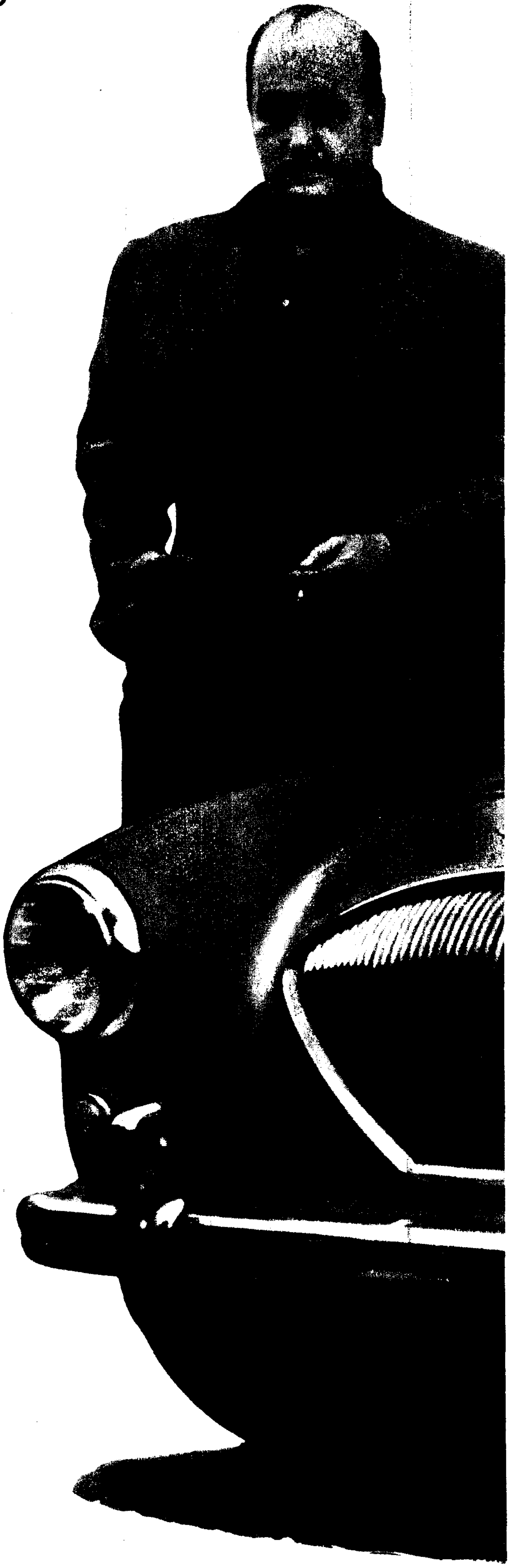
©1953

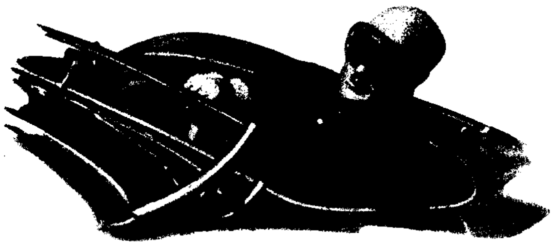
PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall St., New York 5 • Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic • Ecuador • El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela

Tom McCahill says—

TOM McCAHILL, well known, free-lance automotive journalist whose test reports of American and European cars appear regularly in *Mechanix Illustrated* magazine.

"The finest automobile engine in the world is no better than its weakest spark plug!"



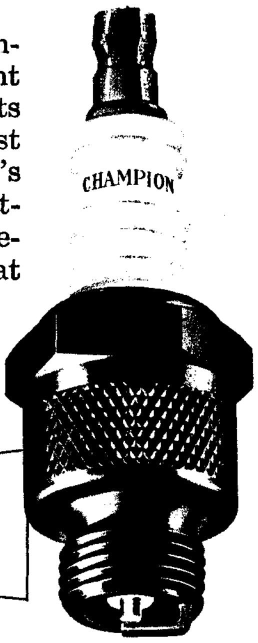


"I've been around automobiles for a long time. Maybe it's just breeze about cutting my eye teeth on the three-cornered star of my father's early Mercedes. But it is true that I inherited his great love for fine cars and full-bored, red-blooded engines. For some years now, your automotive reporter has road-tested practically every make and model of hack—giant family-size buckets to high-performance sports cars—put together on these shores or across the pond. You learn a lot about any engine when you check its everyday performance and then set out to see how much punishment it can take without coming unglued. There's one thing you discover very quickly—the finest engine in the world is no better than its weakest spark plug.

"Spark plugs may look small and unimportant but, brother, if you want that mill of yours to unleash all its horses, make sure you have the best spark plugs money can buy. That's where Champions take over the spotlight. I've had Champions go on delivering the mail in car tests that would have other spark plugs wasting more compression than the Silver Cornet Band of Prunewhip, Missouri. Furthermore, I've watched Champion-equipped cars cream everything in sight in most of the world's great speed, endurance and reliability runs—Indianapolis, LeMans, Mexico, Daytona Beach, Monte Carlo, Pikes Peak and Italy's famous Millé Miglia—to name a few.

"So take a tip from your Uncle Tom, and get set for winter by putting dependable Champion Spark Plugs in your car. They're your best assurance of positive starting and worry-free driving when, 'the north wind doth blow and we shall have snow'."

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



Worry-free
winter driving
with
DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

Stop in at the service station or garage displaying this poster!

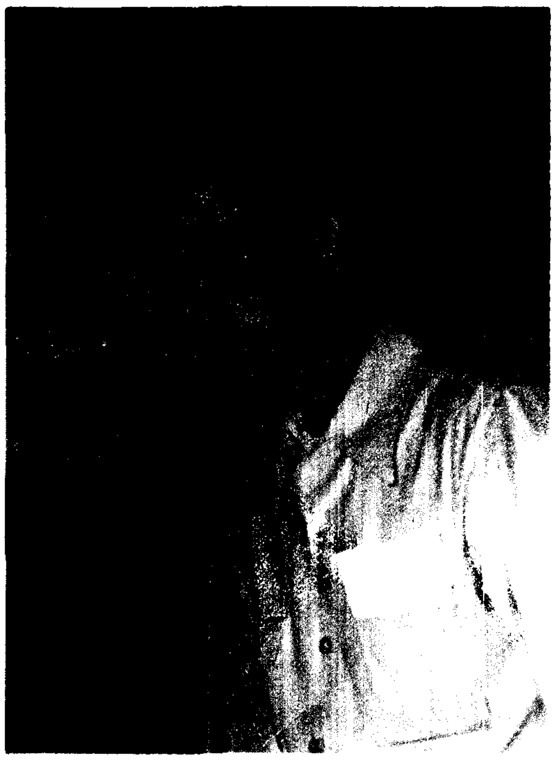
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

A Mormon Fundamentalist Tells His Story

WHY I HAVE FIVE WIVES

What makes a man a polygamist? Promiscuity and a gross contempt for the law? Many—perhaps most—people would say so. But here's a man who, out of sincere religious conviction, became husband to five wives, father to 20 youngsters—and fervently insists he loves them all and will fight to the end to keep them

By EDSON JESSOP with MAURINE WHIPPLE


MAX ODEGARD

Edson Jessop. Sect he belongs to practices a "plural marriage" rite which Mormon church heads outlawed many years ago

I AM thirty-four years old. I have five wives and 20 children. I am what the world calls a polygamist; a Mormon—one of those "heathenish Short Creek cultists" you may have read about. In my grandfather's day Mormons were thought to have horns, and maybe I seem equally strange to you now. Actually, I'm not strange at all; I'm merely living celestial marriage, which is the law of God.

But despite my obedience to the covenant, despite the size of my family, today I am the loneliest man in the world. Shortly after 39 of us had been arrested for our beliefs, we were released from the jail in Kingman, Arizona, to await trial. I arrived home at night—to find my house abandoned, my family gone, the rooms dark and silent. Unless you've lived through it, you can't imagine what that means. No sound, no hushed childish giggles, nothing. Only the wind and, in the flare of my match, the red sand seeping beneath the doorsills—the red sand that conquers everything but the grave in my country.

Yet it is a country I love. Perhaps if I tell you something of it—its vast emptiness—you will better understand how even a family of 20 children might not seem large.

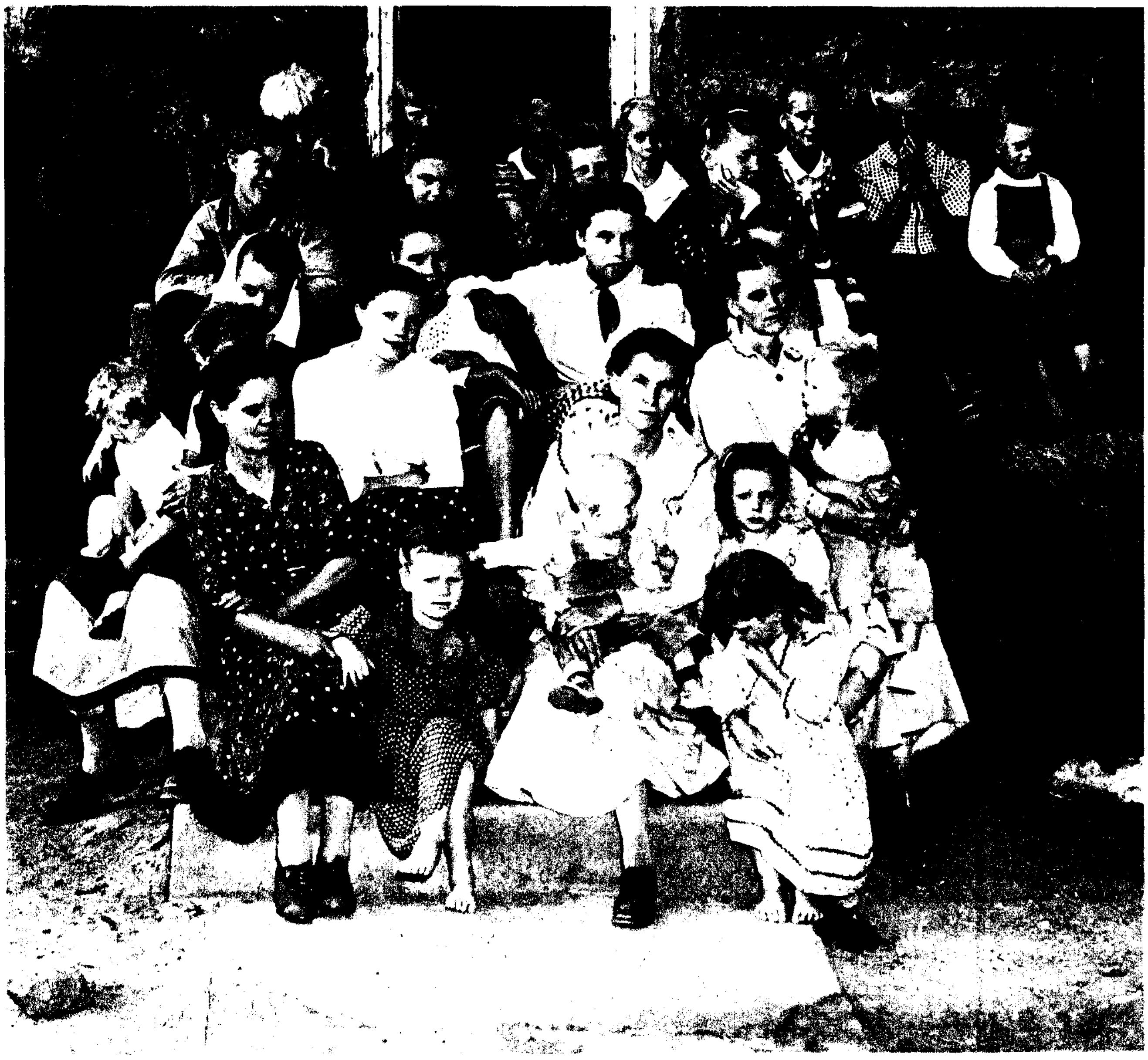
From the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, a hawk looking northward would not see the scattering of houses making up my village; they are hidden behind the plateaus that climb like stairways to the mountain range known as the Vermilion Cliffs. Directly beneath these cliffs lies Short Creek, named for the deep gorge which runs along the state line, dividing our town into a Utah side and an Arizona side.

There are only two roads into Short Creek. Both are ungraded clay trails which are often impassable after a storm, making Short Creek inaccessible to either state. Also, the Colorado River cuts off most of Mohave County from the rest of Arizona—so Kingman, our county seat, although only 135 miles from Short Creek by air, is 425 by road.

Short Creek isn't much to look at, and it's hard to reach. That's why we live here. Many years ago the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, was urged to move to the Salt Lake valley-desert because "nobody else wants it." Brother Brigham agreed, saying: "If there is a place on this earth that nobody else wants, that's the place I am hunting for." So with us. We don't like to live on parched soil, we don't like to go without modern plumbing and refrigerators any more than you would. We have windmills and wells, but there isn't enough water for farming—and certainly not enough for the flowers and lawns we'd grow if we could. Yet it is just because Short Creek is barren and rejected that it was to us the promised land. If nobody else wanted it, we figured that maybe the world would let us have it, and here live in peace.

I am a carpenter, and men who work with their hands are not supposed to notice stuff like scenery. But I notice. As one comes to appreciate a plain but good woman, I have come to appreciate this hard land. Carving out our life here has been like planing rough lumber—it takes sweat and time for

The members of his sect, says Jessop, "do not love other women in secret disgrace



These people (with one exception, a visiting neighbor woman) are the wives and children of Richard Jessop. There were a number of Jessop families in Short Creek, all of them related

PHIL BATH

PHIL BATH

Above, National Guardsmen dole out food to children after raid. Right, bearded patriarch Joseph Jessop, 84, shown during raid, died soon afterward, mourning fate of his community

the pattern to show up. But now I love the pattern—the smell of sage after the rain, and the changing lights on the cliffs. I love this house, which I planned and am building myself. It has 19 rooms and an encircling veranda, and will have French doors that open . . .

But I can't be sure I will ever finish my house. We at Short Creek know it is Satan who prompts our enemies. We expect to be persecuted. That is the Lord's way of testing us. But now that I am getting a taste of what persecution means—of how losing a loved one is like stepping suddenly *into* a dark hole—will I have the strength to stand firm?

In Kingman, just before the keys rattled in my cell door, I took out a pocket mirror to see if I had shaved carefully enough to meet my family. Some of the brethren are growing chin whiskers in the old-time way, but I think I'd pass for an average, mild-looking American. My eldest daughter, who will be ten in December, says I have "dreamy" blue eyes. That makes me smile, although the word smacks of outsider slang. My hair is blond and curly—and so is that of my daughters. One of the nicest pictures in the world is the sight of my 14 little girls with their peaches-and-cream complexions and natural blonde ringlets, all scrubbed and starched in their summer dresses, ready for Sunday school.

My daughters and I get our coloring from our ancestors, who were British. My grandparents on both sides were Latter-day Saints—Mormons—and they stood side by side with Brigham Young a century ago during those earlier persecutions. After Brigham died, they watched the church leaders give in to their persecutors and exchange the old dream of the State of Deseret, that paradise all their own, for Utah and union and peace. But like hundreds of other Mormons, my grandparents—on both sides—never gave in. Plural marriage runs strong in my family. My great-grandfather was one of those early polygamists who served time in the Utah State Penitentiary. I am next to the oldest of 33 children. My mother had 26 brothers and sisters—although she was the only one to accept the fullness of the gospel.

Originally my people settled in Millville, a little town in northern Utah. I was born there, but lived for 21 years in Salt Lake City, where I grew up like any Mormon boy. In high school I hated to diagram sentences and loved to play basketball—and always I was active in the church. After high school I was apprenticed to my father, a carpenter, and later worked at the trade myself, doing fine cabinetwork and helping to build houses—all the while continuing with my religious duties.

In 1942, when I was twenty-two, I married Margaret Hunter. Margaret, five years my junior, was an Idaho girl with the same kind of Mormon background as my own. (She now has two brothers in the Short Creek group.) Like any other young Mormon couple in love, we were married and

we love in honor . . .”

sealed to each other for "Time and Eternity." We were very happy.

But it was wartime. Shortly after our marriage I was drafted—and then, within a few months, discharged because of rheumatism. The experience lasted just long enough to upset the routine of our lives. While we were still uprooted Margaret and I came to realize that something was lacking in our existence. We both longed for a way to shut out the hate and evil in the world, to draw closer somehow to our heavenly Father—to live the gospel more fully. After much prayer and study of the Scriptures we came to see that the only way to live the gospel spiritually was to live it physically—which the church had not done since 1890, when Mormon president Wilford Woodruff issued the manifesto outlawing polygamy.

The Argument for Plural Marriages

No mortal can set aside a decree of God; the manifesto was not a revelation but merely a political agreement between the heads of the church and Congress. If plural marriage was once commanded of God, it is still commanded of God. The church had apostatized and gone against the commandment, but that was no excuse for us to do so.

Therefore, in the spring of 1943 Margaret and I moved to Short Creek, to join the community of fundamentalist Mormons. The trip was brief in hours, but it spanned an eternity in the changes it brought in our lives.

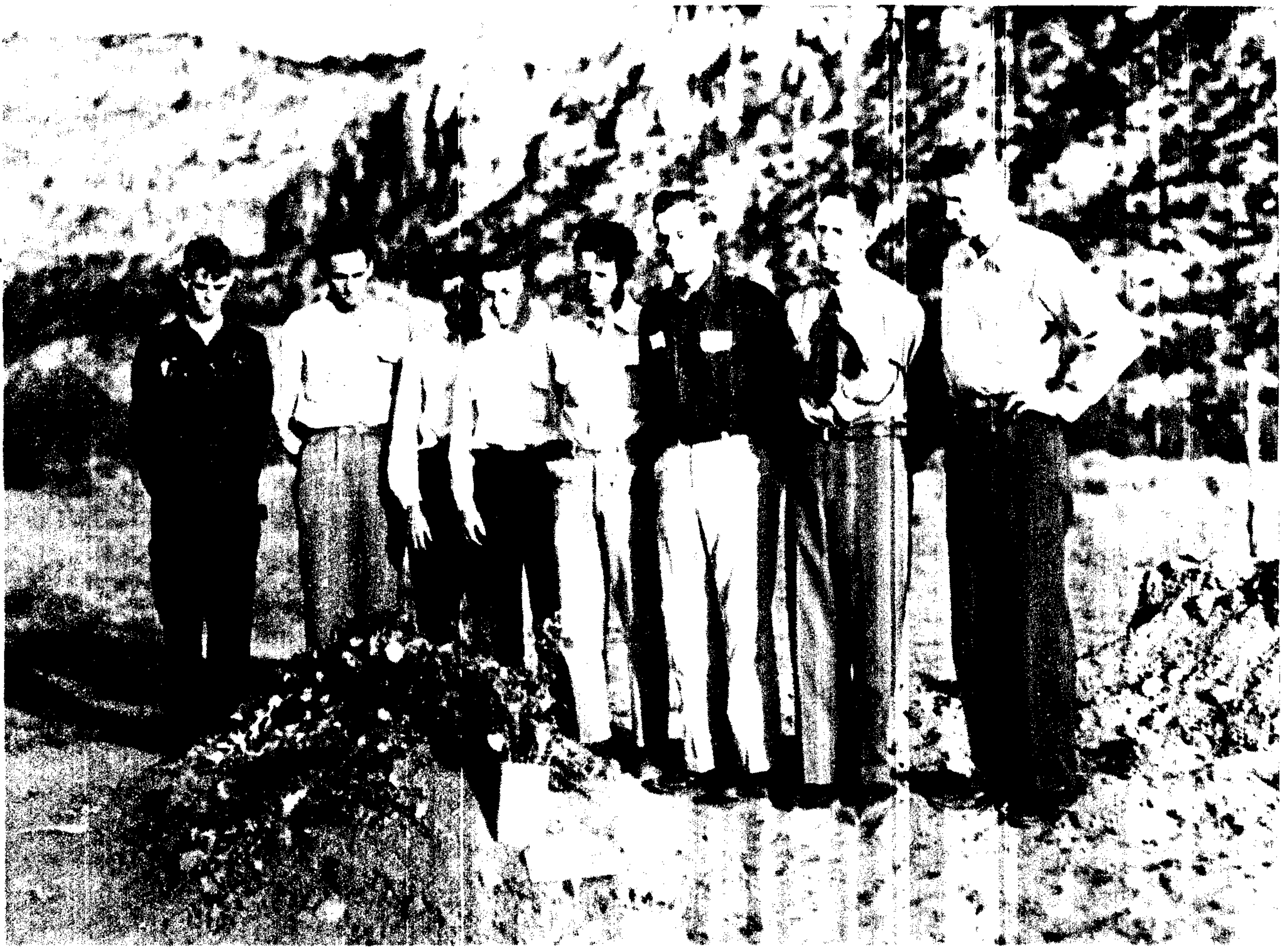
The revelation which motivates the people of Short Creek is clearly set forth in Section 132 of our Doctrine and Covenants: "If any man espouse a virgin and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent, and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified . . . For behold! I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant, and be permitted to enter unto my glory . . . All covenants . . . that are not made . . . and sealed by the Holy Spirit . . . are of no efficacy."

To us, the foundation of Mormonism is its priesthood organization, representing God's authority on earth—the authority He restored in the spring of 1829 when Peter, James and John appeared to Joseph Smith, the Prophet. It is this priesthood authority (which the church as a whole lost with the Manifesto) which directs us, and which the state of Arizona is now fighting.

Most churches dream of going back to the bosom of Abraham—and Abraham and other prophets of the Bible such as Moses, Jacob, David, and Solomon were polygamists. How can you enter the glory of Abraham except by living the laws of Abraham? All Latter-day Saints believe that as we are now God once was, and as God is now we may become. That is, perhaps thousands of years from now, each of us may become a god and, under the direction of our Saviour, each may create and populate his own world. To enter into godhood, we must live all the laws of the gospel—and to us the laws of the gospel include plural marriage and the United Order (we in Short Creek call it the United Effort, but it means the same: donating all property to the community, which, in turn, measures and supplies the needs of each member).

Some of the newspapers claimed that we in the United Effort had gullibly enriched our leaders in Salt Lake and elsewhere by contributing tithes. Actually, Short Creek could not have made the grade without the help of our Salt Lake brethren. This much I will say: living the United Order, as well as celestial marriage, calls for all a man's self-discipline. Loving your neighbor as yourself is not always easy. But the faithful are rewarded with a joy that others cannot fathom. I know that Margaret and myself, once we entered the movement, felt dedicated.

Those now arrayed against us are trying to put new minds in our bodies, and it cannot be done. If some of us have to suffer to give the world our testimony, so be it. We can only hope that our children, raised in this belief, continue faithful.


MAX ODEGARD

Short Creekers gather around grave of Grandpa Joseph Jessop, who died after raid, leaving three widows and 22 children ranging in age from 61 to 4. Edson Jessop is fourth from right

Shortly after we settled in Short Creek (and while Margaret and I were awaiting the arrival of our first child), we discussed whom I should take as second wife. Call her Marie. She was pretty and bright; she had been a part of our high-school crowd and she was near Margaret's age. What interested us in Marie was that she came from a background like ours and was idealistic and of an inquiring mind. I should like to state that she came to Short Creek of her own volition, once I had written her, and that Margaret stood up with us at our sacred rite. Of course there was no civil ceremony. However, my second sealing was fully as harmonious as my first. Today Margaret and I have five daughters, Marie and I three.

Soon after Marie joined the family my brother Jay was killed while felling trees not far from Short Creek. Seventeen months older than I, Jay seemed the younger—a good man and true to the gospel, but more fun-loving. Jay had taken both his wives in Salt Lake City. His first wife, whom I'll call Rayola, is a gay girl with snapping brown eyes. I courted her before she met Jay, but she probably found me too much of a sobersides. Girls like Rayola sometimes find celestial marriage difficult; after her first baby was born, Jay took his second wife, Patty, and Rayola said later: "When Jay first mentioned Patty I thought I'd have to black his eyes—but you learn to swallow some mighty big swallows!"

After my brother died, I was obligated, according to the laws of Israel under Moses, to assume his responsibilities and take to wife his widows and "raise unto him a posterity." So Rayola and Patty were sealed to me—still just one month before my own first child was born. Rayola already had two children and Patty one; they now have five children each.

Four years later I took my fifth wife, whom I'll call Alice. A year older than Margaret and Marie, she was a northern Utah girl with the same interests as the others. She, too, came to Short Creek and the covenant of her own free will. I now have two children by Alice. Altogether I have 20 sons and daughters, of whom the eldest (Rayola's first-born, Jay) is twelve, and the youngest is four months.

At this stage of my story I can anticipate your question: Can a man love five women at once? I've heard the question before; always I answer: Can a man love five children at once, or five friends, or five brothers and sisters? Show me the monogamous outsider who has not had a mistress—at least in his heart. Here in Short Creek we do not love in secret disgrace, we love in honor; we do not have abortions, we have children.

Not that we in Short Creek are without faults. In any family, children quarrel; but I've observed less quarreling in a large family where each child necessarily accepts responsibilities almost from the moment he is born. As for my wives, show me five women anywhere who will not harbor some jealousies. But the revelation charges: "Prepare your heart." Until our women have conquered self, they know better than to attempt the covenant.

Wives Trust Husband to Do What's Best

Naturally, a great deal depends on the husband. And although intimate matters are my own business, as with any decent-minded man, I will say that I try to be impartial. You must realize that a plural family is, above all, a unit. My wives trust me. A man of our faith never walks the chalk line as does the man with only one wife. I spend my time where I'm most needed, perhaps where there is sickness or trouble. My wives trust me to do whatever is best for the family as a whole.

Of course, a man has to be something of a diplomat. Even when my families lived separately, I rotated my evenings; once a week we met together at our Home Evening. When you pray and sing together, air your problems and your grudges, play games and visit, and afterward sample Marie's special angel-food cake or Alice's cream puffs, you not only have fun—you forge bonds that will endure through eternity.

Naturally a man values his wives for different qualities, just as he values his friends. Perhaps one wife has pretty hair, and another is wonderful with the children; perhaps one is witty and keeps him cheerful, and another brings him closer to God. Nevertheless, he should be chary in praise as in blame. We believe in covering our bodies and we frown upon make-up; silence itself is reproof enough if one's wives come out with short sleeves or painted faces. If a wife burns her bread, a man learns to keep still until she turns out a batch he can praise.

Fortunately my wives are nearly all of an age, and good friends. They co-operate efficiently, one handling the sewing for the family, another the cooking and so forth. What counts is not the number of wives, but the number of united wives. In fact, there are times when I wish mine would at least get mad at me separately, instead of all together.

I suppose our way of life might seem pious and boring to you. Actually we have a lot of fun, although to prevent bedlam, we have certain routines. It is wonderful to see all my youngsters in the morning at family prayer, each kneeling beside his chair at the table, hand over eyes, while a little one lisps out a plea to God to bless "Jay in his arithmetic today . . ." After the prayer there's always a scramble as the children climb into their chairs. Usually I sit at the head of the table with Margaret at my right, Marie at my left, and my other wives dispersed among the kids. Before we eat, one of the youngsters asks the blessing on the food—and then confusion! Believe me, it's a job to teach table manners to 20 hungry youngsters.

A Man Who Has Inherited the Earth

I think it is the evening hours that are most holy to me—the family prayer preceding supper, the twilight story-and-counsel time when the children are weary from school and play . . . then bedtime. There is nothing like a houseful of healthy, happy, sleeping children to make a man feel that he has inherited the earth and the fullness thereof!

As a people we have been called many names. But the epithet that hurts most is "lascivious." In Short Creek we observe a law of strict chastity. We believe in continence except for procreation, and a wife is honored by her husband while expectant and for months after the baby is born. We have been called immoral—yet you will never hear the Lord's name taken in vain in our homes; and you will hear very little backbiting or evilspeaking.

Our children are branded as "underprivileged." Why? None of my 20 children has ever had a serious illness—just the usual measles, whooping cough and the like. In fact, with 263 children in our town, we've never had polio or diphtheria, there are no mentally retarded, and only one deformed—and he was born elsewhere. They say our children are undernourished. Yet on any winter morning a Short Creek child loads up on hot oatmeal, fresh milk and eggs, home-baked whole-wheat toast and jam. Last summer one of my wives put up 2,500 quarts of fruit and vegetables.

It's true that we don't have much fresh meat, because we can't afford a deep freeze; recently we acquired cold-storage lockers, but because of the arrests they're not even unpacked. But once a year we kill and can a beef, and every fall we get venison.

We residents of Short Creek have been called backward. Yet of the four teachers in our grade school, three are working on their master's degrees. Among our housewives are several college graduates and three registered nurses. Almost every family in town owns a piano. We have movies, and my children are experts on classical music. Short Creek has its own orchestra, which includes instruments like the viola and cello and French horns that the boys taught themselves to play from self-instruction books. Nearly every family in town subscribes to magazines. Last winter, I attended adult-education classes three evenings a week, studying physiology, practical science, organic culture, dramatic art and square dancing. We make our own entertainment, writing, directing and acting in our own plays and often composing the musical scores.

Also, through the United Effort, the community has been slowly accumulating material possessions such as a potato-and-grain farm, a sawmill, a shingle mill, cannery, automobile-repair shop, dairy herd, fruit drier and carpentry shop. When we can, we men contract for outside jobs. Of course these group projects have had to precede home building. Being the Effort carpenter, I helped with other homes before I could start my own.

I've mentioned my house, but I'd like to tell you more about it. It's of the finest cinder blocks, and when it is finished it will have three stories, 10 bedrooms, a big playroom for the kids, two kitchens, a sewing room, three bathrooms, a dining room, a living room and a den for me. I've assembled the beds, but our new kitchen range still sits outside—and, because my children begged so hard, I stopped shingling to fix up their playground in the garden: a community swing that holds several little ones at once, single swings, whirligigs, teeter-totters, bars and the dollhouse.

But today I can't be sure I'll ever finish my house—this long dream of my wives—or that my children will ever again use these swings and teeter-totters. Our people have known other polygamy raids. But they say this time our families are to be broken up, our property confiscated—a shameful procedure in a country whose constitution guarantees every citizen the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Although we'd been alerted for weeks to expect a raid, it was a shock when it happened, that unforgettable night of July 26th. When the lights of those 100 cars came in sight, grinding over the roads from Fredonia to the east and Hurricane to the west, we barely had time to set off the dynamite—*not* for retaliation, as they claim, but as a warning to our women and kids back in town to get up and dress. At the showdown I was proud of our people, assaulted by strange, angry voices, yet standing there in the schoolyard under the Stars and Stripes, singing America.

The next day the state of Arizona set up its portable soup kitchens in a vacant field and forced us to line up, plate in hand, like so many refugees. Then we had to hunker down on the ground, in the sun and the flies, eating tasteless food brought from Phoenix—within sight of our own homes, stocked with fresh garden vegetables, milk, eggs, home-baked bread and the civilized comfort of chairs and white tablecloths. They even broke into our community store to feed us canned stuff from our own shelves. Any deputy could have had the key just by asking. But no—having declared us criminals, Arizona had to bust a few locks to prove it.

The jailing problem stumped them: Short Creek has no jail. So they had to incarcerate us "criminals" in our church.

Shamed in Presence of His Children

We could laugh at that. But being shamed before our children was another matter. I admit it hurt when the embarrassed deputy entered my home and read the warrant for my arrest before my family. It hit hard to have my children hear their father accused of "unlawful and notorious cohabitation," "bastardy," "rebellion" and "insurrection"—I, Edson Jessop, who in all my life have never lifted a finger in violence. It hurt until I had to blink tears when my little girls, scared and bewildered, clung to my legs and cried and kissed me good-by as I climbed into the deputy's car to go to jail.

But nothing hurt like the home-coming to an empty hearth—our discovery that the state of Arizona had spirited 154 innocent women and children away to Phoenix just to keep us husbands and fathers from our families.

What will be the outcome?

We shall never give up. We have taken our wives in good faith. Before we abandon them as concubines and our children as illegitimates we shall fight the state of Arizona with all our strength. We shall commit no violence; we'll passively resist, as Gandhi did.

If God made the heavens and earth, if He could save the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace and Daniel in the lions' den, cannot He prompt the courts of America? Our wives and our children are in His hands. ▲▲▲

ARIZONA

There's no penalty for polygamy in

Governor Pyle

FOR YEARS the whispers had been heard in Arizona, Utah, Idaho and other Western states: somewhere in each of those states was a cult of practicing polygamists, men with as many as six or seven wives and literally dozens of children: fundamentalist Mormons, still adhering to the concept of plural marriage that was outlawed by the U.S. Supreme Court and the heads of the Mormon church in 1890.

In Fredonia, Arizona, and Hurricane, Utah, there were more than whispers; there were hard facts. Midway between those towns was the parched, ramshackle, almost inaccessible border community of Short Creek, located in a remote area first explored in 1860 by the frontier scouts of Brigham Young, great leader of the Latter-day Saints. The practice of polygamy had never ceased in Short Creek. In 1935, the state of Arizona had raided the community and had obtained three convictions for "open and notorious misconduct." In 1944, the Federal Bureau of Investigation had raided the town again (along with several other places in Utah, Idaho and Arizona); there had been a few more convictions. Nevertheless, visitors reported, there were still men in Short Creek with more than one wife and many children—and the community was growing larger every year.

In Kingman, Arizona, seat of Mohave County, superior court Judge J. W. Faulkner collected some of the facts. County officials reported that in hard times welfare requests would pour in from the isolated little village—and often a number of women applying for relief would list the same man as their husband.

There was another, more disquieting, report: some of the wives were youngsters, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen years old. In Arizona, the age of consent is eighteen. Parents may permit their daughters to marry at sixteen, but no younger—even if the child is pregnant. Pregnancy at that age is presumptive evidence of statutory rape.

Deeply disturbed, Judge Faulkner brought his facts to the attention of Governor Howard Pyle in March, 1951. He pointed out that the residents of Short Creek, living a co-operative communal life, considered themselves a "charitable and philanthropic organization" under the law, and were paying no property taxes—yet were demanding expanded school facilities to take care of the community's rapid growth. The population was increasing not only from normal causes but through a vigorous recruitment program. Even more troubling were reports that Short Creek was not a unique community; there were other groups of fundamentalist Mormons in Utah, Colorado and Idaho—and in Mexico and Canada.

To Judge Faulkner, plural marriage was lawless, immoral and, if allowed to continue, dangerous—no matter how sincerely religious in intent. He was concerned about the children—might they not become the victims of this archaic doctrine?

Aroused, the governor asked the state legislature for funds to conduct an investigation. The state lawmakers appropriated $10,000, and the Burns Detective Agency in Los Angeles was hired for the job. For several months after that, the people of Short Creek, always hard pressed for cash, were cheered by the prospect of finding work as movie extras: film scouts had appeared in town, asking questions, taking photographs and talking of

RAIDED SHORT CREEK—WHY?

Arizona—but officials claim they found plenty of ground for action

By WILEY S. MALONEY

using the region as the scene of a Western thriller.

The movie scouts were Burns agents, quietly gathering evidence.

Early this year, Governor Pyle and Attorney General Ross F. Jones felt that the time had come for action. In the two years that had elapsed since Judge Faulkner had spoken to them, Short Creek's population had risen to 368. The community was fast becoming the second largest in Mohave County; residents were predicting a population of 2,000 in another couple of years—which would put Short Creek almost in a class with Kingman, the county seat. And the larger the village grew, the harder it would be to break up the cult.

The Short Creek raid was planned for months—in strictest secrecy, lest the families of the community learn about it and thwart arrest by drifting across the state line to Utah (they learned anyhow, but did nothing). The $50,000 appropriation required to finance the operation was embodied in an omnibus appropriation bill and listed as part of the governor's emergency fund; only a few leaders of the legislature knew what the money was for. At one point, a bill actually was drafted appropriating the money for "grasshopper control."

The governor and attorney general of Utah were informed of Arizona's plan, and so were the leaders of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, which had long been embarrassed by the activities of the fundamentalists.

Last July 1st, Arizona's governor quietly transferred the $50,000 fund to the attorney general's office and declared that a state of insurrection existed in Short Creek—the necessary legal step to justify taking action.

There was one big problem: there is no legal penalty for polygamy in Arizona. Both Arizona and Utah had been specifically required to outlaw multiple marriage as a condition of statehood, back around the turn of the century—but when Arizona's code of laws was written, a statute covering penalties for polygamy was somehow omitted. Attorney General Jones had to find other grounds for prosecuting the Short Creek group. After some study, he concluded that the community constituted a conspiracy against the state.

In 1942, Short Creek had been legally organized as the United Effort Plan, a commune which claimed ownership of all the property and earnings of its residents—with the exception of six people who lived in Short Creek but were not members of the fundamentalist sect: novelist Jonreed Lauritzen and his wife; Lauritzen's brother-in-law, Clifford Black; Mohave County sheriff's deputy Alphonso Nyborg (who was notified of the raid in advance, and who helped bring it about) and his wife; and Don Covington, the town's only bachelor.

The trustees of the United Effort Plan controlled all its assets, expenditures, membership applications—and marriages. No man could take a wife without their approval; the reason, authorities believe, was to enable the elders to keep close watch of blood lines and avoid inbreeding in the small community. Even so, families at Short Creek were thoroughly scrambled. Some men were married to their wives' daughters by previous marriage. Eighty-four-year-old patriarch Joseph Smith Jessop (who died soon after the raid) was the father of 28 children, including a four-year-old child who is the great-aunt by marriage of another four-year-old in the community.

According to the attorney general's office, every adult member of the Short Creek United Effort Plan is a participant in the conspiracy. Under the blanket conspiracy charge, many counts were listed, ranging from adultery, bigamy and rape to misappropriation of school funds, falsification of public records and failure to comply with state corporation laws. In all, 122 warrants were prepared—one for each of the 36 men and 86 women in the community.

The Short Creek raid was a major undertaking for a state with so few law-enforcement officials as sparsely settled Arizona. Officials figured that two officers would be needed for every house in the community—about 100 men in all. That meant using virtually the entire state highway patrol, the county sheriff and all the regular and special deputies he could muster—plus a dozen state liquor control officers borrowed for the occasion.

TERRY DENNISON

Asst. Attorney General Paul La Prade (l.) briefs cops on strategy before 100-man Short Creek raid

On the afternoon of Saturday, July 25th, residents of Williams, Arizona, the assembly point for the raiders, watched wide-eyed as state highway patrol cars began flooding into town. Most of the 60 cops thought they were going to attend a traffic school. In addition, there were 30 sheriff's deputies, several matrons to care for Short Creek's women and children, and the 12 liquor-control officers—plus a number of reporters.

The raiders were briefed on the plan. It was after dark when the cars, about 100 in all, began to move out of Williams at five-minute intervals for the seven-hour drive to Short Creek. The raiding party was split into two groups, one to travel to the fundamentalist settlement by way of Hurricane, Utah, the other by way of Fredonia, Arizona. A number of National Guardsmen, on loan for the raid, and traveling in vehicles with no markings, would follow to assist in caring for the people of Short Creek afterward.

In a little village about 60 miles from Short Creek, a National Guard truck with a radio transmitter pulled off the road and prepared to relay communications from Short Creek to Phoenix. Not far away, a sheriff's deputy posing as a telephone lineman prepared to cut the phone wire used by the fundamentalist community. The plan was to cut off all communication to the settlement and to block the two roads that might serve as escape routes.

The two caravans, approaching Short Creek from opposite directions, dimmed their lights several miles away, then put them out altogether and groped along the pitted clay roads in blackness. There was a moon that night—but it was in total eclipse over Arizona at 4:30 A.M.; the raid had been timed for the period when the earth's shadow blacked out the moon completely. Just outside the town, the raiders heard three sharp explosions: the people of Short Creek, tipped off that a raid was planned, had posted guards outside the settlement. The guards had set off dynamite to warn the people that the police were coming.

As the raiders entered Short Creek, all was confusion. A crowd of men stood in front of the white frame school singing America. Reporters and photographers milled around, asking questions, flashing bulbs. Police quietly moved through the town, knocking on doors. The radios in the patrol cars crackled: "This is Squad 20. We have two girls here. We need a matron." "Squad 12 calling. We have books, documents and records. Send up a truck."

The sun rose on a busy scene. Tents were going up. Children were starting to line up for breakfast, under the guidance of the National Guardsmen. Bacon was frying and there was the fragrance of coffee in the still, warm air.

The men of Short Creek living in Arizona were to be separated from their families immediately and taken to Kingman until they could arrange bail. Extradition was sought immediately for the adults in Utah. There were poignant leave-takings. One young father appeared with two little girls and one of his wives, who was holding a baby. "Where are you going, Daddy?" one little girl asked.

"Just over there." The father gestured vaguely toward the school and abruptly walked away. There were tears streaming down his sunburned cheeks.

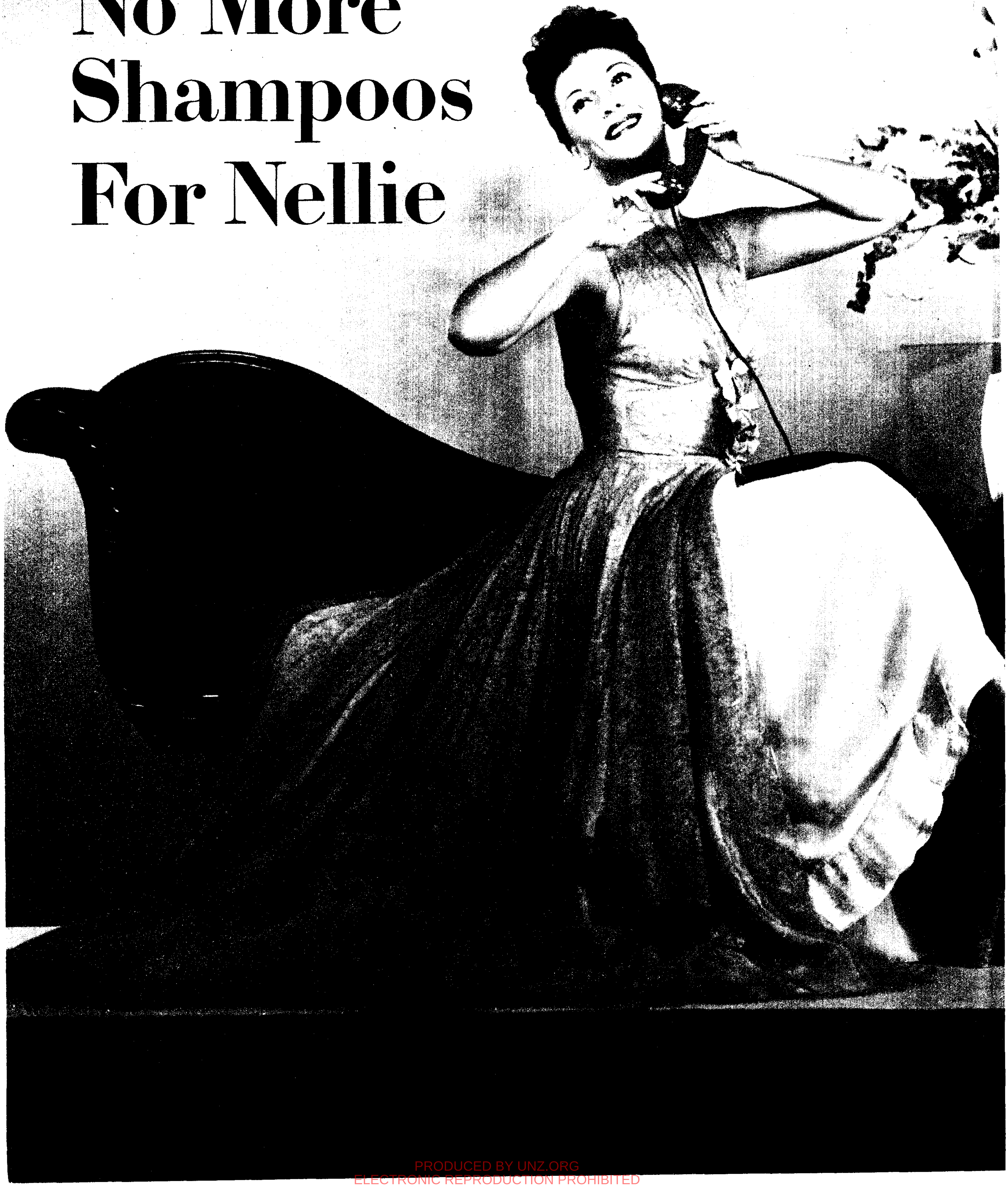
For several days after the menfolk left, the women and children stayed on in Short Creek. But they kept slipping across into Utah, making extradition necessary in some cases. One day, 10 women and 40 children disappeared and couldn't be found on either side of the state line; nearly 24 hours later they were discovered 10 miles away in the wilderness, hungry, sick, exhausted. They had run away with a vague hope that friends would pick them up in trucks and hide them. . . .

The officials decided to move the women and kids to Phoenix, where it would be easier to care for them—and watch them.

On August 1st, in Kingman, bonds totaling $43,000 were posted for the release of the fundamentalist Mormons and they were freed from jail. They headed back to Short Creek. When they got there, their wives and children were gone. . . .

Trial of the Short Creek group is scheduled for late this year or early in 1954. Meanwhile the children are wards of the state, and plural wives may not consort with the children's fathers. (Arizona authorities have promised to try to keep mothers and children together.) The ending of the Short Creek story now rests with the courts. ▲▲▲

No More Shampoos For Nellie



SHARLAND

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

Mary Martin, last seen as the corn-fed Nell of South Pacific, now gets blasé with Boyer. She's the sleek new star of a slick new play

ZINN ARTHUR

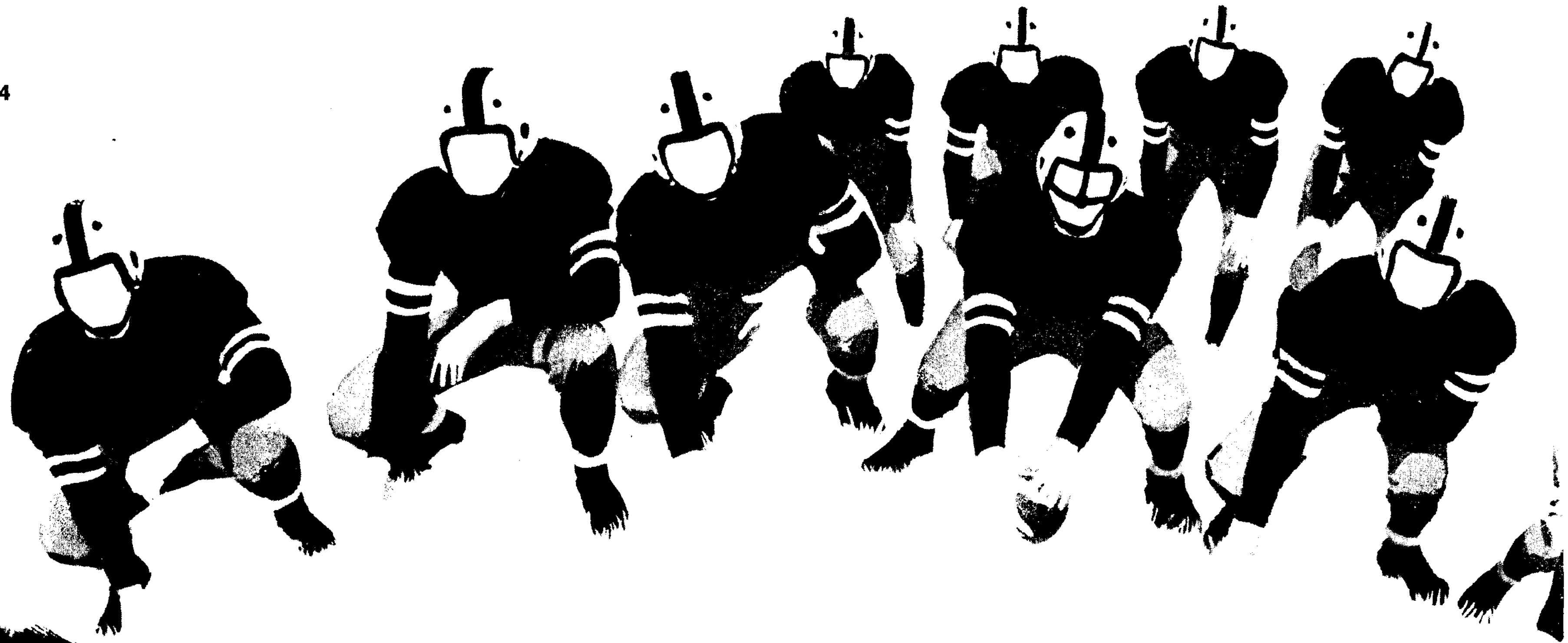
Gay blade Nell does sailor jig in South Pacific

ANY actress who plays a part long and well stands in danger of losing her identity. For more than three years, musical-comedy actress Mary Martin starred in South Pacific, the memorable Rodgers and Hammerstein show which is still on Broadway and seemingly here to stay. She played Nellie Forbush, a brash, unsophisticated Navy nurse who had many endearing qualities, not the least of which was the cleanest head in town. Every night, she staged a shampoo to the tune of I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair—until, eventually, audiences were convinced that Mary Martin began and ended with the soapy-headed Nell.

After a two-year absence from Broadway, Miss Martin is returning to prove that she and Nellie can live without each other. She is appearing in a play called Kind Sir written by Norman Krasna and directed by Joshua Logan, which, in a notoriously uncertain profession, had a ready-made audience before it ever got started. The play attracted a full house at its recent New Orleans opening and already is almost completely sold out through next May in New York.

The new Mary Martin is a startling switch on Nellie. Starring opposite Charles Boyer in the first no-song role of her 15-year career, she portrays an ultrasophisticated actress who woos and wins a diplomat. Her wardrobe is a glittering array from Mainbocher, her dialogue worldly and her man-chasing tactics blasé.

It will seem, watching the elegant Miss Martin on stage as she casually pats her coiffure into place, that this is a chic and suitable gesture; but she may simply be reassuring herself that, at last, her hair is dry.



I wasn't trying to make the Rock sore. I was just trying to shove him off the first team and steal his girl

Eleven Guys Named George

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

"Not getting in my hair, are you?" the Rock wants to know. "Just trying to win my letter, Rock," I say, handing Ann over to him. Clearly I have called his bluff

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

THE clock hand points straight up and the game-ending pistol shot sounds. A final triumphant yell floats down from the stadium and we trot into the lockers with another win. I'm pretty tired—in fact, exhausted.

You get that way sitting on the bench all afternoon, twisting your head to see if the coach is going to put you in. You sit there thinking about how you need to play fifteen minutes of football a year to get your letter. As a sophomore you play seven minutes, missing it by plenty. As a junior you're in there for eleven minutes—close but not enough. Now you're a senior and you've played nine minutes and there's one game left.

What would I do with a letter, I ask myself. I'd have to buy a sweater for it. Think of the money I'll save not getting one.

It's customary to take a shower after a game; everyone does it, even guys like myself who only work up a sweat worrying if they'll get in the game.

I come out from under the spray and see the Rock standing there. He scares you in a uniform; and without it, put a club in his hand instead of that towel and he could pose for a cave man.

"Great game, Rock."

"Thanks, George," our All-America backfield star says, and snaps his towel at me.

I side-step him gracefully; I'm experienced.

My name is Ed—a simple name and easy to remember. But to the Rock I'm George, and so are all the other Flounders. The regulars also have other names for us: the Cannon-Fodder Squad, the Split-Personality Kids. We scrimmage against the first squad in practice, imitating Michigan one week, Penn the next week, and the next week somebody else.

A prizefighter needs a bag to punch; a football player needs somebody to practice on. Once a year the coach makes us a fighting speech: not everyone can be in the front lines, not everyone can get his

picture in the papers. Somebody has to be the Cannon Fodder for the first string. Unsung heroes, the coach calls us.

I go over to the rear of the locker room where the other unsung heroes are getting dressed. Next to me is a long drink of water, a premed student, diving into his clothes. He's going to be a surgeon someday and he has no business sitting on a bench all Saturday afternoon.

"Nice game, George," I say.

"Thanks, George. You never looked better on the bench than you did today."

On my other side is a budding architect. What he really wants to be is a varsity tackle and he'll never make it. I say, "Nice game, George."

He grins at me. "We could have gone to Updyke Teachers," he says. "They'd be carrying us off the field on their shoulders. I can hear the band playing now."

The premed says, "I don't know about Updyke. I've always had a yen for Crayfish Normal. Lots of blondes at Crayfish Normal."

In silence we brood about the blondes. Why didn't we go to Updyke Teachers, to Crayfish Normal? They're nice colleges; they've got pretty campuses, pretty girls and football teams that we could make with ease. Why did we pick the college that plays about the best football in these United States? We put it up to the premed; there must be a scientific explanation. "How about it, George? Why?"

"Very simple. Holes in our heads."

We finish dressing, brush past the newspapermen, who aren't bothering us at all, and go our separate ways. Mine is to the Sig Ep house. There are a lot of cars out front, a lot of alumni inside. Heads turn when I come in, then turn away. The rugs are rolled back; the orchestra is tuning up. I get a look at some girls, and I'm curious about girls, but I keep on going, up the *(Continued on page 56)*

25 Questions and Answers: *Are YOU*

If you're dissatisfied with the people seeking office, why not run yourself? Maybe

By RICHARD and MAURINE NEUBERGER

WHY don't you run for political office? There are at least 100,000 elective local, state and federal offices in the country, ranging from town constable to President of the United States, and you well may be fitted to hold one or more of them.

But perhaps you figure that politics is a job for the other fellow—the man next door, the fellow just over the horizon. You're wrong; politics is everybody's job. Elihu Root, who was Secretary of State under President Theodore Roosevelt and later a U.S. Senator from New York, put it this way: "Politics is the practical exercise of self-government. The principal ground of reproach against any American citizen should be that he is not a politician."

Maybe you hesitate to enter politics because of your age, your religion, your physical appearance, a skeleton in the family closet, or the limited time you spent in school or college. Possibly you have thought seriously of running for an office in your local community or your state and then abandoned the idea because of some handicap, real or imaginary.

Indeed, in weighing the idea of becoming a candidate, you may have asked some of the questions listed below. The questions are those which we have been asked most frequently by prospective candidates since we ourselves entered politics. Our answers are based on the law of the land, on historical precedents, and on our own experiences. They may help you decide to take an active part in American self-government.

1. *What offices can I run for?*

If you are a qualified voter, you can seek almost any elective office. However, to qualify legally for election as President of the United States, you must have been born in this country and be thirty-five or older. A U.S. Senator must be at least thirty and have lived in this country nine years or more; a member of the House of Representatives must be at least twenty-five. Many states also require that their governors be at least thirty. Yet even these age limitations have been stretched occasionally. In 1936, Rush D. Holt of West Virginia was elected to the Senate when he was twenty-nine. The authorities decided his election would be valid if he waited until his thirtieth birthday to take the oath of office.

2. *Must I belong to a political party?*

From a practical standpoint, membership in an organized political party is advisable if you intend to run for Congress, the governorship of your state or any of numerous other political offices. Yet many important public offices, particularly in local areas, are nonpartisan and no party affiliation is needed. Of the 484 American cities with more than 25,000 inhabitants, 313 have nonpartisan elections. The legislatures of two states—Nebraska and Minnesota—are also chosen without regard to party labels. However, you must face the fact that even nonpartisan officials usually get their start in party ranks. Norris Poulson, mayor of Los Angeles, was elected on a nonpartisan ballot, but he had become known by serving nine years as a Republican member of Congress.

3. *Do I have to belong to the top party in my state?*

If you are a Republican in the South, your chances of election to an important office are remote. Likewise, there are many states above the Mason and Dixon's line where a Democrat may be equally forlorn. Yet occasionally this tide can be stemmed. Guy Gillette, a Democrat, sits in the U.S. Senate from Republican Iowa. Maryland, once a Democratic stronghold, now has two Republican Senators. Remember these exceptions when you choose your party. Don't join a party merely because it is dominant in your state. If you violate your basic convictions, you'll be unhappy and inconsistent in politics.

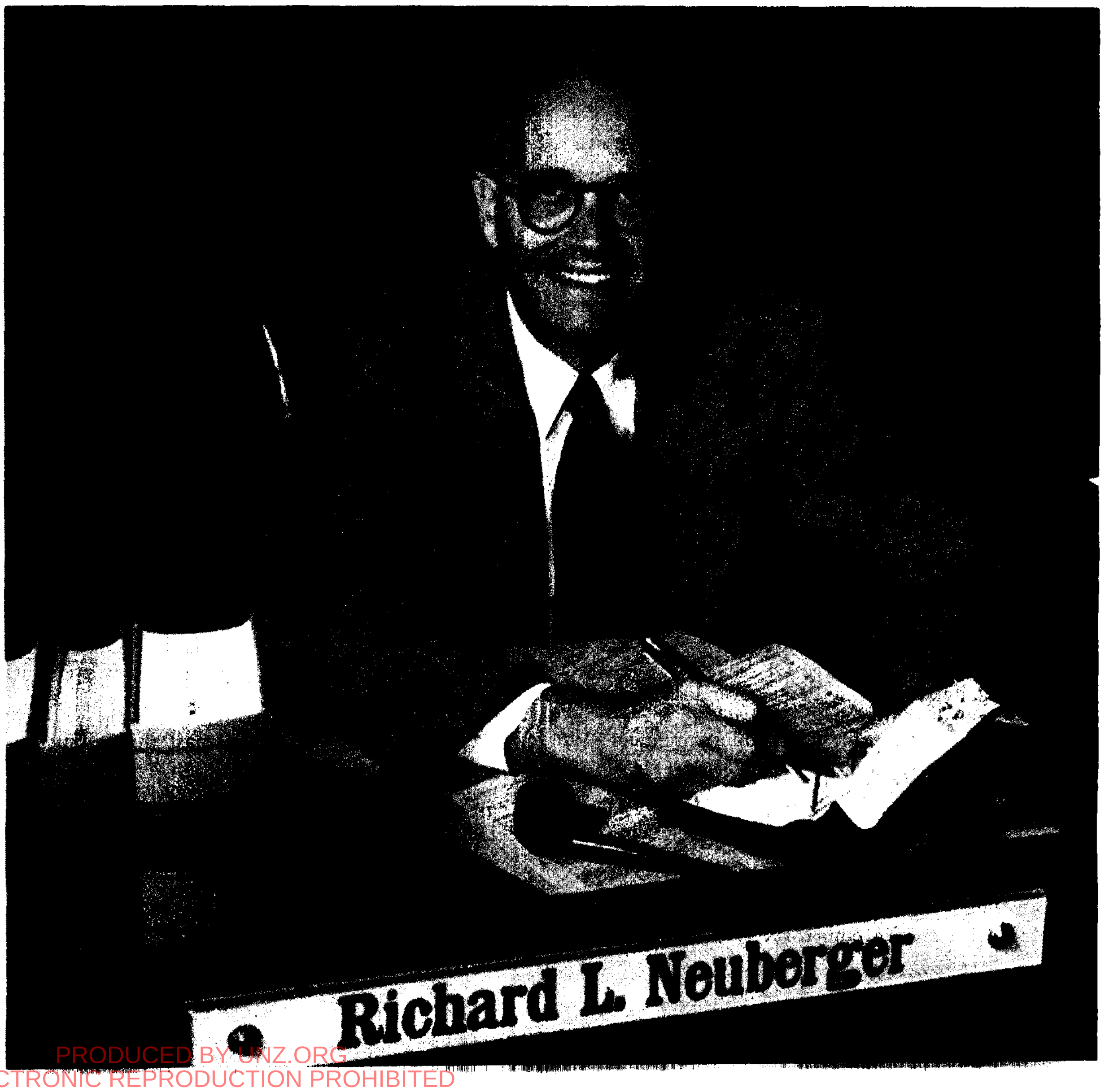
4. *What if I were born in another state?*

As vast numbers of Americans have scattered to new homes and jobs, the theory that only a native son can prosper at the ballot box no longer is valid. One of our present U.S. Senators from Oregon, Guy Cordon, was born in Texas, and the other, Wayne L. Morse, in Wisconsin. Dwight D. Eisenhower ran for President as a resident of the state of New York, where he had lived for only a relatively short time.

5. *What if I were born in another country?*

Foreign birth can be a more serious obstacle to political success. An unscrupulous opponent might use it against you in an appeal to the prejudices of some impressionable voters. Your best answer is to cite American traditions. The Constitution provides that a naturalized citizen can hold every public office except the Presidency, and many immigrants have risen to political fame. William B. Wilson, from 1913 to 1921 America's first Secretary of Labor, was born in Scotland. The late Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, pioneer sponsor of Social Security legislation, was an emigrant from Germany. Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., father of the flier and for many years a Progressive

Richard L. Neuberger, author of four books and one of foremost magazine writers in America's Northwest, was elected to the Oregon House of Representatives in 1940 and moved up to state Senate in 1948. He was re-elected to Oregon's Upper House in 1952



ROY WOLFORD

Fit for Political Office?

you'd make a better candidate than you think. A married couple in politics tell why

Minnesota congressman, came to America from his native Sweden.

6. *Will a foreign-sounding name hurt my chances?*

No doubt a name like Dinkelspiel lacks the political lure of an Anglo-Saxon name with historic connotations, like Jackson or Lewis. Yet in Congressional districts where minorities are concentrated, a foreign-sounding name often has magic appeal. Michigan congressmen include a Machrowicz and a Lesinski, and Wisconsin is represented by a Zablocki and an O'Konski. In Minnesota a Scandinavian name is said to be worth 100,000 votes and in Washington State, at least 50,000 votes.

7. *Does my religion make any difference?*

Sad to relate, it may—in some places, at least. Our state—Oregon—where the Ku Klux Klan once was powerful, has rarely elected a Catholic to high office. Prejudice against Catholics also unquestionably weakened the Presidential chances of Alfred E. Smith in 1928. Yet there are encouraging signs that bigotry may be waning. For the first time a Jew, Herbert H. Lehman of New York, sits in the United States Senate by virtue of popular vote. And in 1952 a Catholic, Mike Mansfield, unseated an incumbent Republican Senator in predominantly Protestant Montana, even while General Eisenhower was winning that state for the Republican national ticket. Never conceal your religion. If you become the victim of intolerance, fight back; never apologize or temporize.

8. *What about my age?*

If you are qualified by law to run for a tempting office, go ahead. Rosalind Wiener was recently elected to the Los Angeles City Council at the age of twenty-two. At the other extreme, Theodore F. Green, aged eighty-six, is serving his third term as U.S. Senator from Rhode Island.

9. *What about my health?*

It would be well to have a thorough medical checkup before you put your name on the ballot. Campaigning for public office is exhausting, both physically and spiritually. You'll have to absorb a lot of abuse, yet never show temper or anger. You may be giving speeches from dawn until well past midnight. If you suffer from a serious organic ailment, consider carefully before entering active politics. On the other hand, don't hesitate just because you're crippled. Congressman Joseph Mansfield of Texas served for many years in a wheel chair. Senator Charles E. Potter of Michigan is a legless veteran of World War II. Franklin D. Roosevelt could move about only with steel braces and heavy canes. "I'm President with my head, not with my legs," he once told a visitor to the White House.

10. *Do I have to be a talented public speaker?*

Naturally a talent for public speaking never hurt anyone running for office—unless his style seemed too slick. But you definitely don't have to be a dramatic orator to win votes, as witness the political success of President Eisenhower and ex-President Truman. Neither is a brilliant public speaker; they influence voters with their sincerity. However, you must articulate clearly so people will know what you are saying. If you need help, colleges in your state probably have capable voice coaches.

11. *Do I have to be a war veteran?*

Many Americans believe that a man who has served his country in war merits special consideration at the polls. General Eisenhower's brilliant Army career undoubtedly contributed to his political victory in 1952. According to the Congressional Quarterly, 61 out of 96 members of the U.S. Senate and 243 out of the 435 members of the House are war veterans. Yet you don't have to bow out just because you didn't serve on the battlefield. Such vote-getters as President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Senator Robert A. Taft and Governor Thomas E. Dewey never were in uniform, either.

12. *Where should I start?*

The theory of crawling before you try to walk applies to politics. Your local city council or state legislature are natural starting places, especially because you will be seeking votes in the community where you are best known. School boards also offer you a chance to show your mettle. Don't be dazzled by the fact that such men as Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, Wayne L. Morse of Oregon and W. Stuart Symington of Missouri were elected U.S. Senators the first time they ever ran for office. They had previously acquired state wide and even national fame in fields like journalism, labor arbitration and manufacturing.

13. *Should I join fraternal organizations?*

If you really enjoy lodge work and the conviviality of fraternal fellowship, lodge contacts undoubtedly will help you at the polls. But it's better not to join a lodge at all than to use it callously and cynically merely as a means to round up votes. Your fraternal brothers will sense such opportunism and resent it bitterly.

14. *What if I am fat or thin, tall or short?*

Don't be self-conscious about your appearance. If you worry over how you look, people will sense your concern and share it. Remember that American elections never have been beauty contests. In A Book about American Politics, George Stimpson reports that President William Howard Taft

Maurine B. Neuberger, ex-schoolteacher, followed her husband into the Oregon House in 1950 and was re-elected a year ago. Although Democrats in a G.O.P. state, Neubergers polled more votes last year than any other legislative candidates in Oregon history

Maurine B. Neuberger

ROY WOLFORD

weighed 354 pounds and President Grover Cleveland a rotund 250. Lincoln stood six feet four inches tall and George Washington six feet two. But Fiorello H. La Guardia, one of New York City's most popular mayors, was so short that his feet dangled above the carpet when he sat at his desk.

15. ***How should I dress when campaigning?***

A shrewd member of the U.S. Senate once said, "Don't dress up and don't dress down." It's still good advice. We know a candidate who went to a meeting of sawmill workers in an open-necked flannel shirt to show them he was "one of the boys." The workers were indignant and thought him guilty of a cheap stunt to win their votes. The more studied and staged your attire, the greater the likelihood it is the wrong outfit to wear.

Use this chart the next time there is an election in your local community. It will give you a good idea of the prospects of the rival office seekers. To find out how you stack up against the existing candidates, fill in your own qualifications, too

POLITICAL YARDSTICK

How to Measure YOUR CANDIDATES

This chart was adapted from one distributed by Earl Coe, Oregon's Secretary of State

	NAME			
Reputation				
Qualified for office				
Experienced in campaigning				
Physical appearance				
Personality				
Really wants the job				
Active in community affairs				
Record as prior candidate				
Name familiar to voters				
Appeal to independent voters				
Press relations				
Platform performance				
Television performance				
Radio voice				
Military record				
Athletic record				
Party support				
Fraternal affiliations				
Labor support				
Parent-teacher association support				
Smaller organized group support				
Position on popular local issues				
Aggressive campaigner				
Racial background favorable to community				
Financial ability to run				
TOTAL POINTS				

HOW TO SCORE EACH POLITICAL FACTOR

5	**Excellent**
4	**Above average**
3	**Average**
2	**Fair**
1	**Poor**

HOW TO EVALUATE TOTAL SCORE

100-plus	**Excellent candidate**
75-99	**Good candidate**
60-74	**Fair candidate**
59 or below	**Poor candidate**

16. ***What chance has a woman to win an elective office?***

Statistics show that women face an uphill struggle in American politics. There are only eleven women in the U.S. House of Representatives and but one, Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, in the Senate. Women comprise a negligible 3 per cent of the 7,234 members of the 48 state legislatures. And yet women, for the first time in the history of the United States, now outnumber men in the total population. Obviously some lingering prejudice exists against electing women to public office. To be elected, the woman who files for office must be superior to her male opponent in ideas, effort and ease of expression. And the isolated but notable success of such women as Senator Smith, Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, ex-Congresswoman Mary T. Norton of New Jersey and Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce should encourage women to enter politics.

17. ***Do I have to be a precinct worker or party official?***

Adlai E. Stevenson was elected governor of Illinois on the Democratic ticket in 1948 although he never before had taken any part in Democratic party activities. The average candidate will not be able to remain so aloof, but he still can win an election without having been a ward politician.

18. ***What about membership in a labor union?***

If you are a member in good faith of a legitimate trade-union, it may help you at the polls. Most Americans glory in the fact that this country's political institutions permit a laboring man to rise to an important position in government. Many congressmen boast that they still "hold a card" in a railroad brotherhood or some other union. In fact, seven former officials of leading trade-unions now sit in the House of Representatives. But some communities are hostile to unions. You are the best judge of your own community's attitude.

19. ***What if I have been divorced?***

Many people have strong religious and ethical objections to divorce. They might be reluctant to vote for a man or woman whose marriage has failed. But voters seem to be more tolerant now of divorce than they once were, particularly if it does not involve infidelity. Few political writers think that Adlai Stevenson's divorce contributed to his defeat for the Presidency last year. Walter Kohler, Jr., was divorced in 1946, but he since has won two terms as governor of Wisconsin.

20. ***Suppose I never got to college?***

Don't let lack of college training give you an inferiority complex. Thirteen Presidents of the United States never received a college degree, including Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Harding and Truman. Furthermore, the bulk of the voters who pass upon your candidacy will be men and women whose formal education stopped at the end of high school.

21. ***What occupation will serve me best?***

Lawyers dominate our public life, perhaps because legislation and laws are so integral a part of the legal profession. Furthermore, lawyers ordinarily are skilled in self-expression. The Congressional Quarterly says that well over half the members of the Senate and the House are former lawyers or judges. Businessmen and bankers follow next in order, comprising roughly one third of Congress. Farmers are third in line, with 21 Senators and 63 Representatives from the ranks of agriculture.

22. ***Will I have to compromise my principles?***

All of us are familiar with candidates who cry out for a firm stand against Soviet Russia, but tell mothers their sons shouldn't be drafted into the Army. Unfortunately, these candidates are not always defeated. Only a Pollyanna would claim that political double talk never pays off. But, speaking for ourselves, we found out the hard way that a conscientious person in politics generally makes a mistake when he backs down on basic principles. We once were sponsoring a bill to require full disclosure of funds spent campaigning for public office. Opponents of the bill persuaded us, against our better judgment, to accept modifications diluting the legislation. The changes destroyed the enthusiasm of the civic reform groups which had been wholeheartedly behind us, and the bill died in the state Senate. Too late we realized that we would have been far better off if we had stuck to the original bill—and our principles. If you enter public life, you will have to decide for yourself when a compromise threatens your ideals and when it merely blends your own views with those of some other honest person.

23. ***Will I need a lot of money?***

If you are running for a comparatively minor office, you might get by with a campaign fund of a few hundred dollars. But candidates for the U.S. Senate in even sparsely settled states like Oregon now have campaign exchequers exceeding $75,000. In populous Pennsylvania, these funds may reach $750,000. Judge Samuel Leibowitz withdrew from the New York City mayoralty campaign this year because, he said, campaign experts told him it would take almost $1,000,000 to make a winning fight.

24. ***Where will I get the money for my campaign fund?***

The raising of campaign funds will provide one of the principal tests of your integrity. Special interests probably will want to give you money if you have any real chance of victory. What rule should you follow in accepting or declining contributions from them? We know of but one precept that will lead to real satisfaction in public life: allow yourself to be obligated for financial support only to groups with which you are in fundamental harmony; never become tied by checks or cash to interests whose programs you believe to be wrong.

25. ***Should I run again if I lose the first time?***

You are a poor American if one political licking retires you permanently from public life. Lincoln was defeated by Stephen A. Douglas for the U.S. Senate in 1858, but two years later attained the Presidency. Franklin D. Roosevelt lost overwhelmingly as a candidate for Vice-President in 1920, but lived to see himself elected four times to the White House. Rare, indeed, is the prominent figure in American public life who has not absorbed his share of reversals in political contests. We knew a distinguished Oregon resident who was beaten for a seat on the state Supreme Court by the excruciating margin of 34,609 votes to 34,608. He said afterward: "The world had fallen in on me. I was tormented by the knowledge that I would have won if only I had shaken several more hands, if I had gone to the pioneers' picnic which I had missed because of a headache, if I had taken time to write a couple of additional letters to acquaintances. I was about to withdraw from public life completely, when I began to think that these reasons made it all the more imperative that I keep on trying. If such trivial things could explain my defeat, the next time I surely would win." This man was Charles L. McNary. He later served for 27 years in the United States Senate and was Republican party floor leader for more than a decade. ▲▲▲

TEXACO
REG. T. M.

FOR YOUR FALL CHANGE
. . . see my dad !

. . . he's a Texaco Dealer. See him soon — let him get you set for safer, more enjoyable driving. He's just the man to give your car the fall checkup it should have:

✓ He'll drain and refill the crankcase with Advanced Custom-Made HAVOLINE, the extra heavy duty motor oil. Differential and transmission will also get superior Texaco lubricants.

✓ He'll lubricate the chassis with Marfak — to give you that *cushiony* feeling that lasts 1000 miles or more. His lubrication charts leave nothing to chance.

TEXACO
PT
ANTI FREEZE

✓ He'll drain and refill your radiator — put in the correct amount of Texaco PT, the permanent type anti-freeze that stays PuT all winter.

✓ He'll check your battery, tires, lights, fan belt, brake fluid, spark plugs — and other spots that might cause trouble.

And finally, he'll fill your tank with one of Texaco's *CLIMATE-CONTROLLED* gasolines: Sky Chief, the premium gasoline *for those who want the best* . . . or Fire Chief, the powerful gasoline that sells at *regular* prices.

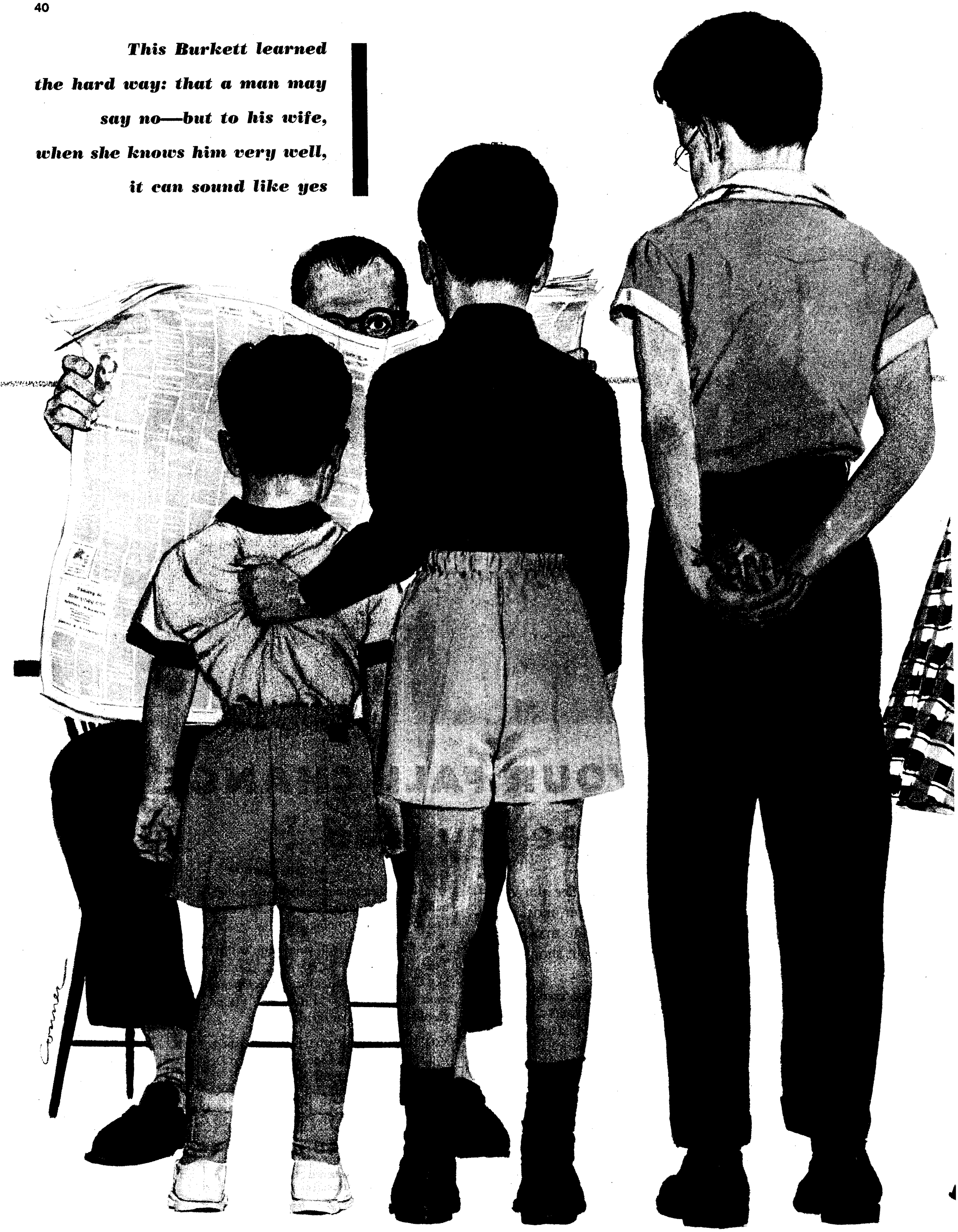
You'll be ready for whatever winter brings — if you stop in soon and see your Texaco Dealer — *the best friend your car has ever had.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS
in all 48 states

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

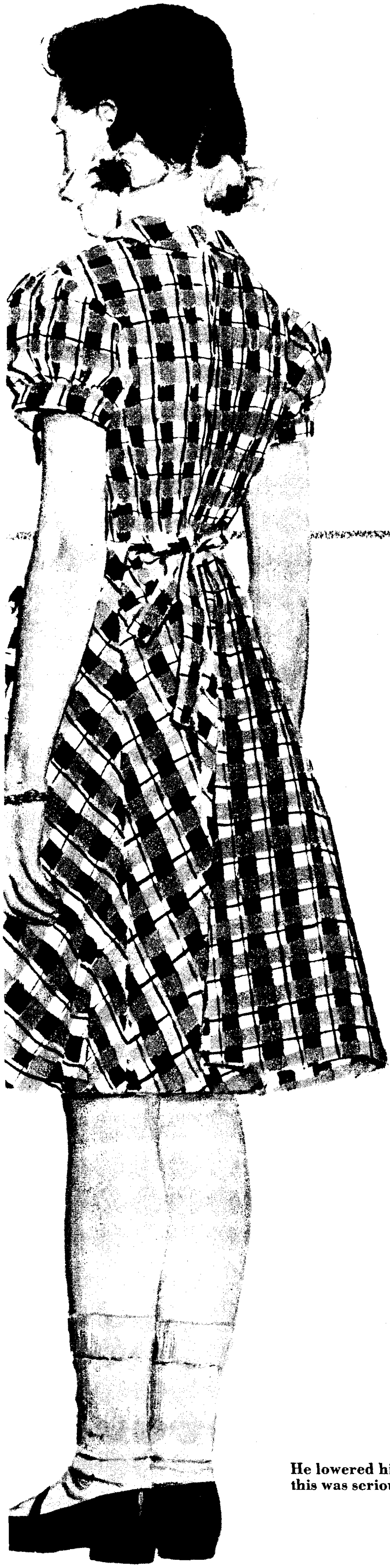
TEXACO
REG. T. M.

This Burkett learned the hard way: that a man may say no—but to his wife, when she knows him very well, it can sound like yes



We Won't Be ANY TROUBLE

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS



He lowered his paper. There was anxiety in Sara's face; this was serious business. "Do we look okay?" she asked

BURKETT JOHNSON was sitting in his living room waiting, dressed for church. Upstairs for the last half hour there'd been a steady uproar—hurrying feet, running water, questions, orders, threats. Now there were footsteps on the stairs.

Burkett held his paper high, pretending interest in a football story. He heard a short scuffle in the downstairs hall and then a slap. A young girl's voice hissed a furious warning and four children came in to stand self-consciously before him, the four O'Briens. There'd been six O'Briens some months ago. Then the father had been killed in Korea, and shortly afterward an illness had claimed the mother. Now there were four O'Briens, orphans, house guests of the Johnsons until permanent arrangements could be made.

Burkett lowered his paper. There was an anxiety in the young girl's face that said this inspection was a serious business. She wanted very much for them to pass with flying colors.

They were four fine kids, four redheads, with freckles and blue eyes. Mitch was three—a tough little buster, square-chinned and full of fight. Roy was six. He was standing with one hand behind Mitch—the reason for Mitch's tight shirt. He was in charge of Mitch, and he sometimes had to bounce the little guy like a tennis ball to keep order.

Joe was eight—a naturalist, this one, a collector of bugs and such. He wore glasses; behind them, his eyes always held a serious, questioning look. The hands behind his back, Burkett knew, held a hamster named Ike.

Sara was ten—a thin girl with short pigtails, a button nose and worried eyes. She was the boss of this crew, and with three such healthy roughnecks, hers was a job of some size. She managed them with a quick, nervous energy, a great determination and a free-swinging hand. Few mothers would try half so hard. Now she spoke. "Do we look all right?" she asked shyly.

"You look elegant," Burkett said. He smiled and looked at Joe. "Did you give that guy a zoo inspection?" he said.

Sara's "Oh, Joe!" held anger and real pain. Joe ran for the basement and the hamster cage.

"Hey!" Burkett said. "What's a hamster between friends? Happens in the best of families. Speaking of families, is mine about ready?"

"Aunt Edie said about five minutes," said Sara.

Burkett was an accountant in a firm of business consultants and tax specialists, and somehow he looked it. He was a thin, rather tall, mild-mannered man who wore dark-rimmed glasses; he was thirty-five and getting bald. His wife called from upstairs. "Burk, see if Andy's clean. We're almost ready."

Burkett went to the back porch and yelled out to the garage. "Hey, Einstein!" His son presently came into view. He was fourteen, tall and thin, and wore glasses. He was a lunatic about gadgets. Any kind—mechanical, electrical, magnetic, explosive—he took them apart and put them together. Half the garage was his shop. "We're ready," Burkett called. "Get clean."

"Half a shake," Andy answered, "or a shake and a half."

Back in the living room, Burkett found his wife and daughter down from upstairs. His wife was Edith—Edie, always—and the joy of his heart. She was not very tall, slim, and not very beautiful—cool gray eyes, dark hair already streaked with gray. But she was a world better than good—a pillar of quiet strength. He smiled at her and then looked at his daughter with feigned surprise. "Hi, you're a girl!" he said.

She grinned at him. "Smarty!" she said.

Her name was Loo—Louise Ellen—and she was a blue-jeans girl. She wore braces on her teeth and didn't care; what mattered was how high she could jump. At twelve, girls are apt to be like that, Burkett had heard.

"So we're ready," Burkett said. "So let's go." He got the car loaded, the four O'Briens and Andy in back, and Edie, Loo and himself in front. He grinned at Edie. "How's this for a family?"

"I think it's swell," she said.

THE drive to church went well until they were almost there. Then a scuffle began in the back seat. Mitch was saying something. Burkett had no idea what—Mitch used a language of his own devising. Sara was whispering fiercely to him, scolding.

"What goes on back there?" Burkett asked.

Roy said, "He has to go to the bathroom."

"Rest room coming up," Burkett said. He pulled into a service station, stopped, and was startled by the anguished look on Sara's face.

"I asked him and asked him and asked him!" she said. "He kept saying no. Now he's being bad."

"What's so bad?" Burkett asked. "A little guy like that, he never knows. Take him in. There's plenty of time." Sara took him in, and not gently.

Burkett looked at his wife. "Did you see the tears?" he asked. "Why'd she get so upset?"

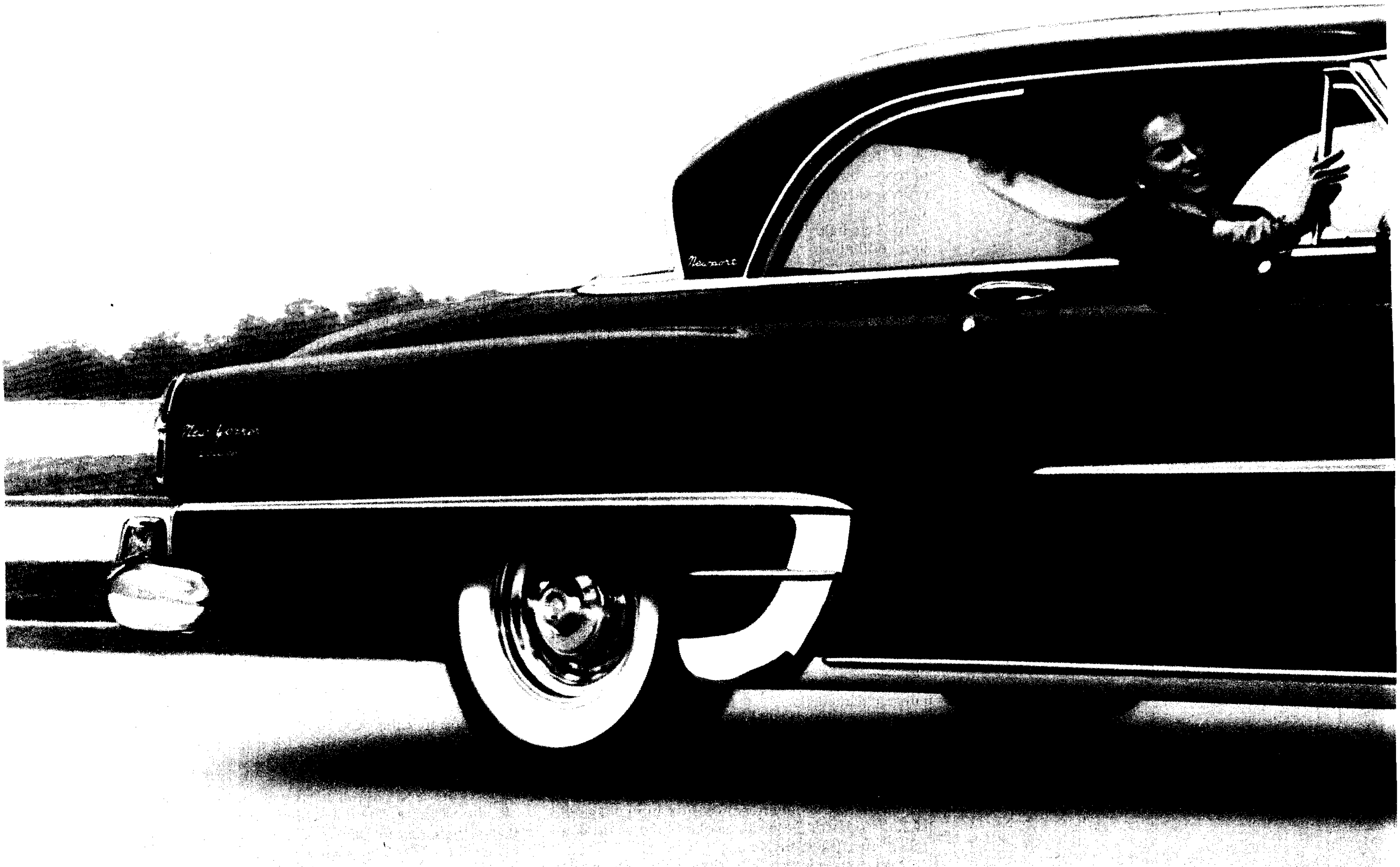
"She's trying to make a good impression on

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

ANNOUNCING

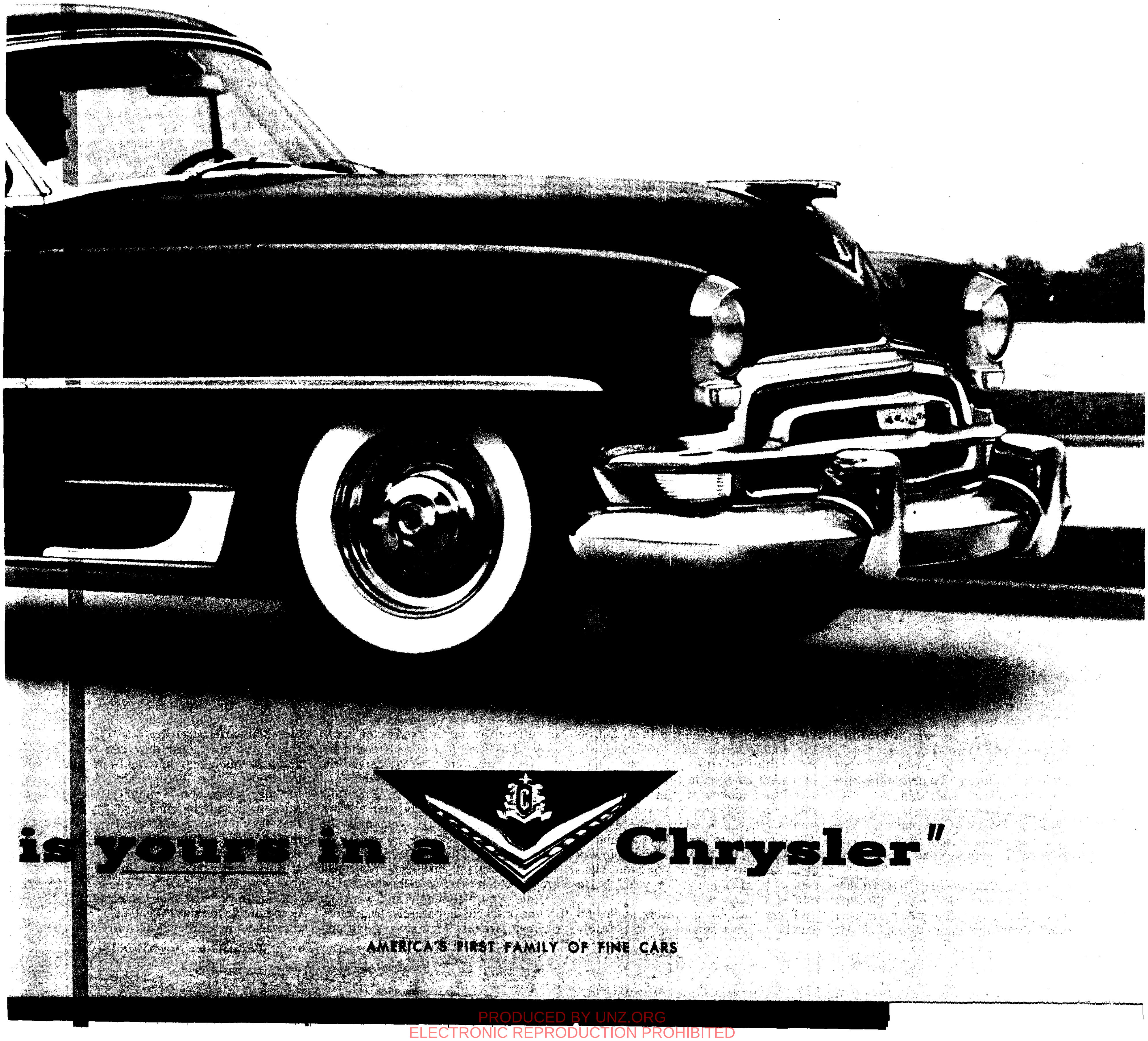
NEW BEAUTY for **'54**... that says you **own the leader**

NEW PERFORMANCE for **'54**... that proves you **drive the leader**



"The Power of Leadership

CHRYSLER for '54 is here! . . . so sleek, so smart, so beautifully appointed that in it you'll feel a sense of leadership that is dramatically new! And what wonderful new surprises you'll discover beneath all this exciting new loveliness . . . a new **235 HP FIREPOWER V-8 ENGINE**—greatest performer of all, with power and response that has no equal for driving safety—and fun! Sensational new **POWERFLITE TRANSMISSION**—most advanced of all fully-automatic drives—no-shift, no-clutch driving at its easiest and simplest. Plus Full-time Power Steering and Power Brakes for the first **COMPLETE DRIVER CONTROL** in any car. **COME SEE IT**—on display this week at your Chrysler dealer's!



you," Edie said. "She thinks Mitch spoiled it."

"I've got a good impression. Ten years old—that youngster is a whiz. Why's she crowding it?"

Edie's voice was quiet. "You don't know?" she said.

Andy said, "Pop lives in a different world, Mom."

"Yeah," Loo said. "He's dreamy."

"Wait a minute!" Burkett said. "What goes on?"

Sara and Mitch came back just then, and the quick shake of Edie's head warned him to be quiet. Burkett drove the rest of the way with his hat on the back of his head. So he was a stranger in his own family—secret goings on, intrigues. Fine thing!

HE PARKED near the church. The four O'Briens were sent off to Sunday school in Loo's care. Burkett, Edie and Andy sat through the service together. Afterward, as they stood talking to various members of the congregation, everyone seemed uncommonly friendly, and the minister, Dr. Gruenther, called Burkett aside. "Burk, you know how we feel about the O'Brien children," Dr. Gruenther said. "Their father killed in Korea, and their mother dead—well, that's just about all children can lose, isn't it?"

"Rough," Burkett agreed. "But it's amazing how quickly they've been able to accept, to readjust."

Dr. Gruenther rubbed his nose. "You and Mrs. Johnson are doing a marvelous thing," he said.

"I don't think so," Burkett said. "Their mother was a distant cousin of my wife's. Naturally we'd stand by."

"Do you, ah—" Dr. Gruenther paused. "Do you or Mrs. Johnson hold any brief against, ah—hand-me-downs?" he said.

"Clothes, you mean? Lord, no! I had two older brothers. Never got the first wear of a pair of pants till I started high school."

"Good!" Dr. Gruenther said. "The whole congregation knows what a wonderful thing you and your wife are doing. And ah—none of us are wealthy, are we? With two children of your own, four more makes quite a number." He coughed nervously. "Burk, you've no idea how many children in the congregation have grown a size or two," he said. "I have a roomful—coats, shirts, trousers, dresses and the like, for the children."

Burkett said, "That's swell. I can send them along with the children."

"Send them along?"

"Yes," Burkett said and frowned. "The children have close relatives in the Midwest—two unmarried aunts in Michigan, a grandfather in Kansas, a married uncle in Iowa. You didn't know any of this?"

"No. No. I didn't."

"It's all arranged. Sara and Mitch are going with the maiden aunts. The other two will split up, one to the grandfather and one to the uncle."

"The children," Dr. Gruenther said. "They're going to be—ah, divided up? One here, one there?"

"That's right," Burkett said. "Four is a lot of children. To divide the burden is the only sensible thing."

"I see," Dr. Gruenther said.

Burkett looked at the minister. The good man seemed embarrassed. "You expected something like this, didn't you?" he said.

"Well, really, Burk, I—" Dr. Gruenther stopped and tried again. "I don't know what I expected. Apparently I didn't think the thing through." He managed a smile. "When will they be leaving?" he said.

"Next week end," Burkett said.

"Time enough then for the clothes," Dr. Gruenther said. . . .

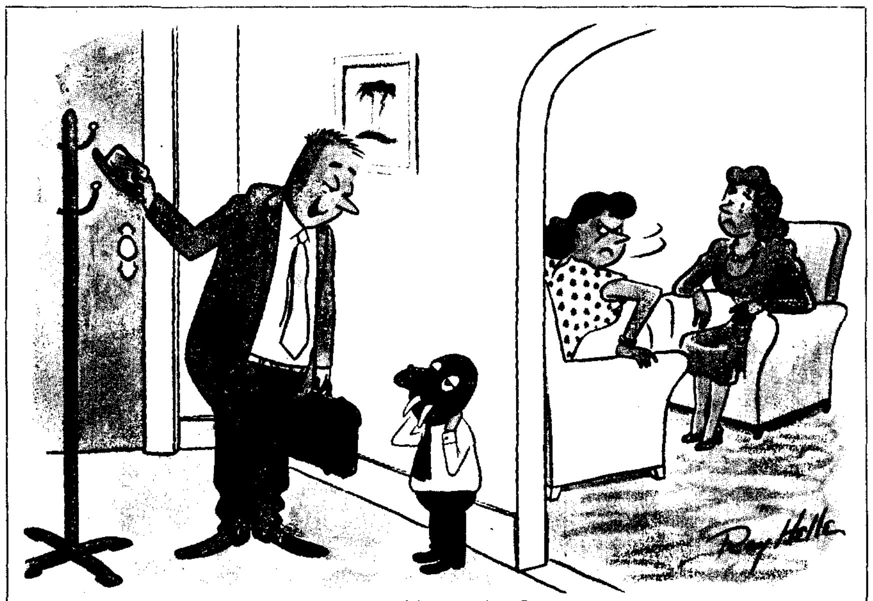
Burkett went to his car which was loaded and waiting. He made a quick count—all present—and started for home. "Edie," he said. "Am I stupid?"

"I need more evidence," Edie said. And that was that; she closed up tight.

Okay, he thought, if she and the kids wanted to keep him in the dark, let them. Burkett drove home with a face like Mitch O'Brien's—tough, with his lip out. He was not really mad, just trying to be.

But he got nowhere with it. That Sunday afternoon and evening, no man ever had it so good: just call him king, His Royal Highness of 3530 Chestnut Drive. The service was stupendous.

The way it usually went after church, he got into old clothes and puttered for a few hours while Edie worked on the Sunday dinner, while Andy buried his head in some contrivance in his shop, while Loo slipped away to a back-lot game of touch football. Then he'd have a couple of highballs, a shower, dinner and a nap. Later, he'd have a gabfest with Edie, read a little and go to bed.



COLLIER'S "Well, well—and whose little monster are you?" RAY HELLE

But not this Sunday. Andy walked to his easy chair and pulled up an ottoman for him. Loo gave him the paper and turned on the radio. "Good game today," she said. "The '49ers and the Bears."

Burkett looked blank. "Figured I'd wash the car," he said.

"I got it," Andy said. "Maybe a wax job, too."

"The lawn," Burkett said. "I ought to get some of those leaves raked."

SMALL Sara was with it quickly. "We'll do it! I mean, Roy and Joe will. They're big enough." She turned on them. "Hurry, now. You have to do a good job." She ran them out on the double hustle and was back in a flash with Burkett's slippers and a pipe he hadn't smoked in three years. She stood and looked at him a minute—thin, big-eyed and ten years old—thinking hard. Suddenly, she gasped. There was no tobacco for the pipe.

"Whoa!" he said. "You'll blow a fuse. I can struggle along on cigarettes—been doing it for years." He smiled at her.

There was no answering smile, no laughter. This small girl was deadly serious. She hauled Mitch out of a chair and lugged him out to the kitchen; apparently Mitch was going to help too, like it or not. And to top it all, Loo brought him a highball.

Then of all things, Loo went back to the kitchen too—with the wide autumn spaces just outside the door—to volunteer to help with dinner. Edie came to the kitchen door and Burkett looked at her with bewilderment. "Edie, for the luvva Mike," he said. She came in to kiss his forehead. "Pretty soft," she said. "Enjoy your leisure. What can you lose but your boyish figure?"

"My sanity," he said. "If you don't tell me—"

Her eyes were sober. "Later, hon," she said.

Burkett read a while. Then he listened to the football game, looked at the ceiling and twiddled his thumbs. He did none of this, of course, without help. He would smoke a cigarette, put it in an ash tray—and wham! It would be gone, and Sara, a small whirlwind with pigtails and flying skirts, would appear with a clean one. If he sighed or creaked the chair, her freckled, blue-eyed face would be instantly alert. "Want something? I'll get it," she would say.

He heard voices from the yard outside. Roy and Joe were raking leaves, and Joe was saying, "C'mon! Pull! Pull harder!" Roy was clutching the rake, dragging with all he had. Burkett tried to swallow a lump in his throat and couldn't. He turned away and called to his wife and told her what he'd seen. "Can't you put a stop to all this?" he asked.

"I could. But I won't, Burk. It means too much to them. Just go along, Burk," Edie said. "Give them their chance. When they're in bed, I'll tell you all about it. Please, Burk."

Then they had dinner. The four O'Briens—the boys boosted to the same level by varying stacks of books—were as scrubbed as kids could be. His own kids were too. He carved the roast and served Edie. And then—

"Not very much, please," Sara said.

"If you don't eat, you don't grow, Sara. All that work, you must be hungry."

"I'm not, though," Sara said. "Neither are my brothers. We never are. We don't eat very much."

Edie got up suddenly and went out in the kitchen, apparently for coffee. Strange, because they always had coffee later. But she came back with the pot. She didn't look at Burkett, though he could see her eyes were oddly bright. She said, a little sharply, that the four O'Briens would eat a full plate, the same as everyone else. And Burkett said, "Or else!"

After dinner he took the lot of them to the neighborhood movie. Sara said the O'Briens didn't like movies. Her tongue would turn black and fall out, fibbing like that, Burkett told her. And he was right: they loved it. Even Mitch, on Burkett's lap, managed to stay awake through most of it. Been a long time, Burkett thought—ten years since he'd held a lad this size. And what was better in the whole world than the warmth and the weight and the young smell of a really small one?

After the movie, the O'Briens had a short snack, baths, pajamas and bed, in two small bedrooms. They slept on borrowed camp cots with little more than standing room between. Burkett had to balance carefully to kiss Loo and Mitch and Sara good night. Sara's small arms were very tight around his neck. "We love you, Uncle Burk," she whispered.

"Likewise, honey," he said. "Y'know that, don't you?"

FINALLY Burkett and Edie were alone in the kitchen. They had a pot of coffee and the household accounts on the table. With Burkett—Edie too—the family budget was a serious matter. As an accountant, balanced books were as important to him as breathing. And with his white-collar salary, he was more aware than most of the cost of living, the need for controlled spending and the necessity of putting something by for the years ahead. Burkett looked at his wife over the top of his dark-rimmed glasses. He was just a little severe. "Now," he said. "No more stalling. What went on today with the kids? It was unnatural, not to say unhealthy. Are they trying to pay me for what I've done?"

"Not that mostly," Edie said and paused a moment. "This might be a little rough on you, Burk."

"So it's rough," Burk said. "I'm a tough guy."

"Sure you are," Edie said. "It wasn't my idea, Burk, nor Loo's nor Andy's. I was strictly neutral. Our two—well, you saw that they're with the O'Briens. It's all Sara's doing," Edie went on. "She thought it up all by herself. She's only ten, Burk, and able to fight so desperately to—to impress you."

"I keep asking, why impress me? Who am I?"

"The boss of this family, Burk. You give the orders. You say what can be and what can't be."

"News to me," Burkett said. "But go on."

"It's so! With important things. And you know it!"

"All right, I know it." And he did.

"She's been trying to convince you that the O'Briens are the best of kids. She wants you to see they're no trouble. This afternoon she was trying to show you how hard they can work, and how much help they can be around the house. And that—" Edie began to bog down; she wouldn't look at Burkett. Then she continued, "—and that they're not a big expense, since they don't like movies, and since they don't eat very much . . ."

Burkett frowned. The light began to dawn.

"Oh, Burk," she said, "they want so desperately to stay together. When they leave here, they'll be miles apart,

Please Present

Before you reach the end

of this page you'll arrive at

a very smart conclusion...

Next time **GO PULLMAN**

COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT AND SAFE

COPYRIGHT 1953, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

states apart. Sara's trying the only way she knows to keep them together."

He could only stare at her.

"You're her only hope, Burk," Edie said. "If they stay here, they could grow up together. It's the only place in the world where they could. Sara knows you're the boss here, that you're the one who must say yes—"

"No, Edie. Oh, no—you can't do this to me!" he said.

"Am I doing it?" she asked. "Burk, isn't it just circumstance or fate that brought them here?"

"Sure, sure!" Burkett said. "Edie, you know what a chump I am. A little squirt like that—"

"I know," Edie said. She was silent a moment. Then she said, "Burk, have you thought about keeping them?"

"Thought about it? Why, no, the idea never entered my mind. Certainly not! I never think of having a yacht or a country estate. I can't afford 'em, that's why. It's impossible."

Edie said, "I guess I don't know what's impossible."

HE STARED at her, half angry, half amazed. He took a deep breath. "You want to keep them" he said flatly. He tubbed his hand over his balding head. "Thought you were neutral."

"This is my heart talking. My mind's neutral."

"Right now I haven't got a heart," he said. "D'you know why?" He put a finger on the household-account book. "This is the reason," he said. "Right there in black and white—and red—it says no heart for Burkett Johnson. We can't afford it."

"I don't like arithmetic," Edie said.

"Whether you like it or not, this house has to run on arithmetic. Without a balanced budget, the whole world would collapse."

Edie didn't say anything.

"I'm an accountant," Burkett said. "A business consultant. I preach economy and spending within means. What would I be in my profession if I didn't practice what I preach?"

"Would keeping the children really destroy us?"

"It's in the book. You know as well as I do I make fifty-five hundred a year, before taxes. Just that, no more. Buy the groceries, the clothes, the simple necessities; pay on the house, the insurance, the annuities for Loo and Andy's college; put aside a little for emergencies—and what's left?"

"A short beer," she said.

"Right!" he said. "The house needs paint. Can we afford it? No. The car's eight years old. Can we get a later model? No. Go out in the street, look up on the roof. See a television antenna up there? No. If my kids want to watch television they can go next door. With only our two kids, we're just barely secure. Another would strain us. Two more would ruin us. But *four*, Edie—for the luvva Mike, d'you know how many that is?"

"I didn't say we could afford them," Edie said. "I want them, whether we can afford them or not. I could plan better. I'd do a lot of canning and buy more carefully. I'd manage somehow."

"With the help of Elijah's ravens?" Burkett asked. "And what about clothes?" He snapped his fingers. "That's it! That's why Dr. Gruenther was embarrassed. He thought we were keeping the children!"

Edie nodded. "I'm afraid most people do," she said.

"Look at the spot it puts me in. They took it for granted I was going to keep them. Where they got the idea I could with my salary, I don't know. So I say no. So I'm a louse, a Scrooge, I'm a miser. What a heel, that Johnson! What a stinker!"

"They won't feel like that."

"Well, I will!" he said. Burkett pulled a scratch pad toward him. "Look, honey," he said. "Haircuts. Three extra boys, a haircut every two weeks. A buck a throw, that's seventy-eight dollars a year."

"I could learn to cut hair."

"Movies," Burkett said doggedly. "Every kid's got to go to the movies once a week. Four bits a shot. With six kids that's one hundred and fifty-six bucks a year. And no popcorn!"

"I could teach them to like books."

"Edie! Be sensible!"

"Yes, honey, but there are ways and ways," Edie said. That drove Burkett sputtering up and down the kitchen like a motorboat. Edie watched him calmly. "You needn't get so upset," she said.

"Who wouldn't get upset?" Burkett demanded. "There's insanity on the loose around here!"

"Yes, dear," Edie said.

"I am the head of the house. I am responsible for the welfare of this family. Whether we eat or not, whether we go bankrupt or not, depends on me. Therefore my judgment must prevail. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," Edie said.

"And I say no—we can't do it!"

Edie shrugged her shoulders. "Shall we go to bed?" she asked.

So they went to bed, but no sleep. For a while, Burkett was secure and tranquil in his fortress of figures— four and four are eight, and nobody can divide eight people into fifty-five hundred dollars. "Edie," he said in the darkness, "you agree, now, don't you? We simply can't afford them."

"Umm," she said. "But I still want them."

"My wife," he said. "Okay, from now on, you can keep your cold feet on your side of the bed."

"Umm," she said again.

Then Mitch fell out of bed. He woke up yelling mad. Burkett bounced up and went in to count the broken bones. There were none. But Sara was up, holding Mitch, petting him and trying to smother his yells at the same time. Dismay twisted her small face at the sight of Burkett. "It's okay, honey," he said. "Forget it."

THEN Roy had to walk in his sleep. Burkett followed the flying patter of Sara's feet down the stairs and found her with her arms around her vacant-eyed, befuddled brother. This time she was beyond dismay; she was in tears because of Burkett, because here was the proof that four extra children were an impossible nuisance. Burkett got a handkerchief for her. "Blow," he said. Then he put Roy back on his cot and took Sara into the front bedroom. "That's all for tonight, baby girl," he said. "Those hooligans can tear the house down. You and I are going to get some sleep."

Edie made room for them. Sara's trembling stopped in a moment. She hiccuped a time or two, sighed and slept with her head on Burkett's shoulder. He was just dropping off when he heard Edie murmur to no one in particular, "He's a tough guy—hoo, boy!"

Burkett arrived at the breakfast table the next morning unchanged in his determination. He found his son Andy before him. He looked at the boy with some surprise. Andy said, "Gonna get me a job."

"A job? May I ask why this sudden burst of ambition?"

"Oh, I dunno. Figured I ought to make my own spending money. I'm no kid any more."

"I see," Burkett said slowly. "Where's Loo?"

"Packing apples out at the orchard," Edie said. "Her own idea."

"Well, bless Bess!" Burkett said.

Now Andy had finished; he got to his feet. "Who cares about having a television set?" he asked. "It interferes with homework," he said and grinned.

"Oh, now I get it," Burkett said. "And it seems to me a man ought to be able to have a discussion with his wife without a couple of big ears listening in."

AL'S
BAR AND
GRILL
JEFF
KEATE

COLLIER'S "I can lick any man in the house!" JEFF KEATE

"Okay," Andy said. "So next time don't yell." And he was gone, job hunting.

Edie came to the table for coffee and a cigarette. "How about you?" Burkett asked. "Aren't you getting into the act?"

She nodded brightly. "Yep," she said. "There are lots of small children around who are a problem for mothers when they go shopping. A daytime baby-sitting service could go over big. The women can leave their small fry here with me for, say a quarter an hour. I bet I could make two or three dollars a day."

Burkett took a deep breath. Very slowly he said, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, or the kids' feelings. But all you can *possibly* do won't amount to a toothpick. And, sweetheart, you can't kill a wolf with a toothpick. Not the one we'd have at our door!"

"Every toothpick helps," she said.

"No," Burkett said. "The matter's settled. It's no use arguing."

She said, "Who's arguing?" . . .

On the bus, going downtown, Burkett saw the situation with great clarity. He was, when he had to be, resolute, sober and just. And right now he had to be. Until somebody invented a rubber dollar, there was no way in the world a man could stretch a fifty-five-hundred-dollar salary to take care of eight people. "Definitely not!" he said to himself with great conviction.

Eberhardt & Company was not a large firm; nor was it particularly prosperous. Jim Eberhardt had built the business on the theory that a modest fee was a moral obligation, that holding good will and a steady clientele was more important than a slippery dollar.

SHORTLY after lunch, Jim Eberhardt called Burkett into his inner office. He was a man who believed in certain principles: the sanity of thrift, the folly of drink, the ten-cent tip, the innate nobility of his fellow men. "Good news, Burk," he said. "Things have gone so well for us I feel I can do something I've wanted to do for quite a while." He cleared his throat. "You deserve more money," he said. "You might like some shares in the company, which would later bring you into a partnership. There would be some salary increase, of course, say five hundred a year. How does it sound?"

"Wonderful!" Burkett said. "Nothing I'd like better than to have a part in the firm. I guess I—I've sort of felt it was part mine all along."

"I know what you mean," Jim said. "Could be that's why I picked you over the others. I'd like to say I think I'm more pleased than you are." He held out his hand.

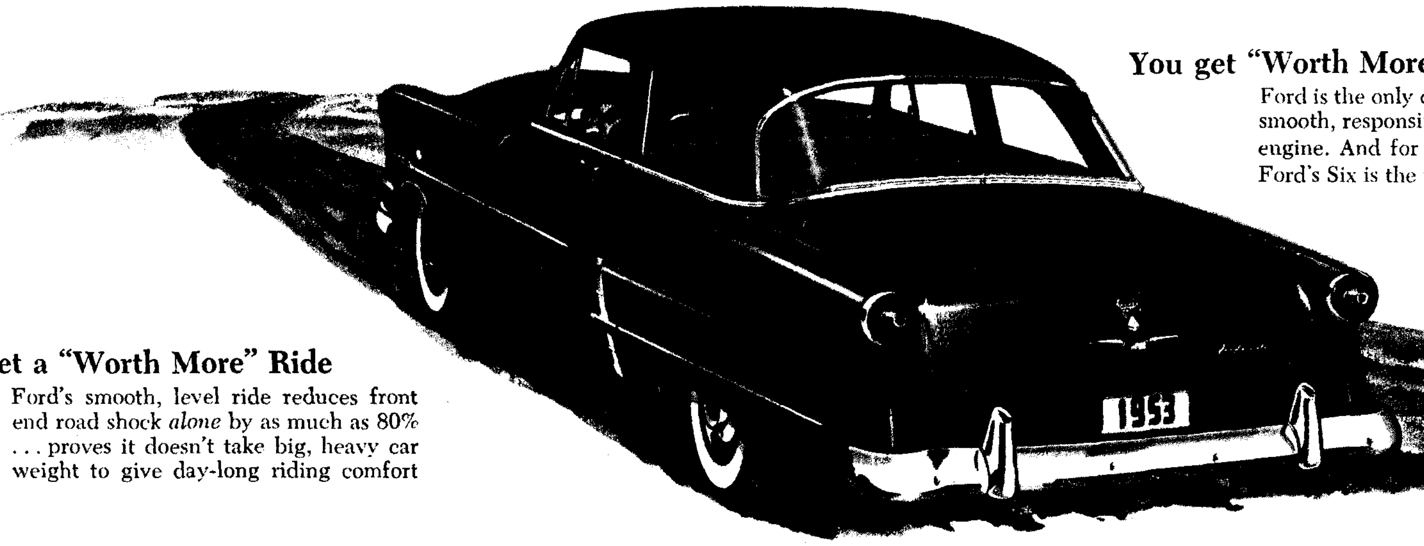
Burkett took it. "Thanks a lot, Jim," he said.

He was at the office door when Jim said: "Say, I hear you've added a few deductible items to your tax returns."

Burkett stopped. He stared numbly at Jim Eberhardt. "They—they're not staying with me, Jim."

It was the same thing again: where the children were going—being separated and all that—and why. And he saw the same confusion and embarrassment on Jim's face that he had seen in the minister's. Burkett was suddenly sick at heart. "I can't take that raise, Jim," he said. "You thought the kids were staying with me. Since they're not, I won't hold you to it."

Jim stared at him. Quietly, he said,



You get "Worth More" Performance

Ford is the only car in its field to offer the smooth, responsive performance of a V-8 engine. And for those who prefer Sixes, Ford's Six is the most modern of all

You get a "Worth More" Ride

Ford's smooth, level ride reduces front end road shock *alone* by as much as 80% . . . proves it doesn't take big, heavy car weight to give day-long riding comfort

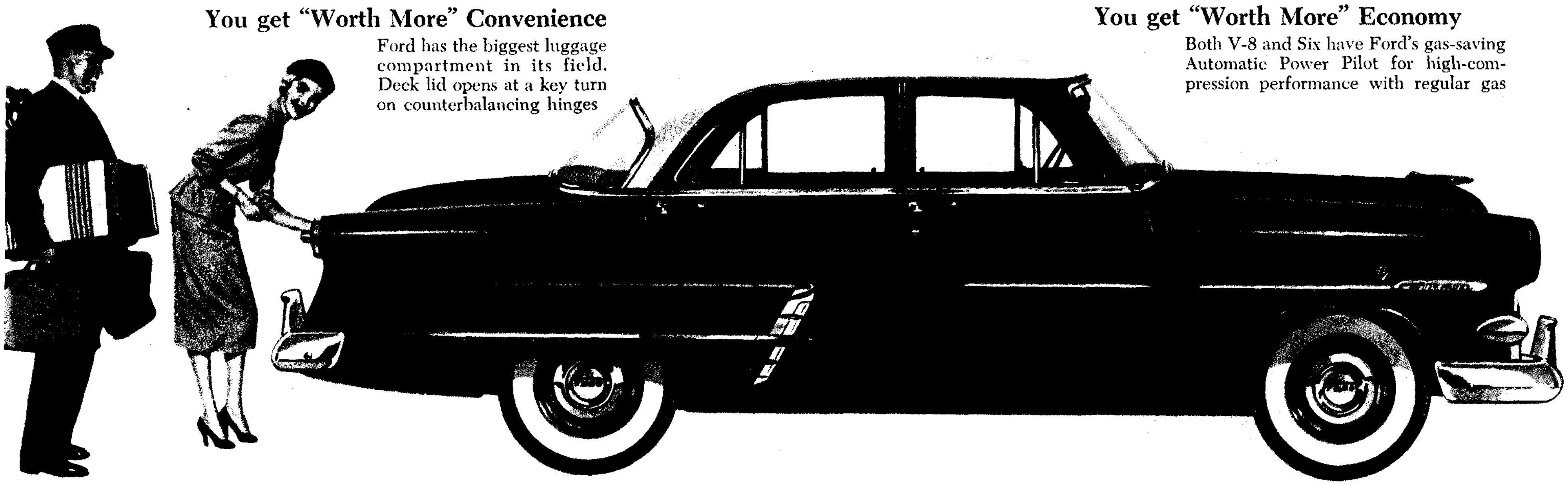
Safest place to put your new-car dollars

You get "Worth More" Convenience

Ford has the biggest luggage compartment in its field. Deck lid opens at a key turn on counterbalancing hinges

You get "Worth More" Economy

Both V-8 and Six have Ford's gas-saving Automatic Power Pilot for high-compression performance with regular gas



Ford is worth more when you buy it *and* when you sell it, your soundest new car investment.

If you could take the time to compare Ford with the highest priced cars, you'd find that Ford matches them in feature after feature . . . but *sells* at half the price.

Then if you could check the used car markets around the country you'd find that year-old Fords return a higher proportion of their original cost in resale than any other car in America. These two facts *alone* would make Ford your safest new car investment.

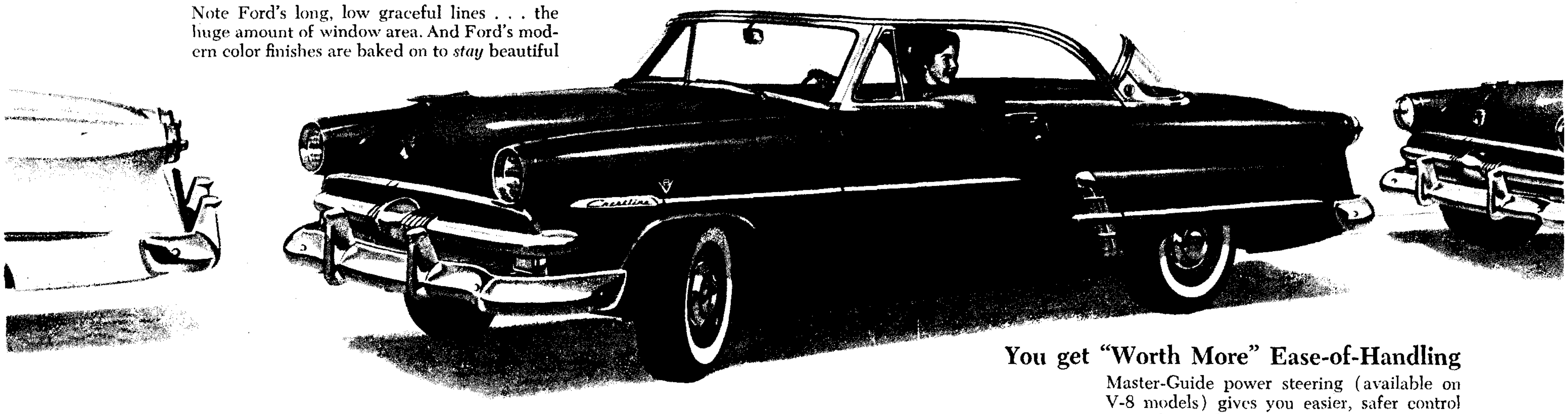
But there's much more to Ford's "worth more" story. Take the special pleasure you'll get from Ford's smooth, responsive "go."

Take the day-long comfort you'll find in Ford's new ride. And consider Ford's fine-car look that makes it truly "at home" wherever you may wish to drive it. You'll agree Ford is not only worth more when you *buy* it and when you *sell* it . . . it's worth more *all the time you drive it, too.*

But visit your Ford Dealer and see for yourself what Ford quality really adds up to. Test Drive the model of your choice. You'll reach just one conclusion: Ford is the safest place to put your new-car dollars.

You get "Worth More" Styling

Note Ford's long, low graceful lines . . . the huge amount of window area. And Ford's modern color finishes are baked on to *stay* beautiful



You get "Worth More" Ease-of-Handling

Master-Guide power steering (available on V-8 models) gives you easier, safer control . . . makes parking almost effortless . . . retains the natural "feel" of steering on straightaways

FORD America's "Worth More" Car!

SAFE LUBRICATION
PENNZOIL
THE Tough-Film® MOTOR OIL
100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA

USE LESS OIL

...GET THE

LONG QUART

LONG because it lasts long—saves you added quarts between oil changes

This 100% Pennsylvania motor oil with THE Tough-Film stands up under intense heat . . . resists the formation of oil-wasting engine deposits. Your engine stays cleaner, smoother running . . . *uses less oil!*

Pennzoil gives all engines an extra margin of safety. There's a correct grade and type of Pennzoil for YOUR car and driving conditions.

Sound your Z at this sign...

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

©1953, The Pennzoil Co.
Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn., Permit No. 2

PENNZOIL® MOTOR OIL AND LUBRICANTS AT BETTER DEALERS . . . COAST TO COAST

"Burk, that's the most unkind thing a man has said to me in fifty years."

"Dunno what's the matter with me," Burkett said. "Flipped, I guess."

"Forget it," Jim said. "I have."

Burkett was sitting on the bed that evening after work, showered and wearing his bathrobe, when Edie brought him a cup of coffee. Burkett took her face in his hands. "I got a raise today," he said. He told her about it, and the shares in the company. "But it doesn't make a difference. It's not enough."

"It helps," she said.

He found, beside his plate at dinner, a grubby, much-handled one-dollar bill and seventy-eight cents in change. Where had it come from? He had only to look down the table at Loo's proud, wind-burned, self-consciously averted face to know. She had earned it out at the orchard, one apple at a time. And it was beside his plate—her contribution. "This is—well, it's—" It was very hard to talk. "That's real fine, Loo." Burkett said.

"Pop," Andy said. "Got that job. You know Sweeny's? They sell radios and television and other stuff and fix things. Six bucks a week. I'll run errands, mostly, but he said he'd let me repair stuff once in a while."

BURKETT looked at those four O'Brien kids. Four redheads, four good, freckled faces, four pairs of blue eyes were watching him—even Mitch, the monkey. Their eyes were searching. Had the jobs made a difference? Was he changing his mind? And there was hope in each face, so much hope, so plainly there. "For the luvva Mike!" Burkett said. "Pass the gravy!"

Edie said, "I got on the telephone today about the daytime baby sitting. It's going over big."

Burkett wagged his head. "*Et tu, Brute!*" he said.

"That's me," Edie agreed.

Each day was a struggle. He made plane reservations, bought the tickets. The tickets hit the family hard—and hit him too. Loo and Andy wouldn't speak to him, and he heard Sara's muffled sobbing in Edie's arms. But Edie was not dismayed. She remained cheerful, calm and strangely confident.

"It's done now, isn't it?" he asked. "You'll give up hope now, won't you?"

She shook her head. "They're still here," she said.

"But why are you holding out?" he asked. "What kind of miracle do you think will happen to make me change my mind?"

"You'll see," she said.

He shrugged. "All right," he said, "but tomorrow's Saturday. Have their bags packed, will you? And now I suppose I'll live forever in the doghouse?"

"You know better," Edie said. "You're the boss of this family. You're responsible for us. You do your best for us, and you love us, we know. We will do as you say, always. And cheerfully, whatever it may be." . . .

There are a lot of hours in a night—Burkett hadn't realized how many. He didn't use half of them for sleep. He was up with the birds and at his desk an hour early. He worked hard, steadily and well. But he kept seeing four small people, hearing four small voices saying, "We don't eat much . . . We don't like movies . . ."

It was all a matter of self-discipline. Burkett was still saying it on the walk between the bus stop and home. A man had to be firm with himself, he had to keep himself in hand. He walked into the living room of his house with a smile, he spoke with a hearty voice. "Well, everybody?" he said. "All set?"

"We're ready," Edie said.

And they were. The bags were packed and lined up by the door. Edie and Andy and Loo were there, and the four O'Briens. "Fine! Fine!" Burkett said. "What d'you say we—" The four O'Briens were dressed in their best. Stairsteps: Mitch, Roy, Joe, Sara. Freckled faces, snub noses . . . "Let's put the show on the—" Four pairs of blue eyes were looking at him out of four small faces.

"I—" he said. "I, uh—" He patted his pockets aimlessly. "Uh, just a minute. I forgot something." He went upstairs. In the bedroom he said, "Holy Toledo!" Then he called Edie to come up.

She found him standing in the middle of the room. The sight of his face made her catch her breath. "Help me, for the luvva Mike!" he said

"Oh, darling!" she said and ran to him. "I should. I know I should. But I can't. It's a battle I lost long ago. I'm sorry, Burk."

"Edie, we can't afford them!"

"I know it. But nothing's impossible, if you want it badly enough."

"In the name of Heaven, Edie—" He turned away from her, he waved his hands. "But the arrangements are made," he said. "Their people in the Midwest, what would they think?"

"They'll say yes. If they can be kept together, keep them." She bent her head. "They've already said yes," she said. "I talked to them on the telephone. I'm a traitor, I guess."

"Edie—Edie! Oh, Lord, I—"

She looked at him steadily. "You're licked, Burk," she said. "You haven't got a chance. You never had a prayer of a chance, and you know it."

He looked back at her. The strain went out of his face. Then a smile began to grow, a silly kind of smile. "You're so right," he said. "Me? Let go of those kids? The little guy, Mitch? Joe? Roy? Sara? I could part with any one of them? They're mine!"

Softly, Edie said, "This is news?"

Burkett's mouth opened; he had to yell or burst. "Yippee!" he yelled.

He went down the stairs a dozen at a time. "Hey, everybody!" he said. "Nobody's going *noplace* away from this house." He got the four O'Briens in his arms, all in a bunch. "You guys belong to me!" he said.

IT WAS a bang-up blowup, with Andy running around the room, leaping chairs and hollering like an Indian; with Loo going straight up and down like a jumping jack; with Burkett and the four O'Briens in a joyful tangle; and with Edie standing by, wearing the quiet smile of a wise woman.

To cool them off, Burkett sent them to the movies. He watched them go down the walk, six abreast—now there was a family! He turned to his wife, feeling ten feet tall and yet just a little sheepish. "Smarty!" he said. "Knew it all the time, didn't you?"

"Me," she said, "and just about everybody else."

"Okay. I'm the happiest chump alive."

"Not worried about how we'll support them?"

His face became serious. "Not for a minute!" he said. "Now that I'm in it, I'll make it go." He began grinning the silly grin again. "I can see a lot of angles," he said. "Maybe get into real estate on the side."

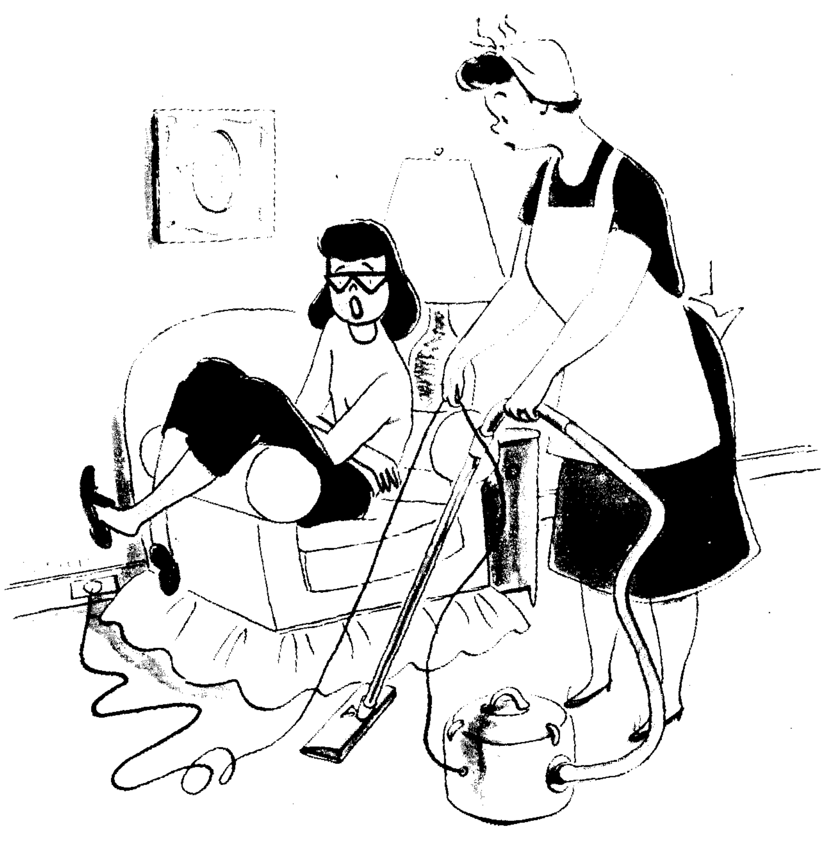
"Burk," Edie said. "Only one thing worries me."

"Umm?" Burk said. "What's that?"

"My cold feet," Edie said. "Can I put them back now?"

—JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS

TIZZY



"I don't see why Daddy won't give me $10.00 a week allowance. After all, I save him $600.00 a year on income tax"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

take the worry out
of winter driving...
PENNSYLVANIA CITY-COUNTRY

Put your car on NEW multi-grip

PENNSYLVANIA

CITY-COUNTRY WINTER TIRES

For getting around easier, safer, surer this Winter, equip your car now with new-design, multi-grip Pennsylvania City-Country Winter Tires. Extra deep tread design plus heavy-cleated shoulder construction assures you of traction unlimited in both directions . . . keeps you moving through snow, slush and mud. Smartly-styled with white sidewalls that glisten like new fallen snow, the City-Country Winter Tire is your best bet for carefree, bad weather motoring. See your Pennsylvania Tire Dealer today for your set.

TIRE BUILDERS TO THE NATION FOR MORE THAN HALF-A-CENTURY

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

PENNSYLVANIA
TIRE COMPANY
MANSFIELD, OHIO

BUILDERS OF THE PATRICIAN TIRE

MEN *of the* CAINE

SOME 5,000,000 people know all about the wartime misadventures of the DMS Caine and her rebellious crew. They found out by reading Herman Wouk's Pulitzer prize-winning novel, The Caine Mutiny, a fascinating close-up of life aboard a dilapidated destroyer-mine sweeper in World War II. Vicariously, they've towed targets, decoded messages, rebelled against the injustice and inefficiency of the skipper, and stood trial with the officers who relieved him of his command. As in the case of other widely accepted books, the characters take on a dimension of reality for their readers. One who should know, former Chief of Naval Operations Admiral William Fechteler, remarked of this fictional crew: "I don't see how the author could put into one book all the screwballs it took me my entire Navy career to collect."

The roster includes Queeg, the neurotic captain who indulges in petty persecutions and senseless commands; Maryk, the ex-fisherman who, as the Caine's "exec," is torn between discipline and common sense; Willie Keith, the coddled Princeton man who reaches maturity aboard the jinxed craft; Keefer, the novelist who incites revolt but fails to support it; and Greenwald, the razor-witted defense counsel who wins acquittal for the mutineers against his better judgment.

Now the men of the Caine are being brought to life in two productions: Stanley Kramer's film adaptation of The Caine Mutiny, for Columbia, due sometime next spring, and a stage presentation by Paul Gregory (Don Juan in Hell, John Brown's Body) of The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial, now on the first leg of a cross-country tour, and Broadway-bound. Both producers had the full co-operation of the Navy, after initial quibbles over the story's premise (there has never been a mutiny in the United States Navy). But they were faced with an even more knotty public-relations problem than is usual in casting a best-selling novel.

"The letters have been pouring in," says Kramer, "telling us who should and who should *not* play what part and why. Take Queeg, for instance. Some say Bogart's too old, too small, not paunchy enough. But he looks right to me. And he gives a tremendous performance. Casting Van Johnson as Maryk was reverse thinking. I know Van has been playing mostly banjo strummers. But he's capable of solid roles. One of the provisions, though, was that he wouldn't use make-up to hide the scars on his face (from an early cycle accident). They give him a real classic look. Fred MacMurray's greatest character was a heel, in Double Indemnity. So we signed him as Keefer. Joe Ferrer *was* Greenwald; he only had to find the time to do the part. And we never tested anyone but a young actor named Robert Francis for Willie. He looked like Willie. That was enough."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

In movie (left to right) James Best plays Ensign Jorgenson; Robert Francis, Ensign Keith; Herbert Anderson, Lt. Rabbit; Van Johnson, Lt. Maryk; Fred MacMurray, Lt. Keefer; Jerry Paris, Ensign Harding; Bogart is skipper Queeg; Tom Tully, Capt. DeVriess; Arthur Franz, Lt. Paynter; James Edwards, Whittaker. On deck above, Claude Akins as Horrible; Don Dubbins, Urban; Todd Karns, Stillwell; Lee Marvin, Meatball; Joe Haworth, Ensign Carmody; José Ferrer, Lt. Greenwald

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY [illegible]

The most celebrated crew in recent naval fiction come to life in a new film, a new play.

How true to type they are, some 5,000,000 readers of The Caine Mutiny will decide

Humphrey Bogart as Queeg: captain of the Caine, a sick man, a petty tyrant whom they called Yellowstain

Robert Francis as Willie: well-bred, cocky college boy who grew up sweating out a typhoon

Caine Cast on Scree

Columbia's version of The Caine Mutiny, directed by Edward Dmytryk, hews close to the novel. It traces the adventures of Willie Keith from midshipman school to manhood aboard a fate-ridden naval vessel. And it pictures the mutiny of the original story, from its start as the brain child of an intellectual lieutenant to its climax during a typhoon, and its eventual denouement in a brilliant court-martial scene.

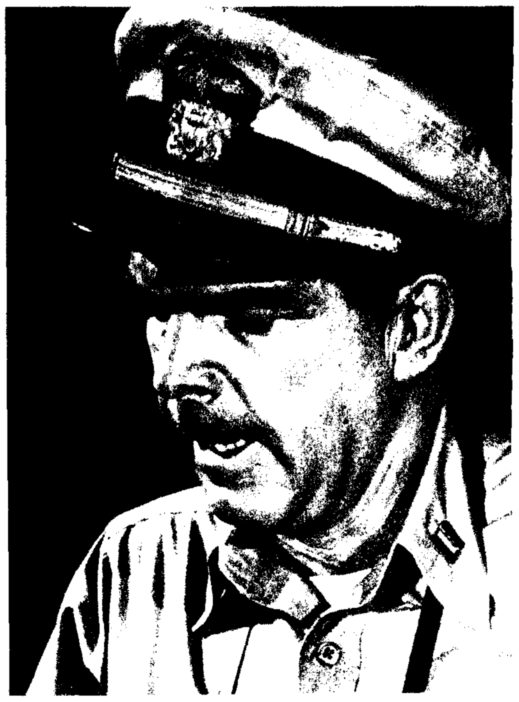
The stage play, on the other hand, focuses on the trial and its ironical aftermath, in which young lawyer Greenwald reveals his contempt for the men he has vindicated and his understanding of the unstable skipper, Queeg, whom he has brought to shame. Producer Paul Gregory, who has demonstrated a gift for carving strong stage productions out of literary material, says:

"When I first got the book, I looked for the court-martial sequence. There had to be one; if there was a mutiny. There was, and I ar-

José Ferrer as Greenwald: a rulebook lawyer who reluctantly defended those who mutinied against Queeg

Van Johnson as Maryk: the executive officer who mutinied to save his ship, knowing he could hang for it

Fred MacMurray as Keefer: th bitter intellectual who sparked the revolt but kept his own hands clean. The captain he told Maryk, was "nuts. It's the cleares picture I have ever seen of a psychopathi personality." But he left mutiny to Mary



Charles Nolte **as Willie is held on mutiny charge with Maryk**

[illegible] as Greenwald (above) sets out to prove that Caine crew rightfully revolted against unbalanced captain, fights brilliant, hair-splitting legal battle

. . . . . . and on Stage

ranged to have Herman Wouk do a special stage treatment. Dick Powell directed a powerful script into a powerful play."

Much of the strength comes from the quality of the performances in the key roles. "Greenwald must appear sharp and biting, but inspire confidence at the same time," says Gregory. "Hank Fonda had proved he could do both, in his last two plays: as the wry lieutenant in Mister Roberts and as the solid suburbanite of Point of No Return.

"I signed John Hodiak as Lieutenant Maryk almost as soon as I decided to do the play. He can look like a big, inarticulate fisherman, and yet project the intelligence and sensitivity the part requires.

"Then I saw Lloyd Nolan on TV and knew he would be great as Queeg."

Now the men of the Caine have one more battle to win; convincing 5,000,000 readers that they're as real on stage and on screen as they are in print. ▲▲▲

[illegible] as Queeg (below), pronounced sane by Navy psychiatrists, is proved unfit for command, collapses at climax of courtroom scene; defendants are acquitted

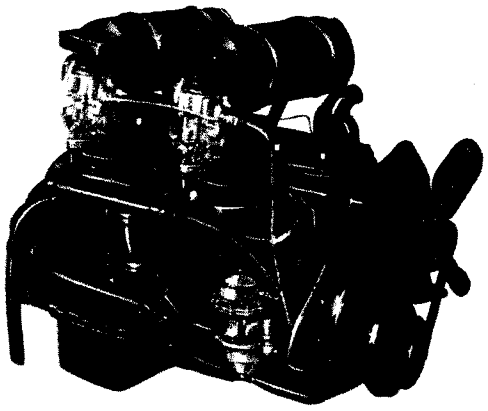
John Hodiak **as Maryk pleads his loyalty in a Navy court heavy with hostility, fumbles defense**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SANFORD ROTH

1954

New Salon Lounge Interiors

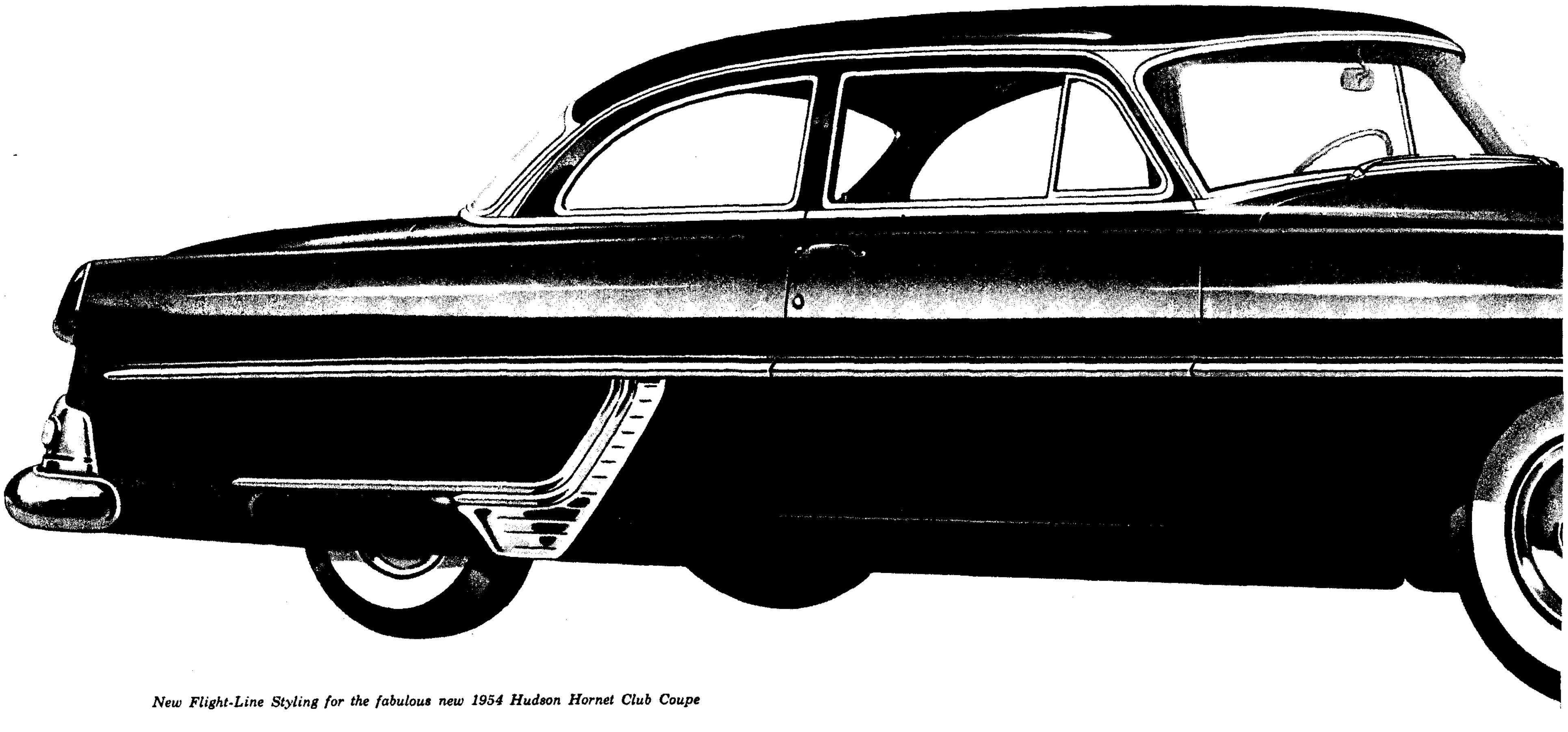
—color harmonized with sparkling new exterior car colors. Here are magnificent new worsted Bedford Cord fabrics, pleated and tailored to perfection. Hudson for 1954 is the most luxurious thing on wheels, and Hudson's extremely low center of gravity (due to exclusive "step-down" design in all models) gives you a ride in these jewel-like interiors that is smooth, steady, safe beyond anything else in all motoring!



Introducing Instant Beautiful

Quickest Power Response You've Ever Seen!

Here's new power and performance at *every* point in the driving range. Touch your toe to the pedal and feel *instantaneous* response—not only at highway speeds, but in everyday traffic driving! There's no lag, no flat spot in power response. For you're driving with Hudson's *Instant Action Engines* that have Super Induction—an entirely new and exclusive development.



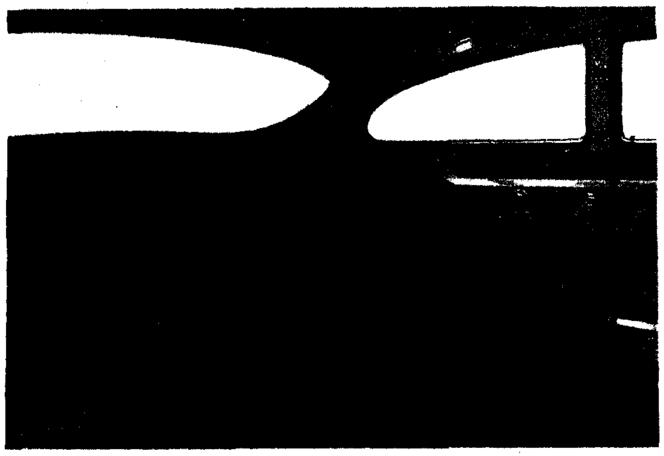
New Flight-Line Styling for the fabulous new 1954 Hudson Hornet Club Coupe

HUDSON'S HERE for 1954—ready for you now, at your Hudson dealer's. Not only will you see new Flight-Line Styling, new and exquisite interiors, but you'll also find the greatest array of big, new features ever seen on motor row!

Here is power! New, exclusive Instant Action Engines with Super Induction that bring you the quickest, most responsive get-up-and-go you've ever experienced in any car! New, perfected Power Steering†! New, improved Power Brakes†! Power to make driving a Hudson the most exhilarating, the most delightfully relaxed motoring ever known anywhere!

Here is all-new Flight-Line Styling—sleek, sweeping design that enables these thrilling new cars to handle tremendous power safely, cut the wind like a swift-shot arrow.

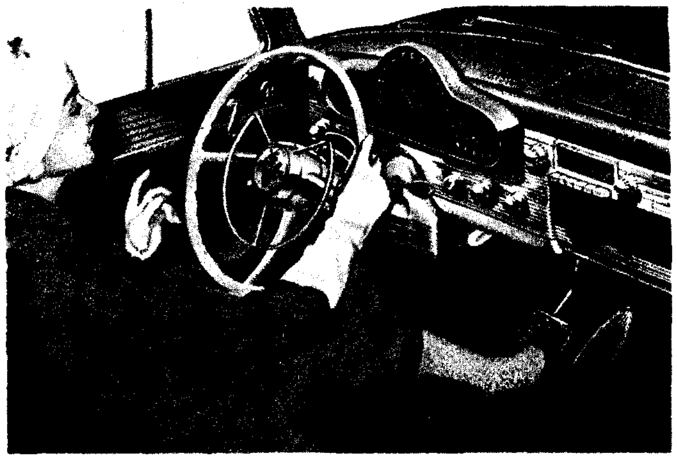
And here is all-new luxury in Salon Lounge Interiors with deep, soft, contour-fashioned seats, and rich new Bedford Cord and worsted



New Perfected Power Steering
New Improved Power Brakes

—the most advanced in the industry! Power Steering† combines with Hudson's true center-point mounting to bring you the easiest, most accurate control in any car. Hudson's Improved Power Brakes† operate from a pendulum-type foot pedal, and require no more effort to operate than does the accelerator!

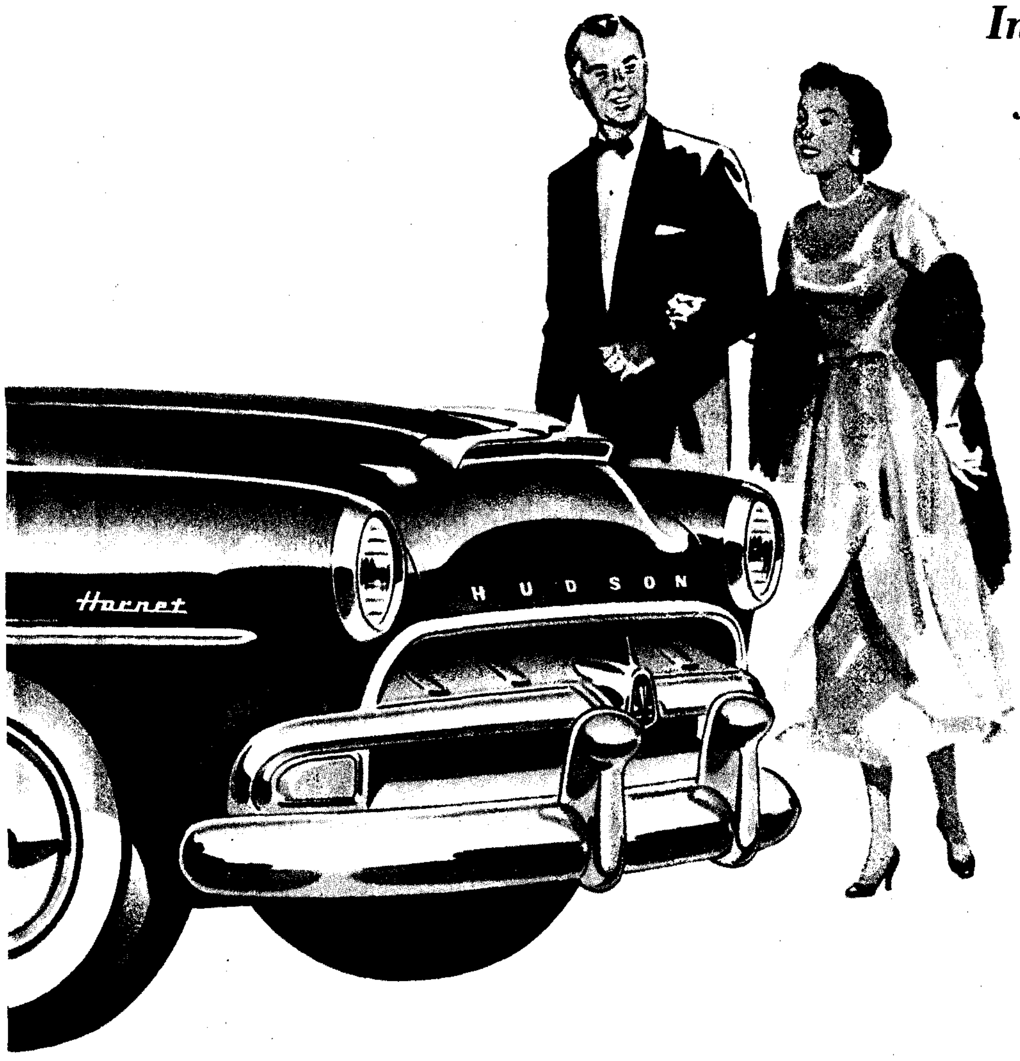
†Optional at extra cost on the Hornet, Super Wasp and Wasp.



Action Engines with Super Induction in

All-New Hudsons for '54*

***Including a magnificent new version of the fabulous* HUDSON HORNET**



New Flight-Line Styling
New Salon Lounge Interiors
New Power, Performance and Economy
New Perfected Power Steering†
New Improved Power Brakes†
Exclusive Twin H-Power†
Exclusive "Step-Down" Design
Exclusive Monobilt Body-and-Frame
Trademark. Patented.
New Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive†

†Optional at extra cost on various Hudson models. See your dealer for full information.

*IN EVERY PRICE FIELD, INCLUDING THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD.

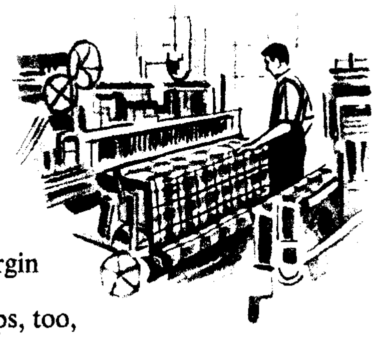
upholsteries. Instruments, controls and fittings are styled with a jeweler's care and taste. And best of all—your Hudson dealer has these exciting new Hudsons in any price field you choose—including the lowest price field! Better see him very first chance you get!

†Available at extra cost on the Hornet, Super Wasp and Wasp.

HUDSON HORNET
HUDSON WASP • HUDSON JET

Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.

Why Pendleton weaves its own virgin wool fabrics



To create and protect our exclusive and distinctive Pendleton patterns it is essential that we weave our own virgin wool fabrics. It is one of the essential steps, too, in assuring the constant uniform quality achieved by complete Pendleton control from the buying of our own raw wool through every process of manufacture.

Illustrated is the Umatilla Plaid . . . 13.95

Always virgin wool

Pendleton®

Pendleton Woolen Mills • Portland, Oregon

Eleven Guys Named George

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

stairs and down to my room at the rear of the house, right above where the band will be playing.

I sit down at the desk and start going over the game play by play, thinking of the second-quarter goal-line stand the boys made, and the forty yards for a touchdown that the Rock made in three bursts through the left side. I know why we came to this school all right. There's no mystery at all.

I get to wondering whether, if I didn't spend so much time on the football field, I'd be a better chemist. I've missed lab periods now and again and, on trips for out-of-town games, I've missed some classes. I won't quit though. Everybody might get killed out there; they might need me.

THE music gets louder down below. I stuff cotton in both ears and bend over my text. Firmly I put football out of my mind and concentrate on chemistry. I start doodling, and it isn't a football I draw but a girl's head.

I should have budgeted my time better. How can you have a rounded education without girls? On the other hand, I have an exam coming up on Monday. I decide finally that I need a rounded education, and chemistry loses out. Removing the cotton from my ears, I close the book and head downstairs.

There's a girl emerging from what is known only at Saturday-afternoon tea dances as the powder room. The girl is a blonde and I latch on to her. She is tall and slender. "How do you do?" I say, "my name is Ed Grimes," and then I put my arm around her and we dance.

She tells me her name is Ann Holton; she's a senior. "Ed Grimes," she says. "Are you an athlete?"

"A chemist," I say firmly.

She's looking at my broken nose, which I acquired one afternoon a year ago when I was impersonating Southern Methodist and trying to stop the Rock from making headway.

"Were you at the game?" she says. "I had a wonderful seat right up at the top of the stadium."

"I've never been up there. I sit close to the ground. Sort of a worm's-eye view. Pardon me. Here comes the Rock," I say and shove her to one side.

The Rock dances the same way he goes through the line, using his partner as a blocker out in front.

The Rock grins at us. "Be with you in just a minute, baby," he says. "Hi, George."

So this is the Rock's girl—or one of his girls. Maybe she's the current one. She stares at me, a little vertical frown between her eyes, and says, "I thought your name was Ed."

"Ed or George, you have a choice. What are you doing tonight?"

"Going to the dance at the Union."

I can't ask her what she's doing for dinner. For dinner I'm waiting on table. In the morning I'm supposed to study. Maybe I could study and then take her out. Maybe it would be better to take her out first and then study. "What are you doing first thing tomorrow morning?"

"Going to church."

While I'm trying to think of some real bright remark the dance ends, and when the music begins again, the Rock has taken her away from me. Off they go and the girl looks around the Rock's shoulder at me and smiles. "Good-by, Ed," she says. "Good-by, George."

I go back upstairs to the chemistry text, and when the dance is over and I have to go down to the dining room and start setting the tables, I'm still on the same page.

At nine o'clock that night I'm still on the same page and I abandon the struggle, change my clothes and walk to the Union. I go upstairs and over to the stag line.

The premed says, "You see that blonde the Rock is dancing with? If this were Crayfish Normal I'd be dancing with that blonde."

The architect says, "If this were Updyke Teachers I'd be heading for the dark corner of the lounge with that blonde."

"This isn't Crayfish," I say, "and this isn't Updyke. This is what it is and I'm dancing with the blonde."

I head for the floor and when the music stops I take Ann away from the Rock, much to his surprise. There's a better band tonight and a better floor. I'm doing fine and holding her very close to me when something snags on my jacket and I pull back and see she's wearing a fraternity pin.

She's staked out. She's the Rock's girl—not just his current girl—his girl, period. It's not funny but I can't help grinning and Ann gives me an inquiring look.

"This is something for a psychologist to figure out," I say. "I deliberately enroll at a college where I can't make the ball club. You'd think a guy would learn from experience, but not me. I have to go and fall for the prettiest girl on campus."

Ann looks at me. "That's bad?"

"Crazy," I say but don't elaborate. I graduate in June and then I'm coming back for my master's degree. I'm coming back after that for the big one, my doctor's degree in chemistry. Then I'll be ready to earn a living.

THE ROCK is turning pro when he graduates, probably for ten or twelve thousand his first year. And he won't be a football bum. He's no student but he has a job lined up already. He's going to be a beer salesman. By the time I'm ready to look for a job, the Rock will be making more money than I'll ever make.

The music stops and here's the Rock, beginning to look annoyed. It's twelve o'clock for Cinderella, and back to the bench. I head for the room where you can get coffee or a soft drink. Some of the boys are crowded around a table, moving glasses and silverware around in formation. Football nuts.

"No, no," the architect is saying. "This saltcellar is the fullback. He spins and comes straight up—"

"George," the premed says to me, "you'll never know what you've done for the morale of the Flounders, taking that blonde away from the Rock."

"An unsung hero," I say, and start pushing the glasses around in a single wing. Everyone is thinking about the same thing, the Midwestern game next Saturday, the last game of the season, the last chance for us Flounders who are seniors.

"The boys can't play forever," someone says. "We'll get in for sure."

Nobody answers him because it figures to be a brutal tossup contest. We sit there and think the same things, tell one another the same things. What's a letter, anyway? Ten years from now what will a letter mean? It's silly, juvenile. What do we have ahead of us —jobs, wives, the Army. What's a football letter? Nothing.

WE LEAVE at midnight and the next morning when Ann comes out of the KM house I'm waiting on the sidewalk. She's surprised.

"I can't take you to a dance," I say, "not to the Senior Prom, not the Jay Hop, none of the big deals, but I can take you to church."

"You're not feeling sorry for yourself, are you?" she says. "I know about you. You're on the second squad. Think of the thousands here who would love to be that good."

"Come on," I say, "I'll love taking you to church. People get married in church." It's nice in there, although I regret to say I have the same trouble with the service that I had with my chemistry text. Afterward we stroll around the campus and I tell her my plans, how I like the academic life, how I hope to stay here and teach after I finally get that Ph. D. I won't make much money unless I can do some consulting, but I'll take it anyway, the work, the campus atmosphere and, on autumn afternoons, standing on the side lines watching football practice.

It's a picture I've always liked but now it's complicated by a blonde. I gaze at her and Ann looks quizzical.

"Something wrong?" she asks. "Did I forget to put in my upper plate?"

"I was just visualizing a faculty tea with Mrs. Grimes pouring," I tell her. "You looked wonderful. Are you, by any chance, planning a career?"

"Sort of," Ann says. "I hope to get married."

"I'll go along with that," I say, but the sight of Rock's pin on her sweater is discouraging. I remind myself that women have changed their minds before, and will again, but the chances might be better if the Rock were only the college chess champion.

I reach for her hand and Ann does not object, or else someone has told her to be kind to unsung heroes. She asks about football and I give her the other side of the picture. I tell her about the fellows not good enough for scholarships but who are football nuts, happy to make the second squad and get their ears pinned back from Monday to Friday—and sit on the bench on Saturday.

Our stroll takes us past the Barn, a Sunday-morning coffee spot, and some of the Flounders are lounging on the corner. The premed and the architect are there, and they stand gaping as we go by.

I give them a small varsity-type bow. "Good morning, gents," I say in lordly fashion, and feel almost like a letter man as their awed gaze follows us on down the street. It's like walking on air but I become conscious that my feet are on the ground when we approach the KM house. The Rock is sitting in a convertible out front.

He looks past Ann at me; this is his third look at me with Ann and this time I register. Gently Ann disengages her fingers from mine.

"Not getting in my hair, are you, George?" the Rock wants to know.

"Just trying to win my letter, Rock."

I tell Ann good-by, and the Rock does not throw the car at me as I leave. Maybe I've called his bluff. I go home and begin again with the chemistry text. I sit with my chin on my hands and the next morning at eight thirty I look at the exam questions and know my folly.

I hand my bluebook in early. The prof riffles through the pages and looks at me. "What's the trouble, Grimes?"

"Football ends on Saturday," I say. "I'll make it up."

I go out for practice that afternoon, and this week, all week, I will be making like Midwestern. We will demonstrate their defense and offense against the varsity.

EARLY in the workout we get the ball. The boys have been very genial, still ribbing me about being on view in broad daylight with the Rock's girl. They all seem to regard it as a personal triumph and it gives them extra snap in the scrimmage.

Midwestern plays out of the T, and I take the ball on a delayed buck through center. I get through the varsity line and see a clear field ahead of me. I take off for the open spaces, much to the discomfiture of the varsity, chuckling to myself, and then too late I see the Rock looming up beside me.

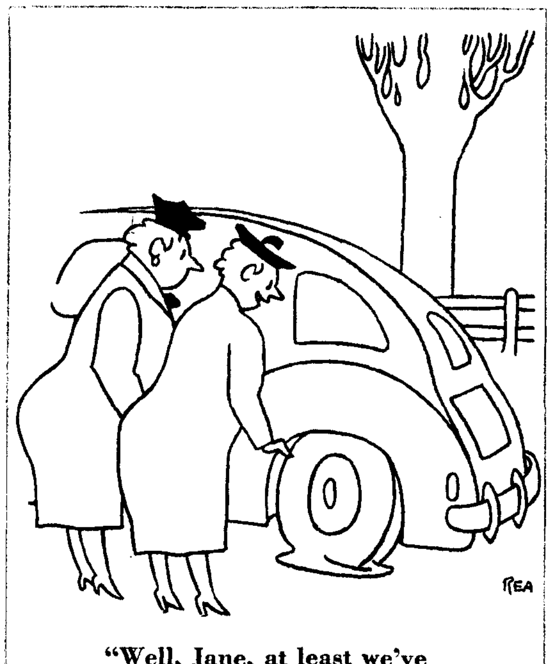
He only weighs ten pounds more than I do but he's constructed out of masonry. When I come to, the boys are lugging me back to the bench, my feet dragging on the turf.

"You made a ten-yard gain, George," the premed says. "The varsity looked pretty sick."

I sit on the bench for quite a while, taking pride in the Flounders, who are really making like Midwestern in a rough, tough workout. I get back in before it ends and have the dubious pleasure of trying to stop the Rock. In scrimmage the Rock usually takes it easy on the Cannon Fodder, but today he's pouring it on.

I'm still a little groggy when I'm dressed after my shower and perhaps that's why I head for the KM house. The Rock has evidently come by another route, for we meet at the front walk and march in together.

A freshman opens the door and is properly impressed by the Rock. Dim-



"Well, Jane, at least we've finally located the trouble"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Charles Liedl

Zebras are formidable opponents when protecting themselves against their natural enemies in the wilds of Central Africa. Here a zebra stallion is shown fighting off spotted hyenas.

Outstanding
Protection

Your engine has natural enemies, too —the sludge and grit that accumulate in lubricating oil, attacking vital precision parts. Your best protection is an AC *Aluvac* Element in your oil filter, to trap harmful dirt. *Aluvac* cleans oil better for four reasons:

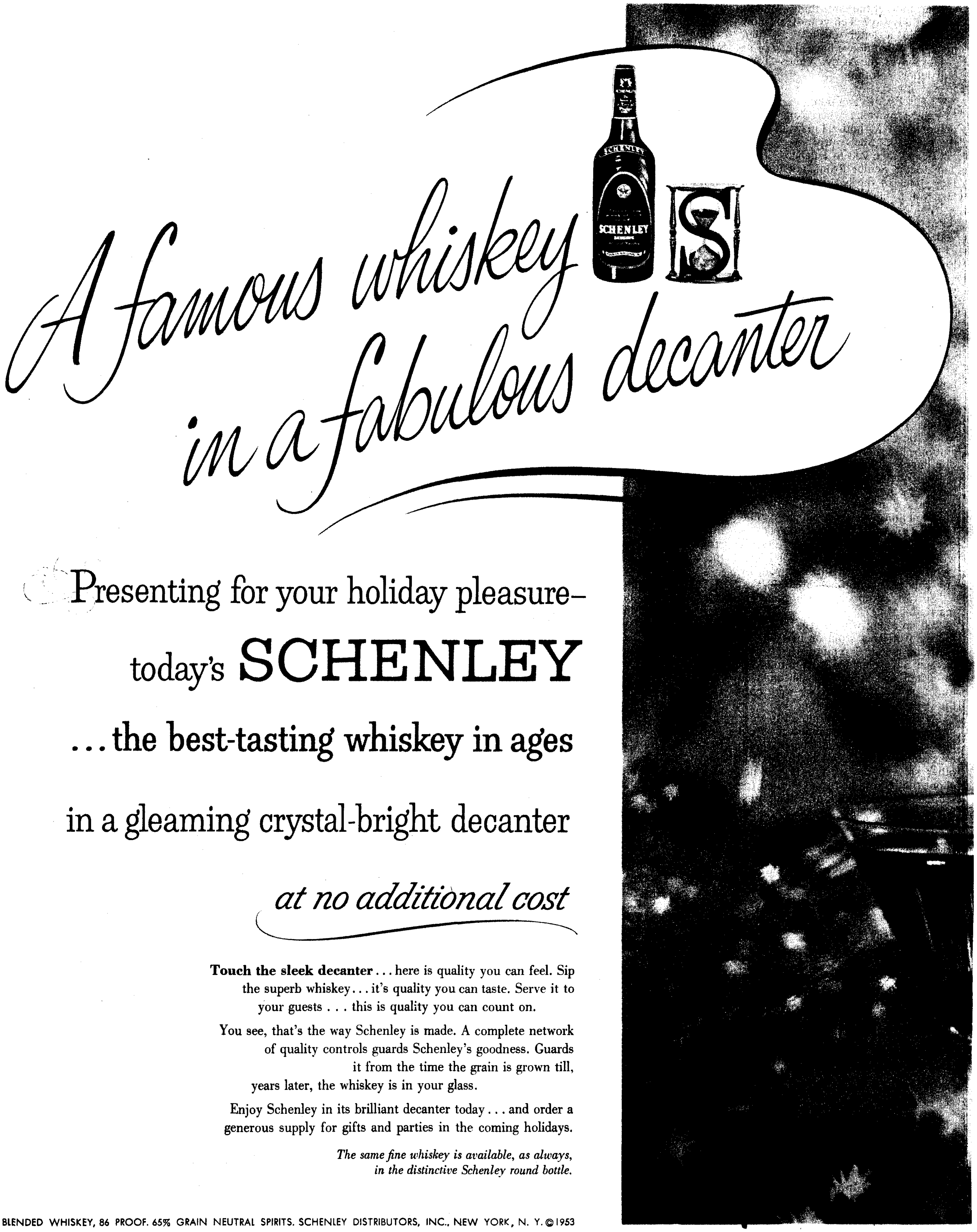
- **Microscopic filtration**—AC *Aluvac* removes sludge and dirt particles as small as 1/100,000 of an inch.
- **Maximum filtering area per cubic inch**—AC *Aluvac* has 10 times the area of ordinary elements.
- **No harmful chemicals**—AC *Aluvac* won't remove detergents from heavy-duty motor oil.
- **Acidproof**—secret process renders AC *Aluvac* material resistant to acid, gasoline and water.

Avoid clogged valves and rings—prevent costly wear of moving parts—preserve engine power and efficiency—by changing your filter element regularly. And always insist upon AC *Aluvac*—the best engine oil protection money can buy.

Optional Factory Equipment on
Cadillac
And Original or Optional Factory Equipment on
CHEVROLET, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK and GMC

AC
OIL FILTERS
WITH
ALUVAC
ELEMENTS

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



A famous whiskey in a fabulous decanter

Presenting for your holiday pleasure–

today's **SCHENLEY**

. . . the best-tasting whiskey in ages

in a gleaming crystal-bright decanter

at no additional cost

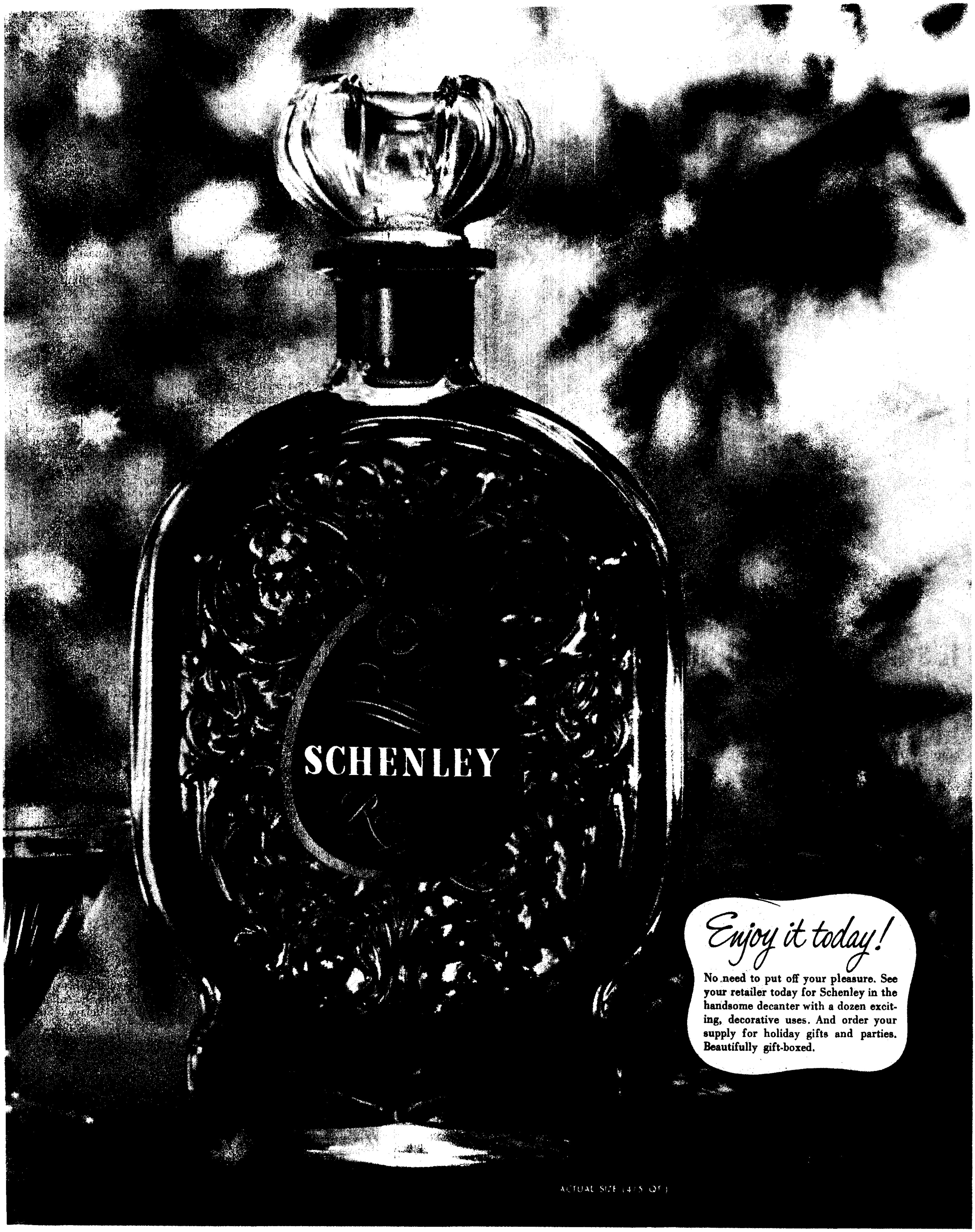
Touch the sleek decanter . . . here is quality you can feel. Sip the superb whiskey . . . it's quality you can taste. Serve it to your guests . . . this is quality you can count on.

You see, that's the way Schenley is made. A complete network of quality controls guards Schenley's goodness. Guards it from the time the grain is grown till, years later, the whiskey is in your glass.

Enjoy Schenley in its brilliant decanter today . . . and order a generous supply for gifts and parties in the coming holidays.

The same fine whiskey is available, as always, in the distinctive Schenley round bottle.

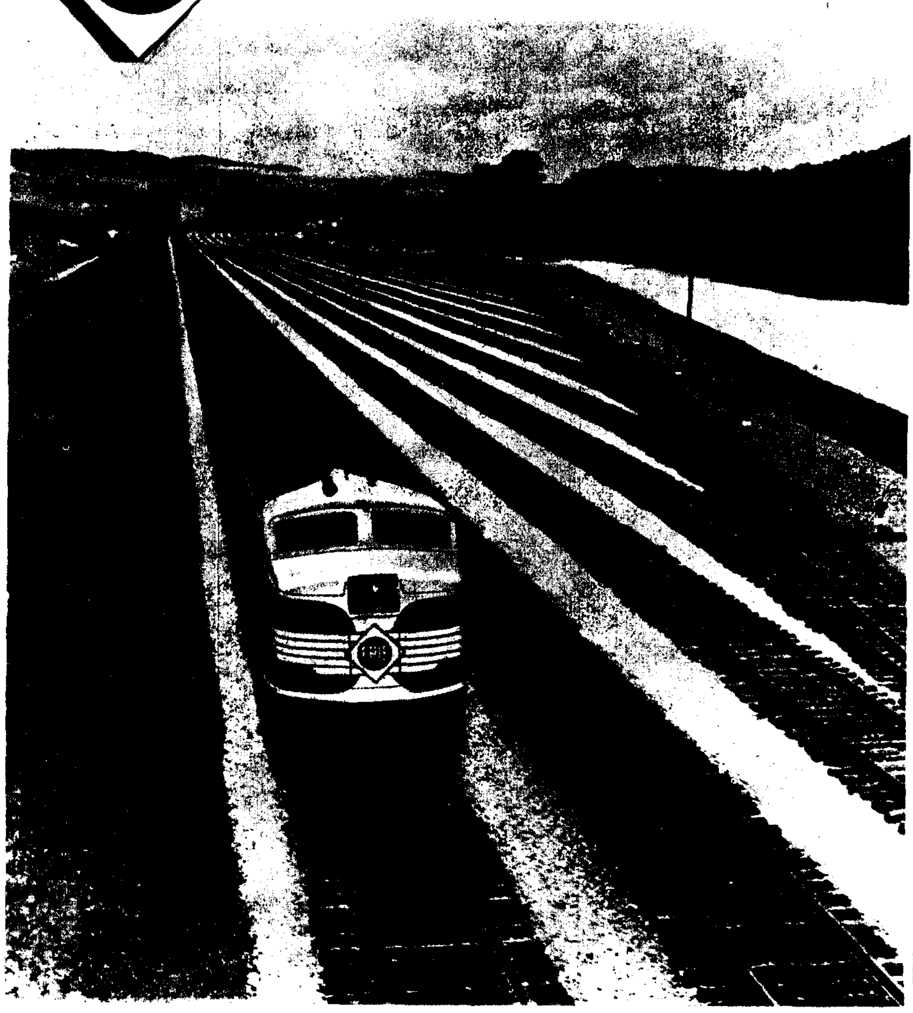
BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©1953


SCHENLEY
ACTUAL SIZE (4/5 QT.)

Enjoy it today!

No need to put off your pleasure. See your retailer today for Schenley in the handsome decanter with a dozen exciting, decorative uses. And order your supply for holiday gifts and parties. Beautifully gift-boxed.

ERIE ...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



It's new—all yard and a mile long!

HERE at Hornell, New York is Erie's newly completed westbound freight classification yard . . . a full mile long and 16 tracks wide. This is another one of Erie's many investments in better service for shippers.

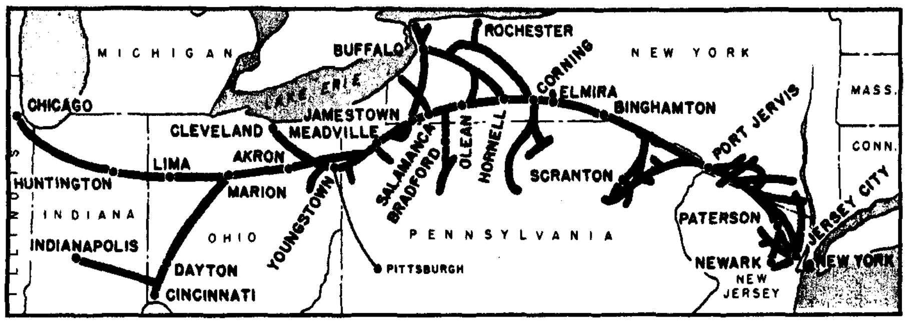
With plenty of room in the yard to do a more efficient job, freight cars are switched quickly and grouped into trains according to their destination. Thus time is saved on fast freight shipments, insuring greater dependability to meet shippers' needs in bringing you the things you eat, wear and use.

The Erie, now a completely diesel-powered railroad, is going ahead with other improvements in its forward-looking program of progressive railroading—all designed for the single purpose of giving the best in rail transportation to keep pace with growing America.

Shippers who want fast, dependable service always say "ROUTE IT ERIE!"

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America



pling at him and ignoring me, she says, "I guess you want Ann."

Two steps up the stairs, as an afterthought, the freshman turns around to see what I want.

"Get me Ann," I say, and when she hesitates, wide-eyed and openmouthed, I add, "You must know Ann—tall blonde girl."

The frosh races on upstairs all atwitter, and the Rock and I move shoulder to shoulder into the living room and glare at each other until Ann arrives. She smiles at both of us impartially and sits down on the exact center of the davenport. The Rock and I move in from right and left like burly bodyguards.

THE ROCK breaks the silence, talking football. He doesn't know which pro team will pull his name in the draft, but things can be arranged: he'll play where he wants to play.

"Where do you want to live, baby?" he says smugly. "New York, Los Angeles, Green Bay? We get a classy apartment with a view."

I can offer her no classy apartment for some time, if ever. And if he works for that brewery they'll probably even have free beer.

"We eat out," the Rock goes on, warming to his story. "We find the best steak house in town—"

"Now with me," I interrupt, "it would be different. I wouldn't want to take you out. I'd want to keep you home in our little apartment, probably not classy, and with a view of an air shaft. I'd want to eat your cooking—burned toast, even a can of beans from the delicatessen."

"I think you'd better find another girl," the Rock says.

"You mean the mousy type? You mean a girl has to be homely to like the simple life? You mean pretty girls don't wash dishes, clean houses and cook? They fall in love, don't they?"

Ann has been silent through all this. Now she looks at me and says, "That much I'm sure of."

"They marry all kinds of guys," I go on saying, "bartenders, bookkeepers, cops, confidence men. Also professional football players dragging down big dough." This thought depresses me. I can just see her in that steak house with the Rock. I feel like a guy standing outside with his nose against the glass, looking in.

A bell rings somewhere and the Rock and I start up as though it's the beginning of a round. Ann stands up between us. "That's dinner," she says. "I don't think you'd want to stay. This is sorority, not training-table fare—chicken à la king instead of two-inch steaks."

At the door, when the Rock looks as though he's thinking of a good-by clinch, I bump him away with my shoulder and that's the last straw. He waits until we reach the sidewalk and then snarls, "You're a bench warmer, George. I guess you've forgotten."

He flicks a left paw at my ribs, and when my hands go down he crosses a right to the jaw and I find myself squatting in a hedge.

The Rock blows on his fist. "You look very natural, George," he says, "sitting down as usual."

He strides off down the block and I pick myself up thinking: I had it coming. I try and pull the hedge back into position, and then go home. . . .

For the remainder of the week I concentrate on football and finally it's Saturday and the Flounders are bunched on the side lines around the varsity. This is football, not romance, and I shake the Rock's hand. "Murder 'em, Rock," I say, and go on back to my reserved seat on the bench, huddling in a parka, wondering where Ann is in the capacity crowd.

We kick off and Midwestern has the ball on their own twenty. The quarterback takes the ball from center, and while we're looking for the customary early thrust at the line, he fades back and loops a pass into the left flat. The Midwestern end goes over the midfield stripe before he's pulled down from behind.

That's the beginning. They punch downfield and we seem to have them stopped finally on the thirty, but they complete a fourth-down pass and three plays later they go over for the first blood and a seven-to-nothing score with four minutes gone.

Maybe the pass has disorganized our boys; maybe Midwestern is better. They smother our attack, and then come on again. The varsity stays rocked back on its heels, playing defensive ball. Only a Midwestern fumble saves us from having a second touchdown scored on us, and as the half ends, it is still seven to nothing.

We parade back to the lockers and the coach looks whipped. The varsity is panicked, suddenly unsure of itself.

The premed sets out to rectify the situation. Eating his heart out for a letter, now he only wants a victory. He pounds the Rock and the others on the back.

The coach watches him a while, and then barks crisply, "Save it. You're starting this half."

The premed turns green and the coach rattles off the line-up. It's the Cannon Fodder, all the guys named George. The big shots are relegated to the bench.

The coach calls us aside. "You may not be in there long," he says. "Give it all you have as long as you can."

We start for the field and the architect says, "This is what I wanted. Now I love that bench. I'd give a hundred dollars to be on that bench."

I feel the same but don't say so. We spread out on the field and the ball comes sailing down out of the sky. I can't hide; the thing is coming right at me. I watch it come down and think about being a hero, a second-string back running the length of the football field for a score. Then the ball is in my belly and I charge upfield. They bury me on the seventeen-yard line.

We're just eleven guys named George, but now we've been through a play and nobody is scared. And after all, for three years we've been playing against the varsity. We've faced the very best.

WE CARRY three times for only eight yards and have to kick. Then they come at us. Two tackle thrusts get them nine yards and then the fullback comes through on the delayed buck that we'd demonstrated against the varsity all week. Compared to the Rock the Midwestern fullback seems easy and we spill him for a loss.

All we do is hold them. We're eleven guys who've lived for this and we can't break loose, but we do hold them on defense.

Finally, bursting through the line on their fourth down, we hurry their kicker and the ball goes off the side of his foot and out of bounds on our forty.

"Now," the premed says joyfully. "Now we roll."

But we don't get a chance. All that

third quarter the varsity has been shining their pants on the bench, losing their uncertainty; and their panic has been dispelled in the urge to get back in the game.

The coach gives the signal, they come pouring off the bench, and we are finished for the day.

The coach has won his gamble and the varsity is fresh. The Rock goes up the middle for six yards. Two plays later, with two men clinging to him, he's across their forty, and just before the quarter ends he's sprawled over the line in pay dirt.

A groan goes up from the crowd when the kick is missed, leaving us a point behind at seven-six, but there's plenty of time left, and the varsity is methodical if unspectacular.

THEY stop Midwestern deep in our territory, get the ball and march. Each time that loss of the ball threatens them, the Rock saves the day, grinding out precious three- and four-yard gains. Up in the stands the pro scouts must be licking their chops. And finally the Rock goes through the middle, but on a fake, and the right half streaks around the end for eleven yards and a touchdown with no one near him.

The game ends with Midwestern filling the air with futile passes, and those of us named George race on the field to escort the varsity to the lockers.

"Thanks," the Rock finally says. "You fellows helped—plenty."

We've got a compliment from the great man. It's something. We shower and dress in our corner and the premed stops his chattering about the game and says suddenly, "Hey! We played enough to get our letters."

That's the first we've thought about it in the contagion of excitement. . . .

I get dressed and head briskly for the tea dance at the KM house, chin up, still punching. I go in and take Ann away from an alumnus who is trying to recapture his youth.

The Rock will arrive any minute and time is of the essence. "Ann," I say, "how about a date Saturday? How about dates all winter? I have to crowd four missing years of romance into my last semester. I want to do everything with you all year. I want—"

I stop suddenly because of the commotion in the doorway. The Rock is standing there, big as a house, and a throng around him.

My pipe dreams burst like a pricked balloon as I look at Ann watching him. The old line comes to mind: To the victors belong the spoils. This has been the Rock's great day and this is his girl; she wears his pin. I gave it the old college try, but it wasn't enough. It's only decent to let the Rock pick up his prize now.

We're mobbed in the crowd that's trying to get to the Rock. It's no problem at all for me to let go of Ann's hand, to get my hat and coat and make an unobtrusive exit.

I should go to the chem lab but I head the other way, and in the dusk I walk through the stadium gate and out onto the field. There's a small knot of people on the fifty-yard line—some guys named George.

I join them and we brag a little about how good we were. Suddenly the premed says, "Blondes, boys, or my eyes deceive me. We're about to be surrounded by blondes."

In his enthusiasm he exaggerates slightly. One blonde approaches out of the gloom.

"Nice game," she says to one and all. "You were wonderful."

BEFORE the boys can recover from the shock I jump forward and take her arm. We start walking downfield and I peer nervously over my shoulder, expecting the Rock to make a flying tackle any moment.

"The Rock won't be here," Ann says, looking at me. "I left him at the sorority. I gave him back his pin. It's a big party and he's the star; I think he'll be all right."

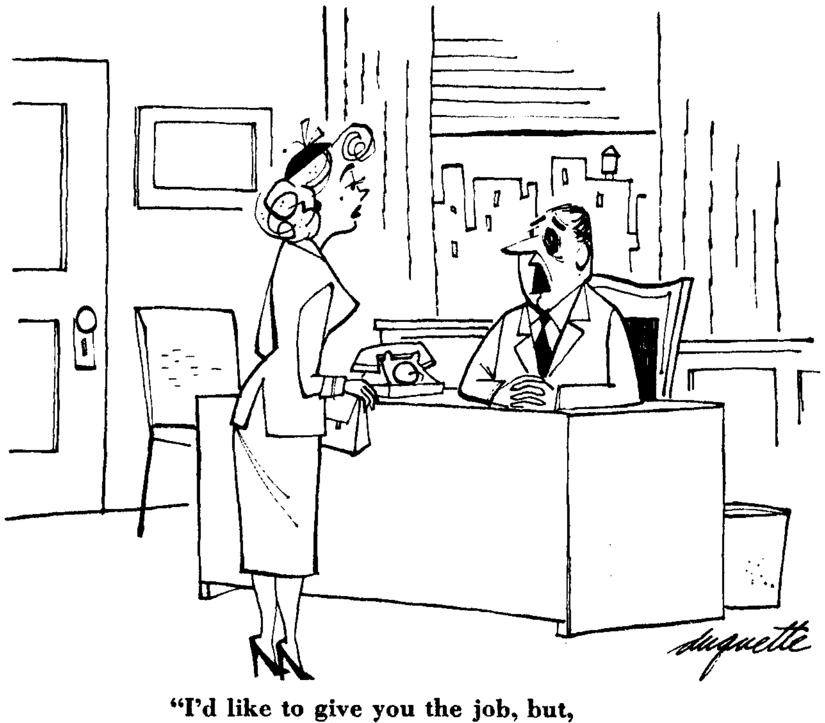
This takes a while to sink in, and we stop under the crossbar of the goal posts. "You let the Rock get back in circulation?" I say. "For me? You must be crazy."

"Maybe," Ann says, smiling.

I put my arms around her, trying to believe this is not just my imagination, that she's real.

Then as I kiss her I hear a faint yell upfield, and the premed shouting, "Hey, fellas, look. Touchdown!"

—WILLARD H. TEMPLE



COLLIER'S

"I'd like to give you the job, but, unfortunately, I think you're exactly what my wife had in mind!"

STEVE DUQUETTE

OF COURSE YOU'RE PROUD OF YOUR CAR
EVEREADY
PRESTONE
TRADE MARK
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST

Whatever its make, year or model—

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GIVE ITS COOLING SYSTEM

FULL 4-WAY PROTECTION!

1. Against freeze-ups in cold weather, boil-offs on warm days. One shot lasts all winter.
2. Against rubber decay, radiator clogging, and pin-hole leaks developing from rust spots.
3. Against corrosion of the cooling-system metals.
4. Against foaming off and resulting loss of solution.

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL— "PRESTONE" is the trademark for a special anti-freeze having an exclusive anti-rust and anti-foam formula . . . developed and marketed *only* by National Carbon Company. There is *no other* anti-freeze the same as "PRESTONE" brand anti-freeze! Ask for "Prestone" anti-freeze . . . and get it!

NO OTHER ANTI-FREEZE GIVES YOUR CAR THE SAME COMPLETE PROTECTION

$3.75 PER GALLON, $1.00 PER QUART, IN QT. CANS

You're SET... You're SAFE... You're SURE...with

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE
BRAND

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY • A Division of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The terms "Prestone" and "Eveready" are registered trade-marks of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Mrs. Turner reads to her class. Left to right: Mariel, 15; baby Bruce; Annie, 6; Billy, 10; Johnny, 4; "Red," 11; Mary Turner and Peter, 8

William Turner recently bought family a house trailer for long trips

Officials of two states have said no, and some courts have backed them up—but still Mrs. Mary Turner battles for the right to teach her seven youngsters herself. It's been a four-year fight and it may go all the way to the Supreme Court

A MOTHER REBELS

'I Won't Send My Children to

By ROBERT C. GOODMAN

ONE bright fall morning, a well-groomed woman pressed the button at the door to the William Turner residence in Los Angeles. The sunbathed sidewalks, which a few hours earlier had been alive with children bound for school with their books and lunch boxes, were quiet at this hour. But at the sound of the bell, several pairs of eyes peered through the lower slats of the Venetian blinds inside the front window. Then Mrs. Turner came to the door.

"I am from the Los Angeles City Schools' child welfare section," said the stranger. "Our records show that your children are not in school. We wondered why . . ."

The caller studied Mrs. Turner with professional scrutiny. The neighbors' reports in her notebook said there were six children in the Turner family, the oldest three of school age, but none attending school. The hazel-eyed mother of this brood, standing tall and erect in the doorway, seemed a woman of poise and intelligence. She pushed back a wisp of brown hair and straightened her glasses.

"I am teaching my children at home," said Mrs. Turner. "I believe I can teach them better than the schools. And," she added, "under the United States Constitution, I believe I have the right to rear my children as I see fit."

That was in October, 1951. For a year afterward, puzzled school officials thumbed through the lawbooks; then they decided to take action. Early this year, the Turners were found guilty of violating the California State education law.

They promptly appealed. To these determined parents, the court ruling wasn't a defeat; it was only another call to battle in their war against school authorities at both ends of the country.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

Once before, in 1949, their heretical attitude toward public education had brought them to court. That was in Buffalo, New York. An adverse decision had been overturned by a higher tribunal then, and it might be again. If not, they vowed to carry the issue to the Supreme Court.

The Turners' four-year legal fight against the public-school system is still going on. Meanwhile, their youngsters are staying home, getting all their education from their mother.

Defiance of compulsory school-attendance laws is virtually unheard of in this country. What kind of people are these nonconformist parents? Eccentrics? Religious cultists?

Not Eccentrics or Cultists

Far from it. Mary Lincoln Turner and her husband William are a modern-minded college-educated couple in their middle thirties. William, a handsome, gentle-voiced Rhode Island State University graduate, gives what support he can to the defense of his wife's home-education beliefs. But his long hours as an aeronautical engineer with the Hughes Aircraft Company leave Mary to shoulder the main task of home education and the brunt of the struggle to defend it.

Mary Turner's grandfather was a university president and a renowned preacher; her mother served as state psychologist for Rhode Island. Raised in an intellectually stimulating atmosphere, Mary developed a diversity of interests. She has been devoted to photography since childhood; she was once a fashion model; later she managed her own photography studio. Last year she was out ringing doorbells for Eisenhower in the Presidential campaign. She is a student of industrial design and hopes to commercialize her abilities in this field. She has taught ballet dancing and photography and is a camping and movie enthusiast. Her own elementary education? She attended public schools.

"I believe in public education," she says, "for those who wish it for their children. And I am glad to pay taxes to help support it." Mrs. Turner plans to send her own children to public high school when she feels they are ready for more advanced training. But while they're still so young, she says, "I won't send my children to public school. I love my children. I also like them; I like to be with them. I want the fun of taking a very personal part in their development." And she believes home schooling has advantages her children would never find in today's overcrowded classes.

While awaiting final legal judgment on her stand, Mrs. Turner continues to operate a household that combines aspects of an anthill, a day nursery and the little red schoolhouse. The Turner home is a two-and-a-half-room apartment; the family of nine find it woefully small, but they're willing to endure it while they accumulate the down payment for a house of their own.

The Turner children—three redheads, three blonds and a brunette—range in age from year-old Bruce to brilliant, personable fifteen-year-old Mariel, a willowy, dark-haired girl who has inherited her mother's slender build and variety of interests. Between Bruce and Mariel are pixy-faced, red-haired Johnny, four; six-year-old Annie, who wants to be a nurse; eight-year-old Peter, who is weighing careers in painting, newspaper reporting or law; square-jawed ten-year-old Billy, a freckle-faced bricktop who wants to work at plane designing, like his dad; and aesthetic eleven-year-old Mary, nicknamed Red.

Household responsibilities are assigned to each child. Mariel and Red rotate between assisting in the kitchen and caring for the younger ones; Peter and Billy run errands and share tidy-up chores with Annie and Johnny. "This is a home where family duties have as much importance in the children's upbringing as book learning," says Mrs. Turner.

Children Study Without Prodding

The children get their three R's in sessions of individual tutoring, or in groups of two or three. Progress is paced to their respective abilities—which means, Mrs. Turner says, that the children take to their books without prodding. Guarding against boredom and fatigue, she believes, pays a gratifying dividend by sustaining the children's interest in learning.

The success of her efforts at keeping subjects alive, Mrs. Turner feels, is shown by the varied interests of Mariel, who invents elaborate cake recipes, follows the baseball scores, and studies advanced biological theory with equal gusto; and the broad reading habits of Red, who sponges up everything from fashions to romance

Public School'

The United States public-school system is one of our most cherished assets. Along with almost all other Americans, the editors of Collier's firmly believe in the underlying principle of our schools—compulsory free education. The principle is rarely challenged; when it is, we think the event demands the thoughtful attention of all Americans

CURTiSS
Coconut Grove
CREAMY COCONUT WITH LUSCIOUS BITTERSWEET COATING
CANDY...enriched with dextrose
a food energy sugar
makers of Baby Ruth Butterfinger Caramel Nougat Dip candy bars,
Sof T Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

Genuine Sealskin

WEATHER-PROOFED
IN THE ARCTIC

The BROADMOOR.
Tan Genuine Sealskin

WALK·OVER

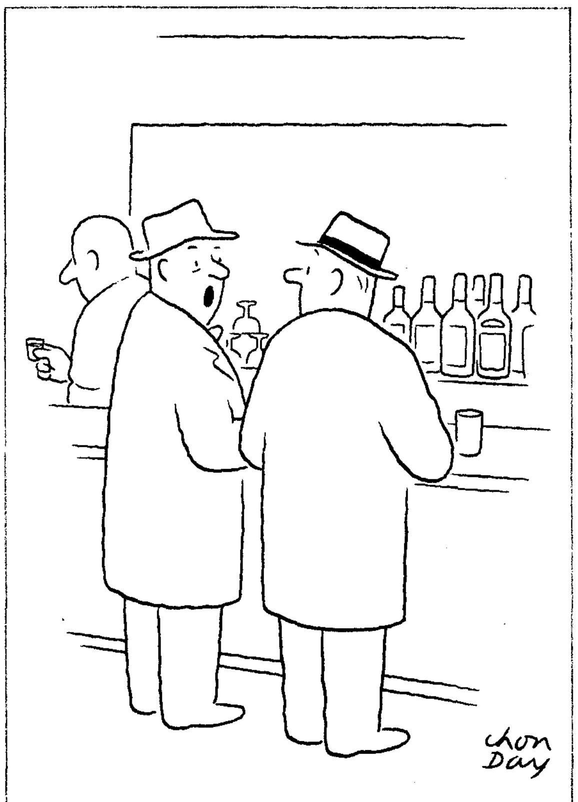
Our North Pole scouts have come up with the perfect all-weather leather—Genuine Sealskin. Rich, mellow grain . . . damp-proof, scuff-proof, and proof, once again, that Walk-Over stylists go to the far corners of the world to bring you the smartest fashions.

Walk-Over prices from $14.95. *(Higher West)*
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

from the numerous periodicals and newspapers that flood the tiny Turner apartment.

This home school has no formal classes, grades, examinations, report cards or homework. Mrs. Turner checks the general advancement of each child by an occasional visit to public school for a look at the subjects being handled at each grade level; when the time comes for enrollment in high school she wants her youngsters to be ready.

Controlling a gang of children who are always around the house might appear to pose special problems of discipline. If so, Mrs. Turner isn't aware of them. Occasionally when the household din rises to a roar, and the leading noisemakers are getting out of control, a well-timed spanking restores order. Breakage around the house was a problem until a family conference was called and the youngsters agreed to pay for all future damage. (Each child receives an allowance of 10 cents per week per year of age.)



"And my wife has her own money. My salary"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

Still, Mrs. Turner admits, "once in a while things get rough." And at such moments she takes the obvious step: she declares a vacation for a few days. Sometimes she and the seven children pile into the twelve-year-old family car for an excursion to the beach, mountains or desert. The longer trips, with a small camp trailer dragging behind, are regarded by Mrs. Turner not only as fun but as good basic education.

At home, the Turner small fry enjoy the same childhood pleasures and pastimes as their more conventionally educated contemporaries; and when they're asked if they mind not going to school like other boys and girls they reply, "Nope," and gallop off with the neighbor children, without any apparent feeling of nonconformity.

Red and Billy Voice Opinions

It's hard to pin down the Turner children on the subject of home education, because most of them have known nothing else. But they're sure they like it. "We all understand one another," says Red. "I think it's nice having our own family classroom, and school children don't have the interesting times we do." To which Billy adds: "The other kids all say we're lucky not to be going to school, but I think we study harder than they do. Anyhow, school kids aren't any smarter than we are. . . ."

Only Mariel, who has just turned fifteen, confesses to an interest in public school—because of the biology lab facilities available. Her mother suspects an additional interest in teen-age members of the opposite sex; to assure her a normal social development Mrs. Turner is planning Mariel's enrollment in high school within a year, probably at the eleventh- or twelfth-grade level.

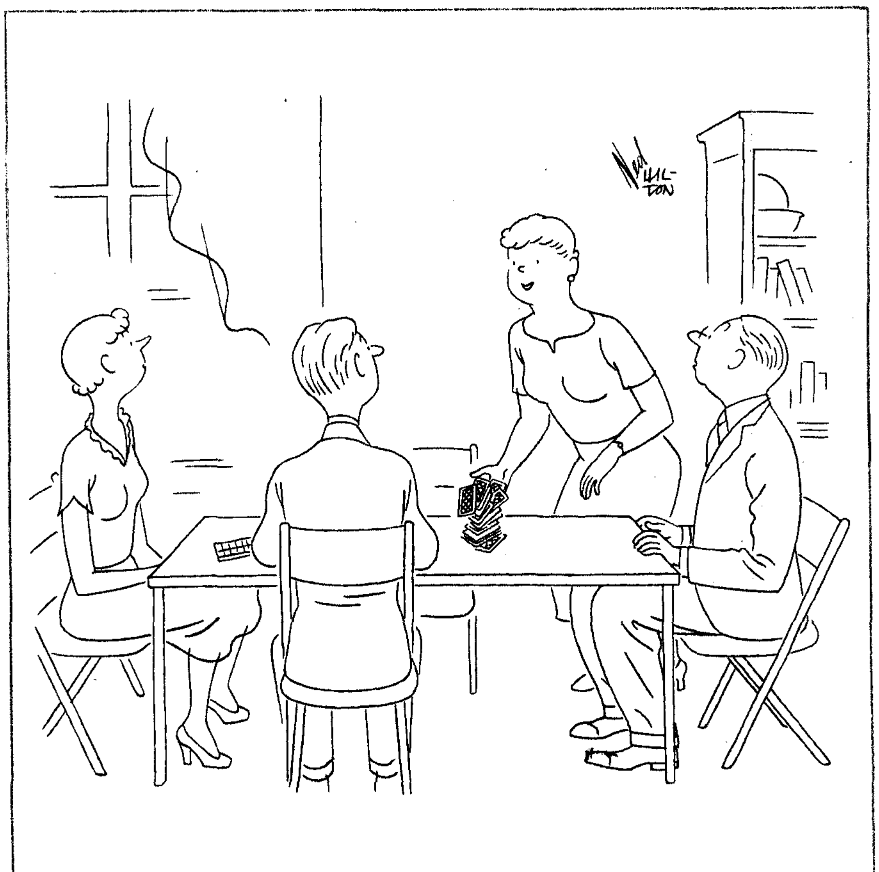
Mariel has already had a taste of public education. In the fall of 1944, when she was six, she started elementary school at Los Altos, California, where Mr. Turner was employed by the National Advisory Council for Aviation. There were then three Turner children, and it was expected that, in due time, all would go to public school. But an additional member of the household was Mrs. Turner's mother, Mrs. Vinnie Crandall Hicks, who had just retired from an outstanding career as a clinical psychologist, author and pioneer in occupational therapy. It was Mrs. Hicks's role in the family that was to affect Mrs. Turner's later thinking about her children's welfare in the public schools.

When Mariel started school her natural precocity had already been sharpened to a fine edge by Mrs. Hicks's home teaching in the preschool years. At school age Mariel was already beginning to read, knew the rudiments of arithmetic and was progressing in other elementary subjects. But when Mrs. Turner asked the school principal to move Mariel into the second grade, the principal refused. The result, Mrs. Turner says, was an attitude of boredom and frustration—in a child who, she felt, was not only capable of more advanced lessons but needed their challenge. That's when she first began to wonder: Is school the best place for the development of my children?

No similar problem arose when little Mary reached four and a half and entered kindergarten in the same school in 1946. Red had received no home instruction from grandmother Hicks, who had left the household a year earlier, so she experienced none of Mariel's adjustment difficulties in the classroom—either in Los Altos or, the next year, in El Segundo, California, where the family moved when Mr. Turner joined North American Aviation, Inc.

In El Segundo, the precocious older girl enjoyed one good year before adjustment problems flared again. She got along poorly with the other children, drew frequent criticism from the teacher, was generally moody—although away from school she was relaxed and happy.

In 1948, Mr. Turner took a better position, with Cornell Aeronautical



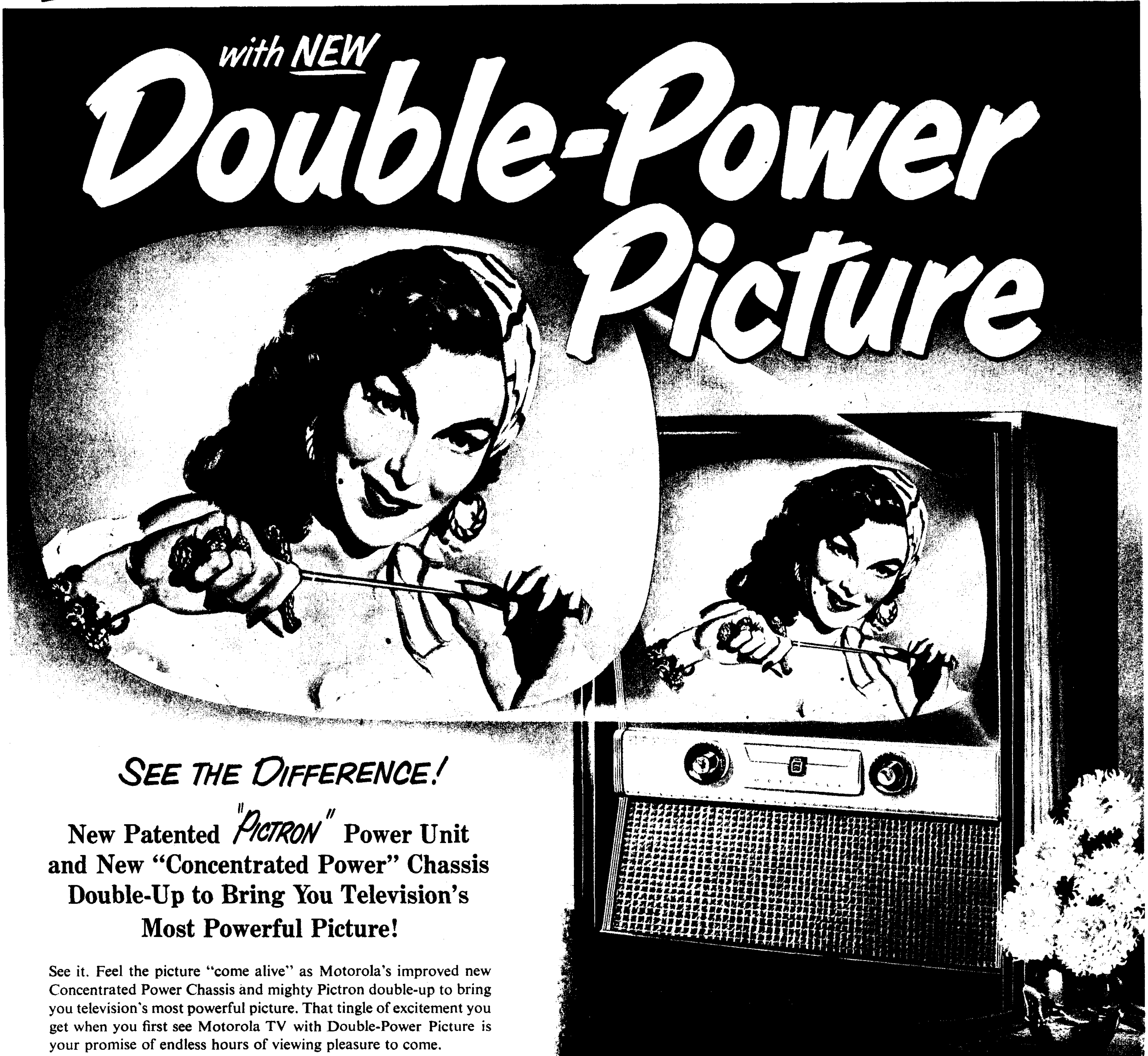
"Just try not to remember that the card with the corner torn off it is the ace of diamonds"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

NOW for '54

Better See Motorola TV

with NEW Double-Power Picture



Huge 24-inch spherical picture tube. Beautiful new walnut-finish console. Glare Down/Sound Up styling. Built-in Distance Selector and patented all-channel Roto-Tenna. One-knob Robot 82 UHF-VHF tuning optional. MODEL 24K3W, $399.95. Mahogany finish, slightly more.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

New Patented "PICTRON" Power Unit and New "Concentrated Power" Chassis Double-Up to Bring You Television's Most Powerful Picture!

See it. Feel the picture "come alive" as Motorola's improved new Concentrated Power Chassis and mighty Pictron double-up to bring you television's most powerful picture. That tingle of excitement you get when you first see Motorola TV with Double-Power Picture is your promise of endless hours of viewing pleasure to come.

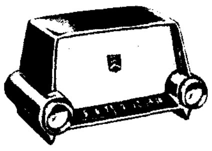
Whether you live far from the station or just a hop-skip-and-jump away, the spectacular power and handsomely-concealed ruggedness of this all-new 1954 Motorola TV will bring the world into your living room . . . with a world of difference!

Visit your dealer today. Discover the difference in big-screen viewing that Double-Power Picture makes. See the difference in beauty with Motorola's Fashion Academy Award styling. Hear the difference in richness with Golden Voice tone. Learn why Motorola leads in exclusive features. Then you, too, will say: Better See Motorola TV with Double-Power Picture!

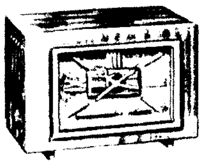
Motorola TV Prices start at $179.95

WORLD'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE ELECTRONICS MANUFACTURER

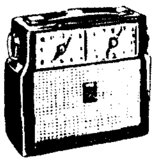
Over 30 models to choose from . . . 17" 21" 24" or 27" tubes. Prices include Federal Excise Tax and Full Year Warranty on all parts, tubes and picture tube. Slightly higher South and West. Subject to change without notice. "Golden Voice" Reg. T. M. © 1953, Motorola Inc.



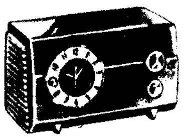
Modern Table Radio! A decorative asset, a technical triumph! Finest tone quality ever obtained in sets this size. Four decorator colors. Model 53H1, $24.95



Mantel Clock Radio! Golden Voice tone. Big, easy-to-read clock dial. Appliance outlet and automatic timer. Mahogany or blond finish. Model 62CW, $69.95



Porta-Clock Radio! Take your time and your music, any place. Larger speaker. Green, maroon, gray Bakelite. AC-DC, or Battery. Model 53LC, $44.95 less batteries.



Automatic Clock Radio! Lower price than ever was believed possible for radio that is also clock, automatic timer, and alarm! Four colors. Model 53C1, $29.95

PLENTY OF
HOT
WATER

Plus Easiest Installation Ever!

Installs in your laundry! *Automatic* and *electric*, your G-E Water Heater installs easily, *anywhere in your house!* Gives *all* your appliances all the hot water they need!

Installs in your basement! Here's economy plus—because your G-E *installs anywhere you wish!* G-E eliminates long pipe runs that are so costly!

Installs in a closet! Installation anywhere with G-E Water Heaters. And G-E is *safe!* There's no pilot light to go out and no dangerous fumes, either!

A G-E Exclusive! G-E Water Heater tanks have *fewer openings* than any other nationally known brand! This means fewer critical places for leaks to occur.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC
WATER
HEATERS

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

"Educational anarchy?" One judge believes so

Laboratory, Inc., in Buffalo, New York. Mary Turner undertook the task of transplanting the family, and she drove the five children across country in a seven-year-old automobile in midwinter. They arrived in Buffalo in a blinding snowstorm on New Year's day of 1949.

The Turners couldn't find reasonably priced housing in Buffalo. They were living in tourist homes, still house-hunting, when Mrs. Turner contracted measles, which touched off a long siege of poor health. During this unsettled period there was no question of sending the children to school; the Turners couldn't tell which school district they would finally live in. So Mary Turner began informal home teaching sessions for Mariel, Red and Billy, then five, buying her own readers, arithmetic workbooks, spellers, tablets, pencils and crayons.

After a while, the Turners found a *two-story frame house in suburban* Cheektowaga, and their family life stabilized. Then Mrs. Turner took stock—and decided school could wait. It is still waiting.

"When I saw how beautifully the youngsters took to their lessons at home and how wonderfully Mariel had changed," Mrs. Turner recalls, "I felt I owed it to them to continue home teaching as long as it showed good results. It has never failed."

MACHINE AGE

The kitchen today is so full of appliances,
A cook may get credit for what's really science's.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

The Law Gets Into the Act

The Turners didn't know it then, but their decision to keep the youngsters home was to launch them on a long series of altercations with the law. On the first warm day of spring, that year, after a winter-long confinement in the house, the California-bred Turner children swarmed merrily into the sunshine. Shortly thereafter a stout, middle-aged woman appeared at the door.

She was the Pine Hill School District census taker. The school bus driver, she said, had seen the five little Turners playing in the yard during school hours. She took their names and ages and told Mrs. Turner that Mariel and Red would have to be sent to school.

The Turners had hoped their home teaching would have the full sanction of the law. But the principal of the Pine Hill school insisted that the law required the Turner children to attend his school. The parents asked if they could get a higher ruling on the matter from the juvenile court, and a date was made in the Erie County Courthouse.

When the Turners stepped into the courtroom, without legal counsel, expecting only a hearing, they realized their mistake: it was a trial. Lawyers representing the schools were present with a case against the parents, and the Turners were found guilty of violating the New York State education law. Notebooks, textbooks and other proofs of her home teaching which Mrs. Turner had brought along were not allowed in evidence.

The Turners needed legal help but lacked money for lawyers' fees. They turned to the American Civil Liberties Union, which agreed to appeal their conviction. On the afternoon of July 13, 1950, Mrs. Turner answered the telephone. It was attorney Andrew Gilfillan of the ACLU. His news was electrifying. The Turners had won their appeal!

"After such a lonely fight," Mrs. Turner recalls, "it was wonderful to have the approval of a higher court for what we were doing."

The appellate court had overthrown the conviction because the juvenile court had refused to consider the kind of job Mrs. Turner was doing in educating her children. "The state is interested in the education of a child for its own protection and the public good," said the higher court, but added, quoting from another case: "The child is not the mere creature of the state." The appellate court ruled that there was no provision in the New York State education law which prohibited parents from keeping their children at home, provided they gave them adequate instruction.

William and Mary Turner now took a long look at the future. "Our one question," they recall, "was: What is best for the children? We were now able to compare the effects on them of public and home schooling. Which, in all honesty, was the most beneficial?"

In the matter of book learning, the Turners believed the home approach put their children ahead of their school-taught contemporaries. As for the children's social development, William Turner says, "I appreciate the broadening effect on the kids of meeting many teachers and children in the public schools; but I also believe they get tremendous benefits from living a closely knit family life while they're young." In the end, the parents decided their children would be happier adults if they got their formative training at home.

Late in 1950 Mr. Turner accepted his present position with Hughes Aircraft, and the family returned to southern California. Although they knew that there were differences in state regulations governing school attendance, the Turners were now armed with the favorable New York ruling, which they thought would bolster their position in California.

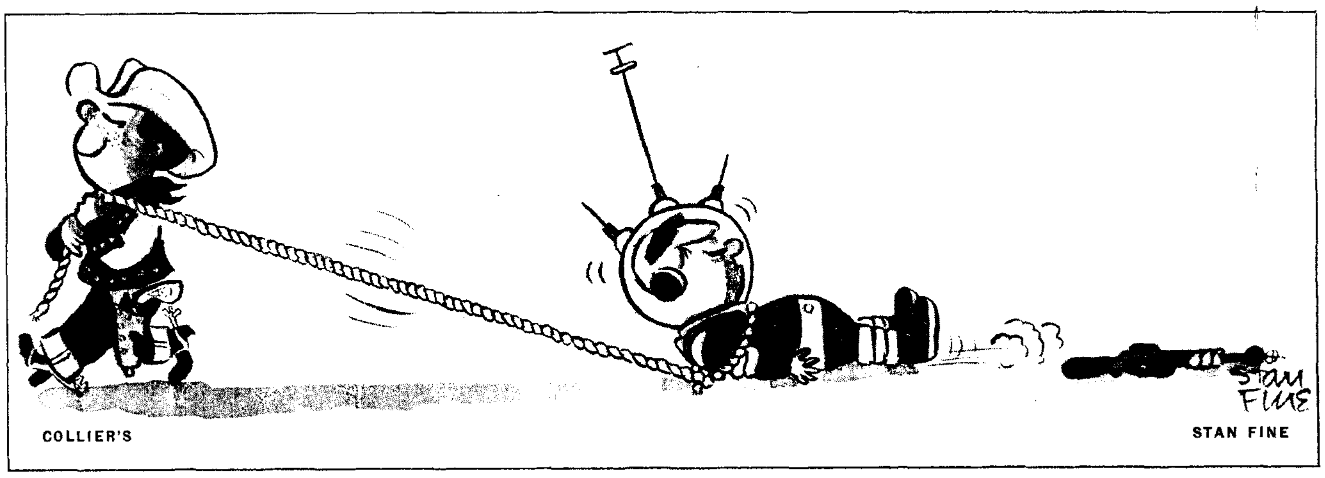
New York Verdict of No Avail

The visit of the Los Angeles attendance officer in 1951 disillusioned them. The New York verdict carried no weight in California, where the law requires that a child who doesn't attend public or private school must be taught by a private tutor accredited by the state.

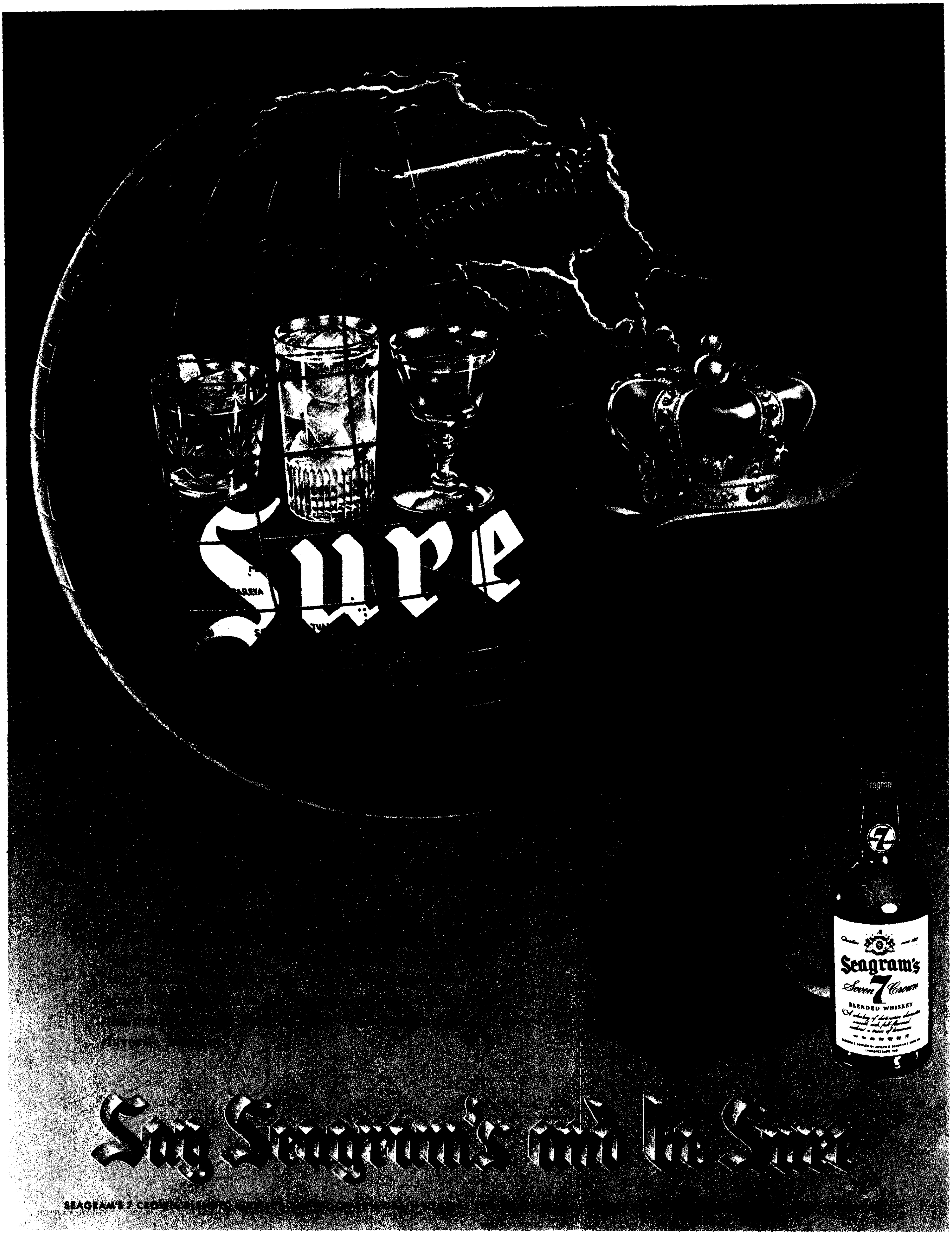
Although Mrs. Turner studied at Occidental College—majoring in drama, the arts and history—she had only two years of education at that level and lacked the specialized training needed for California teaching credentials. And when she tried to get legal recognition as a private-school operator, she was told she could qualify only if she also took in other youngsters, for a fee.

The Los Angeles Board of Education had never before been confronted with a case like the Turners'. To be sure, in 1929 a mother who had been cramming advanced education into her nine-year-old son since he was an infant was ordered to send the young prodigy to school—but that was scarcely a precedent. The Turners had not one child but six (with a seventh due), and the parents' desire wasn't simply to create little professors in knee pants. This mother was setting herself up in avowed competition with the public schools, claiming she could do their job—with her own children—much better.

"We were extremely reluctant to take formal action against the Turners," says Dwight E. Lyons, head attendance supervisor of the Los Angeles schools, "because their reasons for keeping the children home were so



COLLIER'S STAN FINE


Sure
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

Say Seagram's and be Sure

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN [illegible]

Outstanding Value!...
24 inch
diamond-brilliant picture
THE INCOMPARABLE
Capehart

MAKE EXTRA MONEY
for Christmas!

Now both men and women can make extra money for Christmas shopping and other expenses in their spare time. Use the telephone, mail, or personal calls to take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and ALL other magazines.

For money-making supplies, without cost or obligation, *mail a postal card with your name and address to:*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-4
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

WHO'S ON FIRST?

Abbott & Costello, of course! And who's on Castle Films? Why, Abbott & Costello, W. C. Fields, Howdy Doody, Hopalong Cassidy—in fact everybody that can bring you and your family the best in home movie entertainment! The latest releases in 8 mm, and 16 mm, editions are available now at leading camera stores. Write us for free catalog of over 200 professionally made motion pictures: Castle Films, Dept. C-1, 1445 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

unlike any we ordinarily encounter." Attendance department personnel continued their calls on Mrs. Turner, extolling the benefits of the nearby Playa del Rey school, but she stood her ground, meanwhile maintaining the minimum state educational requirement for each of her children: three hours of study per day, 170 days per year.

Two days before Christmas, 1952, the fortunes of the embattled Turners reached their lowest ebb. That day they went to court to be arraigned on three counts, one for each child of school age (Billy was then eight), for violation of the state education code. They had no legal help. One lawyer obtained for them by friends turned out to have political ties that were unacceptable to the Turners and they dropped him. "I have never lost faith in ultimate victory," says Mrs. Turner, "but at that point I didn't know where to look for help."

Then came the miracle Mrs. Turner could only have prayed for. Her telephone rang four days after the newspaper account of her court appearance and a male voice said, "I think you are waging a noble fight. I'd like to send you a thousand dollars to help." At first, Mary Turner didn't believe him. "Certainly, I thought, it must be a crank," she recalls, "or at best a political sharpster of some kind trying to make capital out of our case." But when he identified himself as a responsible businessman her heart leaped.

"After I caught my breath," she says, "I told him I couldn't accept any help with strings attached. I was lending myself to no cause of any kind." He said there would be no strings; he felt she was fighting for a basic liberty and he wanted to help preserve it. The money arrived by special delivery the next morning; with it came written assurance that more would be made available, to help fight the case all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary.

Trial was held on February 7, 1953. A high light of the proceedings was Mariel's self-assured appearance as a witness—and the report of an academic testing bureau, submitted in evidence, which showed her to have the educational achievement level of a college sophomore. But Judge Roger Pfaff declared, in a highly publicized ruling, that it would be "educational anarchy" to let parents determine what a child should or should not study. His verdict: the Turners were guilty of violating state educational law. The judge stayed execution of sentence (a $30 fine or six days in jail) to permit an appeal to be filed.

California Code Challenged

With a prominent attorney now representing them, the Turners built their appeal on constitutional grounds. In the appellate court hearing last June, the defense attorney claimed the state had violated the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which guarantees equal protection of the law to all citizens. Mrs. Turner alleges that the California code under which she was convicted denies her that guarantee. "Why," she asks, "should a mother be required to have elaborate teaching credentials for instructing her own children, while private-school teachers in this state need no credentials of any kind?"

The schools' attorneys stoutly deny that any constitutional rights were abrogated in the prosecution of the Turners, and charge that even beyond the legality of Mrs. Turner's teaching at home, her children are not getting the minimum public-school curriculum requirements. Dwight Lyons says the school department, like Mrs. Turner, is prepared to fight the case to the very end, whatever happens in the state courts.

While the Turners were awaiting their appellate court hearing, the start of a new school year set off (as usual) a fresh wave of harassments. This time, when the neighbors sent the cops around, Mrs. Turner bundled her brood into the family car and drove off for a few weeks in Arizona.

Wherein Home Schooling Failed

The trial before Judge Pfaff in February brought the Turners the first publicity they have received since beginning their fight four years ago, and mail poured in from every section of the country. Of severalscore letters received, only two denounced the unorthodox parents. One was from a middle-aged woman in Oklahoma, herself a product of home schooling. She claims her upbringing left her with lifelong handicaps. "She taught me well," she wrote of her mother, "but there were some things she could not give me, the main one of which was ability to rub elbows and get along with people."

Most surprising to Mrs. Turner is the reaction of strangers who speak to her after recognizing her from news photos. Almost invariably, she says, these people make the same comment: "My children are doing so badly in school." It may be that only the dissatisfied people speak to her, believing that in her they have found a kindred soul; in any case, they complain that their children are not learning to read, are poor in their arithmetic. An old retired sailor telephoned from Compton to bewail what he regards as a misfortune for the United States Navy. He knows two high-school boys, he says, who could not read well enough to enlist.

Whatever time and energy Mrs. Turner has been able to salvage from the legal battle she has given to refining her teaching methods at home. She has now formalized her emphasis on self-reliance in learning, by ruling that each child must work independently on his lessons for 15 minutes before coming to her for help. Another rule is the minimizing of pencil and paper in learning arithmetic. As much figure work as possible must be done mentally, a practice which she believes makes for better accuracy and ultimate ease with numbers.

In selection of subject matter for daily and weekly study Mrs. Turner follows the method used in some learning institutions called "one R at a time." The Turner youngsters stick to one main subject and one secondary subject until signs of saturation appear. Then they're allowed to switch to something else.

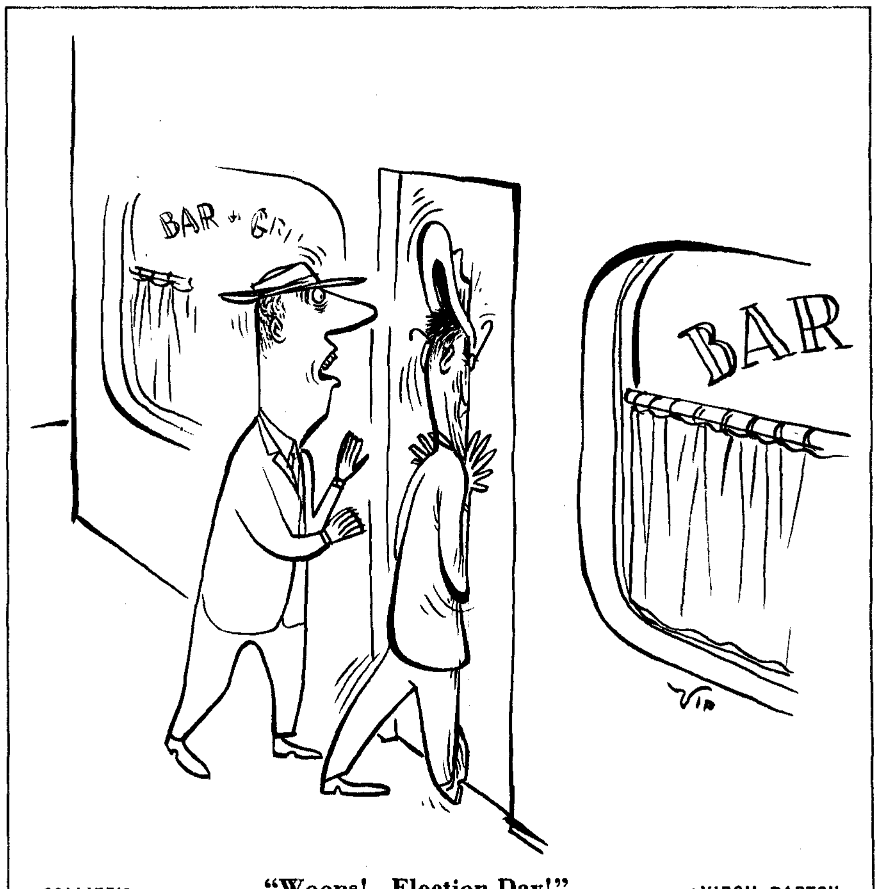
As a home teacher, Mrs. Turner believes her outstanding talents are for English and mathematics. She confesses a weakness in languages, chemistry and physics, but points out that those are high-school subjects, which her children will get later in the public schools. The Turner children, besides studying English and math, receive instruction in history, geography, civics and natural history—as well as dancing, oral English and drawing.

Mrs. Turner Rests Her Case

Mrs. Turner admits frankly that poor health, bad housing and her endless legal embroilments have kept her from doing the kind of teaching job she'd like. In any case, she doesn't want her fight against the California law judged on the basis of her accomplishments with her own children. "I'm not so much interested in justifying my own results," she says, "as I am in establishing the right of any qualified parent to teach his own children."

Should the parent or the state be the overseer of the child?

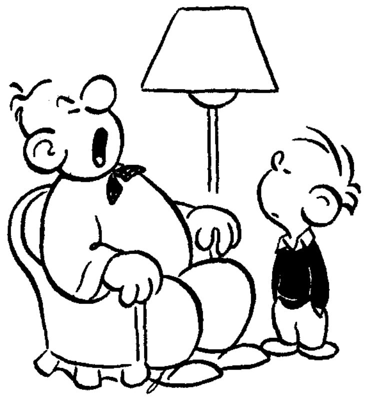
That, the Turners feel, is the question at issue. The courts will provide the answer. ▲▲▲



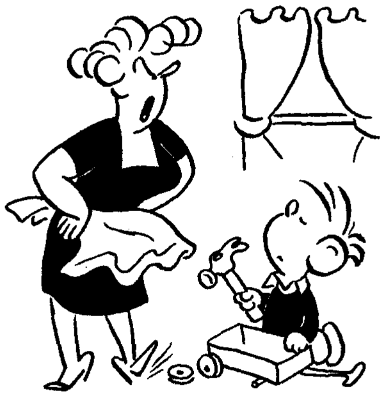
COLLIER'S "Woops! Election Day!" VIRGIL PARTCH

BRIGHT SAYINGS

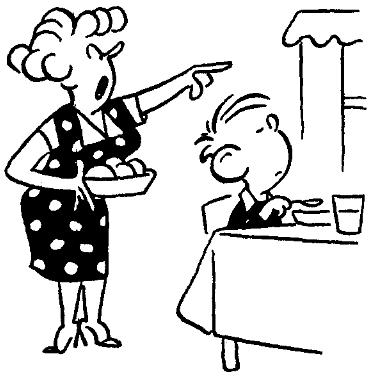
By EDWIN LEPPER



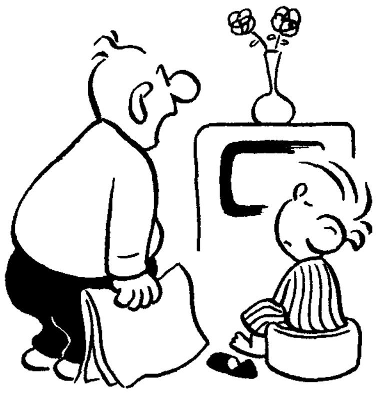
"Why, when I was your age . . ."



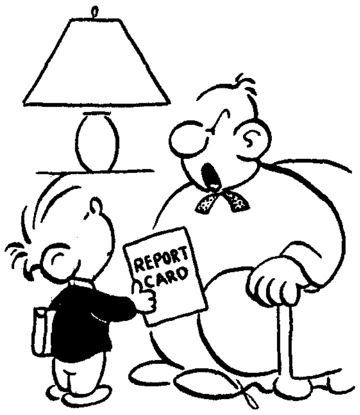
"Just where did you learn *that* naughty word?"



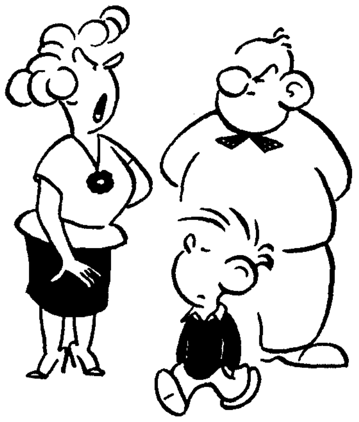
"Didn't I tell you to wash your hands!"



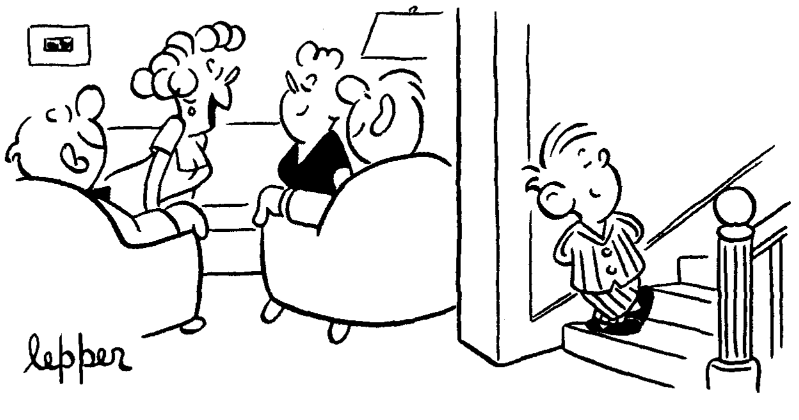
"How many times must I tell you to go to bed?"



"I hope *this* one is better than the last one!"



"Well he certainly doesn't take after *my* side of the family!"



"And then the little darling said, in that cute way he has . . ."

Seal in All Your Horsepower

with the Veedol High-Detergency "Film of Protection"

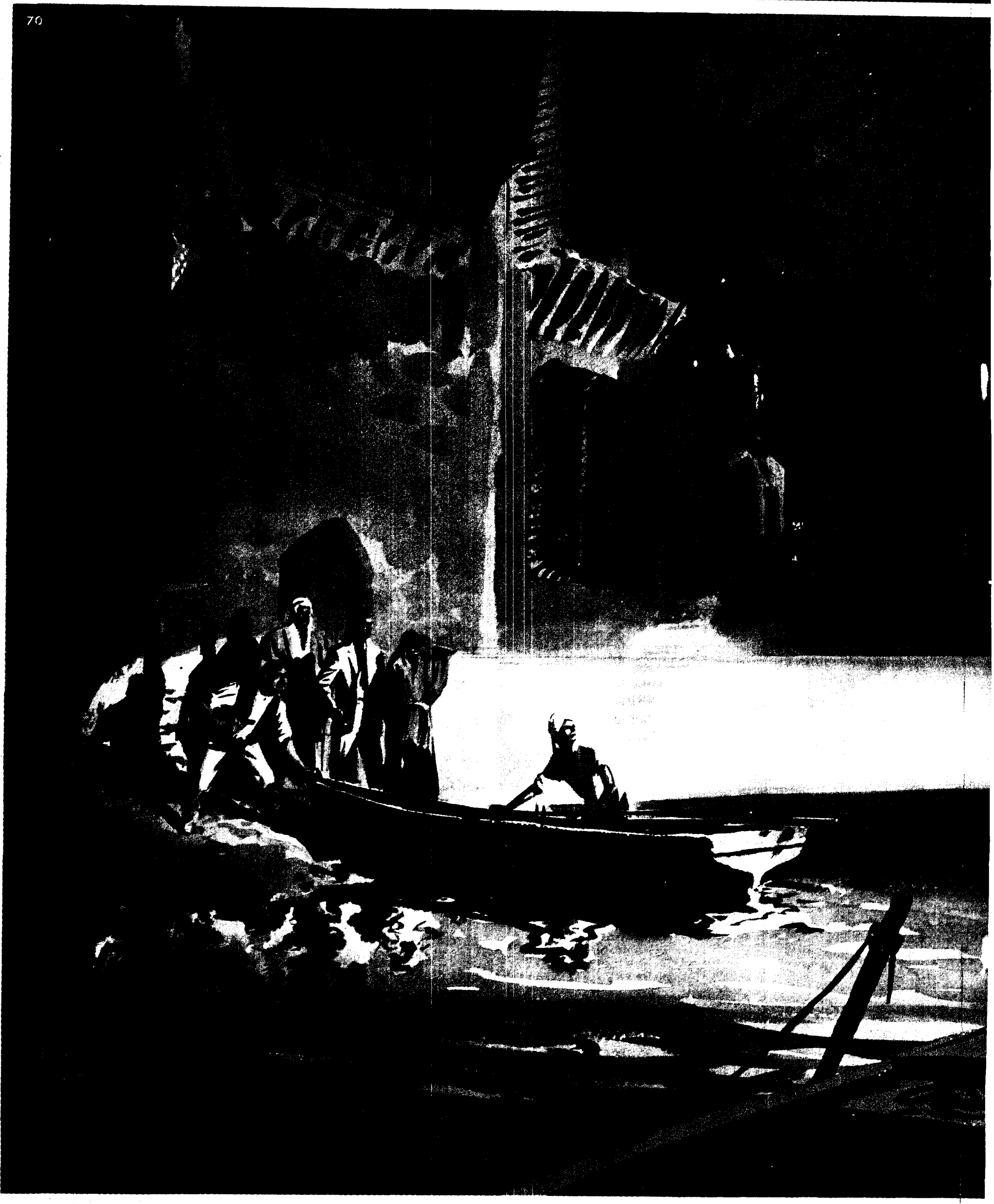
Keep all the horsepower engineered into your modern engine! Seal in all the power your car can deliver . . . with the famous VEEDOL High-Detergency "Film of Protection."

This great new motor oil resists blow-by . . . *seals in* horsepower! Its detergent properties hold contaminants in suspension . . . your engine drains cleaner. It forms a protective anti-corrosion film on metal surfaces, to fight the ravages of acid "engine sweat." And only 100% Pennsylvania crude oils go into VEEDOL High-Detergency!

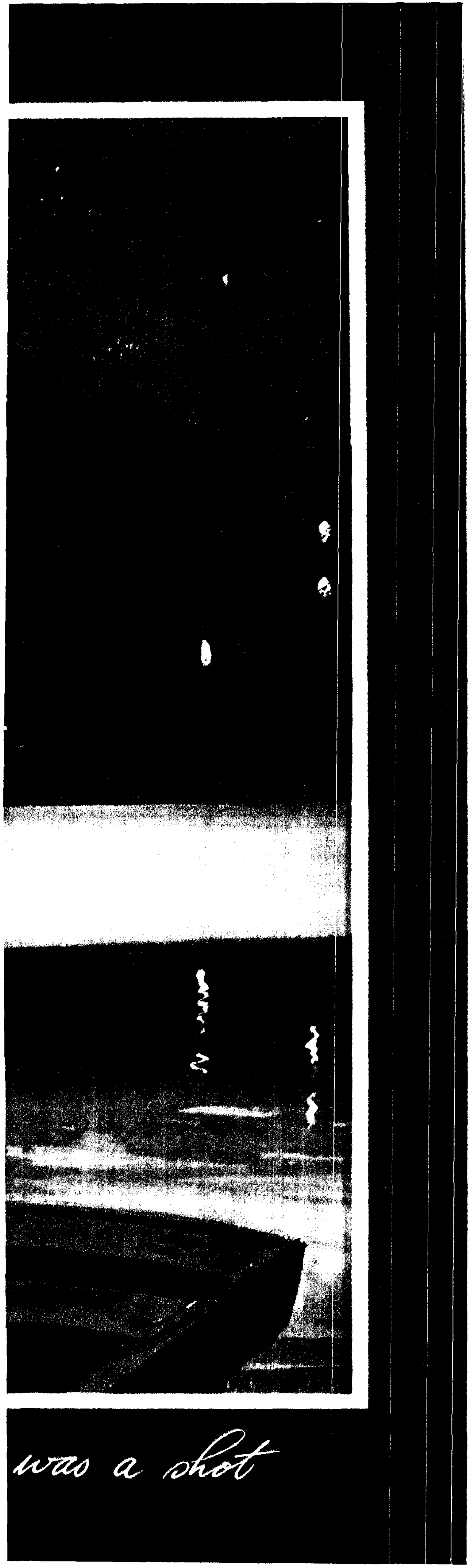
So *keep* all your horsepower! Seal in the great performance built into your engine. Drain and refill the crankcase with VEEDOL High-Detergency motor oil *every* one thousand miles.

HIGH DETERGENCY
VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL
100% PENNSYLVANIA
HEAVY DUTY-PLUS
FILM OF PROTECTION

TYDOL
TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco
FEDERAL FLYING A TIRES



A beam of light found the boat and then there



Death Had a BIRTHDAY

By CHARLES B. CHILD

Inspector Chafik searched the treacherous slums of Baghdad for a killer. He found his man, true, but only when he himself fell into the murderer's trap

CHAFIK J. CHAFIK, a senior officer of the Criminal Investigation Division of the Baghdad police, a neat little man, sat at breakfast and gently chided his adopted son, Faisal, saying, "When the mouth is stuffed with words it is improper to put food therein."

The boy submissively put down his spoon and looked up with soft brown, hopeful eyes. The Inspector, whose own eyes were drab and cynical, was touched by his ten-year-old son's innocence, and smiled warmly. Yet the glance that passed between foster father and son was tempered with caution; Faisal knew that a sleek cat, purring, must not be stroked the wrong way, and Inspector Chafik was aware that simplicity often camouflages a trip wire.

He had found Faisal in the great bazaars of Baghdad, a ragged waif, one of the pack that hunted there. Chafik was childless and the boy had appealed to him, so he had taken him into his home, an impulse that neither he nor his wife Leila had ever regretted.

The Inspector bowed toward the chair where his wife normally sat. Leila was away on a visit and he missed her. Wives become a habit after nineteen years, the little man told himself. Then he added: Such happy years! Tenderness made him drop his guard and he said to Faisal, "Speak, my son. Surely words were put into your mouth to please me."

The boy immediately began, "I want—"

"Eh?" Chafik said, becoming alert.

"It is because of tomorrow, my father, and I cannot tell you what it is, but I only have a fifty *fil* piece and it costs a dinar and you can take it out of my allowance and so you will not be pockets down and please, therefore, give me the money and—"

The Inspector covered his ears. "Beware of the rhapsody of words!" he said in a somber voice.

"But a dinar is only a piece of paper and anybody can make one and—"

Faisal was silenced by Chafik's expression; the swarthy face had become gaunter, the shadows under the high cheekbones darkened, and lines appeared at the sides of the thin nose. Slowly, deliberately, the Inspector reached to the inside pocket of his white linen jacket and took out a wallet.

The currency of his country was based on the English pound, and the well-engraved bill he put on the table was of the same value and the same olive-green color. He tapped it with a polished fingernail and announced, "Here is money—"

"Give me, my father! Give me—"

Inspector Chafik restrained Faisal's reaching hand. "Learn," he said sternly, "to respect this token: call it not paper, for the pure silver of man's toil is in it. And speak not of counterfeit, or you will live hereafter in the shadow of prison bars!"

As he returned the money to his wallet, a car's horn sounded at the street

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

BETTER THAN BEER?

can it *be*?

Try Carling's Red Cap Ale

...and *see*!

At Carling's we brew both beer and ale—and each is mighty popular. But more and more people are telling us Carling's Red Cap Ale gives them more pleasure than any beer they ever tasted. They say it's light and dry as the smoothest beer, yet with that extra flavor—that "heart" which only a fine ale can provide! They call it the "light-hearted" ale.

Tonight, why not try it? See whether *you* are one of those who find Carling's Red Cap Ale tastes even better than beer!

CARLING'S
Red Cap Ale

© 1953, BREWING CORP. OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, OHIO

door. "Abdullah has come," he said, and went to get his shoes from under the hall table. A Moslem, he respected the sanctity of his home and walked stocking-footed on Leila's waxed floors, as in a mosque.

Faisal followed him, crying, "Father, my father! A dinar! Just one! For tomorrow—tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow," Chafik said, "is another day." He embraced the boy and went out to the car. A towering police sergeant greeted him with a salute, a dour smile, and a murmured blessing. The Inspector affectionately patted the big man's arm and, the sun being strong, stood in his shadow as he lighted a cigarette. Faisal's appeal puzzled him and he asked, "What urgency has tomorrow?" and was immediately embarrassed because he had not intended to broadcast the thought. "What *day* is tomorrow?" Chafik demanded to cover the slip.

Abdullah answered, "The fifth, sir."

"It has significance?"

"Days, being granted by God, all have significance."

THE Inspector accepted the rebuke and got into the waiting car. The sky was a blue arc, but the groves of date palms along the way were still dark with morning shadow. Pumps sounded up and down the river, water glittered in irrigation ditches, and perpetually courting doves cooed under the eaves of the houses.

"And from this," Chafik complained, "you take me without doubt to some disgusting corpse."

His assistant replied soothingly, "It was not a very violent night, sir, but a man named Khalib—"

"Is he the petty criminal?"

"Yes, sir, the same one. He was beaten to death in an alleyway of the old town. No witnesses. An unimportant crime, sir; such a—"

"Nevertheless, his soul cries out for vengeance and we must heed. Has anything else of note happened?"

Abdullah eased the car into the traffic of the great bridge that spanned the Tigris. "Sir," he said, his mahogany face showing astonishment, "there were two more denouncements this morning—detailed and lawyerproof. We only have to make the arrests."

The Inspector raised his eyebrows. At intervals, for some months now, his office had received anonymous reports on the Baghdad underworld. The identity of the informer could not be traced; no Judas reward was asked; no shabby spy ingratiated himself.

"Surely this accuser will share the fate of the unlamented Khalib!" exclaimed Chafik. Bewildered, he shook his head. "Is that all then, Abdullah?"

"A report from the Ankara police, sir. They have taken a counterfeiter and found plates for our currency. Series 'Y,' commencing with the number thirty-eight, sir, and one-dinar denomination only."

The Inspector forgot Khalib and the mystery of the benevolent informer; he was back at the breakfast table lecturing Faisal, seeing the pleading eyes, the practiced begging gesture of the curved palm. "This day is under the influence of a mercenary planet," he said gloomily. . . .

They went to the Suq-al-Jedid police station to see the remains of Khalib. The man had been viciously clubbed by a gang, and then he had been stripped and his clothes abandoned and his possessions scattered. Sergeant Abdullah said, "They either searched for something or put him to the question."

"If they questioned him they didn't get an answer," Chafik said and showed his assistant the medical report. "An abnormally thin skull. The first blow or two caused a hemorrhage. Dead before they ceased beating him. Such a waste of energy! What were Khalib's prior movements?"

"I understand, sir, that he toured the cafés, begging for money—"

"I am sympathetic," said Chafik, remembering pressing bills.

"Yes, sir. But I am informed Khalib was desperate. Eventually he went to the Café of the Abundant Fruits—"

"Iskander's place?" The Inspector's drab eyes were as barren as the desert. "That den of iniquity!" he exclaimed.

"Khalib then improved the company he kept, sir; his last witnessed contact was with Madam Aliya—"

"Eh? *Binti Ma'mum?* The Lady of Good Deeds?"

She who was called the Lady of Good Deeds was a strange and much-loved character; she moved among the poor of Baghdad, begged for them, and gave all to them. The old woman was a member of a noble family, and Chafik knew what she had sacrificed for her charity. He salaamed, curving the fingers of his right hand to his forehead. "Good old woman," he said. "Do not let us name her in the same breath as Khalib or Iskander!"

"Khalib raised his voice to the lady—" Abdullah continued.

"Then he deserved to die," the Inspector said and went to look at the dead man's possessions, which were arranged on a table. He picked up a pen, then a watch, shrugged, and announced, "Smuggled goods. That was his profession—a vendor of dutiable trifles. I am puzzled that anybody should bother to kill him."

He tossed aside the dead man's identity papers, paused to read a letter, and said, "So the animal had a wife in Basra!" Then he became absorbed in a document that had been typed on an old, but curiously familiar, Arabic keyboard. Chafik startled Sergeant Abdullah by exclaiming, "Merciful One! Another denouncement!"

"Sir?"

"And so unique! It is an imprisonment warrant for the man who carried it! What are our criminals coming to when they go around Baghdad with their dossiers in their pockets?"

ABDULLAH took the document. It was typed on cheap paper, so spongy that the faded ribbon often left a smudge instead of a character, and it was typical of all the anonymous denouncements they had received at headquarters. Detailed in it was Khalib's illegal trade: his sources, his customers, and when and where he had met them. The police, to prepare such a case, would have had to switch men from serious investigations and expend limited funds in extensive bribes.

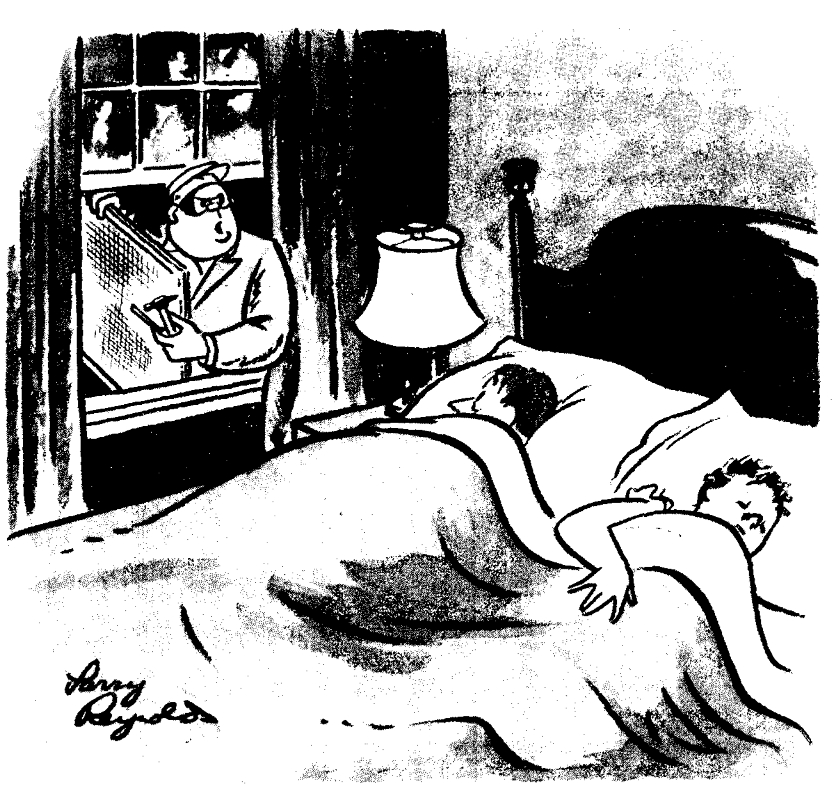
The sergeant returned the paper and said, "Sir, I, too, am surprised." The repose of his impassive face was flawed by a twitch.

Chafik shouted, "God the Compassionate! So my sergeant is surprised!" In an excess of emotion he tugged at his tie. "Khalib is interesting and deserves my personal inquiry," the Inspector said in a calmer voice. "Shall we begin with that Father of Humbug, Joseph Iskander? Shall we descend into the depths to talk with him? Come, Abdullah!"

They walked through airless and narrow streets, between high walls. Windows, shuttered against the sun, were secretive and hostile; a shutter would open, and then be immediately closed against the glances of the uniformed police sergeant and the little man in the white suit.

Iskander's Café of the Abundant Fruits was a tall old building with a tawdry façade facing the busy street and a rear exit opening onto the brown waters of the Tigris. There were green benches outside where robed Arabs

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

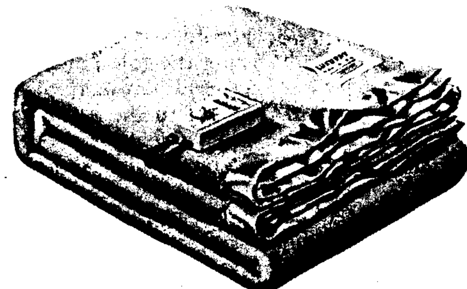
"It's customary to take your screens down at *least* by November, Mac"

LARRY REYNOLDS

NOVEMBER VALUES at REXALL DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE

Save $15.00

LUXURAY ELECTRIC BLANKET



$34.95 Value

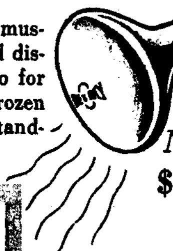
Only

$19.95

It's the bargain of the year! A fully guaranteed, double-bed size electric blanket... washable, soft texture (25% wool, 50% rayon, 25% cotton) with luxurious wool surface. Single ivory control box with night light... latest wiring system with fully automatic control that compensates for changing room temperature. 72" x 84"... in blue or rose, bound with 6" matched satin. All this — and $15.00 off!

Over 1/3 Off REX-RAY INFRA RED LAMP

Penetrating, soothing heat that helps relieve muscular aches and soreness, the congestion and discomfort of nose and chest colds. Use it also for quick defrosting of frozen foods, thawing frozen pipes, drying hair and nail polish, etc. Fits standard wall or lamp sockets. Has long life.



Reg. $1.79 *NOW* $1.19

BISMA-REX COMBINATION

POWDER, 4¾-Ounce Jar

and

TABLETS, 3 rolls

Reg. $1.04 Value

Only 79¢

Bargain-priced duo for prompt, prolonged relief from acid-indigestion. For the price of the Powder alone, you get both forms of Rexall's exclusive 4-way antacid formula; the ever-popular Powder for home use, plus 3 rolls of tasty, easy-to-take mint-flavored tablets. Bisma-Rex often neutralizes excess stomach acidity in less than one minute, eases gastric distress, leaves a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach membranes.

Stag Touchdown Combination

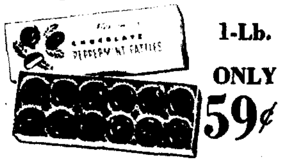
$2.00 Value

ONLY $1.19

"Mint-Freeze" After-shave Stick—Frosty-fresh, icy cool. Leaves face smooth and soft all day long.

"Mint-Freeze" Deodorant Stick—Checks perspiration...assures after-shower freshness for hours.

Homemaid Chocolate Peppermint Patties



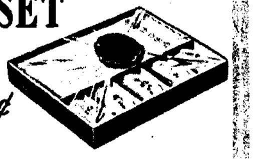
1-Lb.

ONLY

59¢

Made with Real Peppermint — 24 extra-large patties of mouth-watering, bittersweet goodness. Thick coating with creamy-smooth centers. A sweet-treat buy!

HOSTESS SET

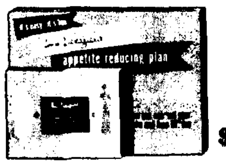


$1.50 Value

Now 79¢

Contains 5 oval, exquisitely scented cakes of soap, plus ten paper guest towels. Choice of scents — Cara Nome, White Mink, or Springwood. Towels match the color of the soap.

LOSE UP TO 5 LBS. A WEEK with Ann Delafield's NEW REDUCING PLAN



$6.95

(Repeat packages $1.00 less)

It's easy—it's fun. No starving, no calorie counting, no unbalanced dieting, no drugs. You get a big beauty book of appetizing menus and health tips that give you new pep and energy... *plus* 30-day supply of Appetite Reducing Wafers for hungry moments... plus 30-day supply of vitamins. Start today—like yourself better tomorrow!

Men! Ask about the Delafield Reducing Plan for Men. It's easy—safe—sure!

Rexall Aspiroids, quick, effective 5-way relief from cold symptoms, 36's........**79¢**

Alco-Rex Rubbing Alcohol Compound, top quality... cools, soothes, invigorates... helps reduce body temperatures... ideal for gym locker or sick room, pint..........**49¢**

Rexall Anapac, combines antihistamine with APC Compound to fight cold symptoms in all stages, from the first warning sniffles to the headaches, fever and muscular soreness of a fully developed cold; 15 tablets.......**49¢**

Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup, pleasant-tasting relief from coughs due to colds; free from narcotics and alcohol; loosens phlegm, soothes irritation of the bronchial membranes, 3 oz. ....**45¢**

Rexall Analgesic Balm, soothing ointment for quick relief from pain or soreness due to colds or over-exertion, 1-oz. tube....**65¢**

Rexall Antihistamine, quick relief from cold symptoms, 15 tablets.............**49¢**

Rexall Lozothricin, combines pain relief of aspirin and the antibiotic action of Tyrothricin; cherry menthol flavored lozenges that soothe and help relieve coughs due to colds, inhibit many bacteria; 12's......**69¢**

Rexall Nasothricin, new-formula nose drops that combine antibiotic Tyrothricin and Desoxyephedrine for 2-way relief from nasal congestion; inhibit many bacteria; more completely cover nasal passages; ½-oz. bottle & dropper, **69¢**

Rexall Glycerin Suppositories, adult or infant, firm texture yet pliable, 12's....**43¢**

All Rexall Drug Products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back

Aerosol Rex-Salvine for Burns. Antiseptic spray forms *protective film* to prevent infection, promote healing, 5 oz. **$1.39**

Bisma-Rex Gel, new liquid formula combines Rexall's exclusive 4-way formula for relief of acid-indigestion with Aluminum Hydroxide and Magnesium Trisilicate for the added advantages of adsorbing and neutralizing excess stomach acid and leaving a protective coating on irritated stomach membranes. 8 ounce bottle..............**$1.19**

Rexall Celurex Laxative supplies natural, lubricating bulk, plus gentle stimulation for safe, modern relief of constipation, 65's, **89¢**

Rexall Mouthwash with Chlorophyll. Mild foaming action cleans, deodorizes and sweetens mouth and breath; makes refreshing and effective gargle; full pint.....**79¢**

Rexall Aspirin, no finer or faster-acting aspirin made; 100 5-grain tablets........**54¢**

Rexall Aspirin for Children, 50 1-grain orange-flavored tablets; easy to take....**35¢**

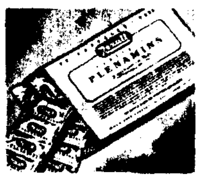
Rexall Boric Acid, powder or crystals, for a soothing, cleansing eyewash, 4 oz. ...**37¢**

Rexall Mineral Oil, extra-heavy body; tasteless, odorless, colorless; non-fattening and non-habit-forming, full pint.......**69¢**

Rexall Plastic Quik-Snips, new handy size elastic bandages for protecting small cuts, abrasions. Stretch and cling—even to knuckles; flesh color, waterproof, pkg. of 36, **39¢**

Rexall 5X Vitamins, 5 times stronger than minimum daily requirement of all vitamins with established minimums, 60's.....**$6.95**

Rexall Mineralized B Complex, Vitamin B factors, including B_{12}, *plus* minerals and Vitamin C, 100's..................**$5.95**



Rexall Plenamins, supply more than minimum daily requirement of all vitamins with known minimums, plus Iron, Liver Concentrate, Folic Acid and red Vitamin B_{12}; one of the best balanced multi-vitamin formulas. A real buy! 36-day supply..**$2.59**

Rexall Mi-31, time-tested amber-color mouthwash, gargle, breath-deodorant and multi-purpose antiseptic, pint.........**79¢**

Rexall Cherrosote, fights coughs from colds 2 ways; helps loosen and quiet coughs, soothes irritated membranes, 8 ounces........**98¢**

Quik-Tel Fever Thermometer, with new automatic shakedown device........**$1.55**

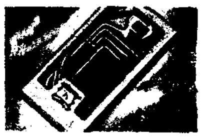
Monacet APC Compound, time-tested formula of aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine for relief of pain, muscular aches, 100 tabs., **79¢**

Cara Nome Hand Cream, pure, mild, safe for most sensitive skins, it's hypo-allergenic; softens, beautifies, protects; 4 oz.....**$1.10**

Cara Nome Natural Curl Permanent, with "Neutralock" Neutralizer. Available in two kits... one designed for normal hair, the other for dyed or bleached hair. Gentle acting........**$1.50**

Stag Shave Cream, Coolated or Bay Rum, 3¼-ounce tube.....................**40¢**

Kantleek Deluxe Combination Syringe, hot water bottle and fountain syringe; carries 5-year Universal guarantee..**$4.50**



Rexall Cotton 'N' Swabs. 54 individually sealed swabs in revolving dispenser. Center section holds bulk cotton, has self-feeding, pull-out opening; sanitary, easy to use; **89¢**

Aerosol Fungi-Rex, greaseless, stainless *spray-on* relief for Athlete's Foot; easy, quick, clean. Push-button action. 4 oz., **$1.59**

Rexall Deluxe Tooth Brushes, five medically approved styles in long-lasting, water-repellent Hyzon bristles, medium or hard; two styles in natural bristles; one style in popular fine texture nylon............**59¢**

Value Box Christmas Cards. 50 cards in smart new designs, many with elaborate and unusual decorations. Less than 2¢ each at this bargain price. $2.50 value, now only............**98¢** Other boxes, individually styled cards, from................**59¢**

Rexall Multi-Vitamin Formula V-10. Pleasant-tasting liquid that supplies *twice* minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B_1; *five times* requirement of Iron; plus B_{12} and minimum daily requirement of Vitamins A, D, B_2. Ideal for convalescents. Pint..**$1.98**

You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

Right reserved to limit quantities. Prices subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Items and prices may vary slightly in Canada. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 48, California

DOUBTS?

QUESTIONS?

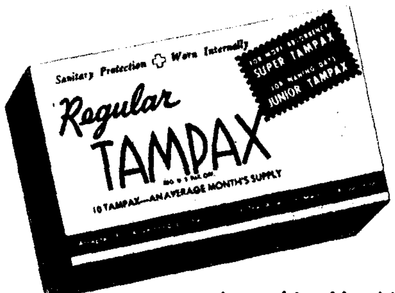
TIMIDITY?

Why let anything keep you from Tampax . . . the modern, more comfortable sanitary protection?

Don't imagine that you're any different from the millions of women using Tampax regularly. You aren't! If you have the slightest doubt . . . if you are the least bit timid about trying this internally worn sanitary protection—just consider these facts:

Tampax was invented by a doctor, and is based upon the well-known principle of internal absorption. Because it is worn internally, you gain countless benefits. You get rid of that cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness—there is absolutely nothing to "show" beneath the closest-fitting dresses. It is extraordinarily comfortable—you can't even feel it once it's in place. Even the problem of odor no longer exists!

Tampax is made of compressed white surgical cotton . . . easy to insert, easy to dispose of, and so small that a month's supply fits in the purse. Available at drug and notion counters everywhere in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy size gives average 4-months' supply. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
SUPER TAMPAX
JUNIOR TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED C-13-113-2
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________ State________

sprawled; within, the café was a den infested by flies and secretive men.

The proprietor came toward the two men. He had a round jovial face marked with the blotchy scar of a Baghdad boil. The waistband of his trousers strained over an enormous stomach and when he extended short arms in greeting, patches of sweat showed on his once white shirt.

He cried, "My friend!" and clapped his pudgy hands to summon a waiter. "Honey cakes for the Inspector!"

CHAFIK pressed a handkerchief sprinkled with orange water to his nose. "Not even honey cakes, Joseph," he said. Out of the corner of his eye he saw men get up and slink from the café. "I am not good for business," he added dryly.

"You have business?" asked Iskander in a confidential whisper.

"Concerning Khalib—"

"A bad man!"

"He was killed last night."

"So?"

"He was here before he was killed."

The café proprietor lost his jovial expression. "Yes, Khalib was here," he admitted.

"Did he ask you for money?"

A bead of sweat ran down Iskander's cheek. "You talk of money!" he shouted. "Listen, last night that Khalib ate my good pilaf and drank a carafe of my Syrian arak, then left without paying—and now you tell me he will never pay me!"

"Was he alone? Did anybody follow him when he left?"

"I did not see. I was busy. There was a little trouble, a fight, and I had to put people out. You know what a good place I run here," Iskander said, and was jovial again.

The Inspector selected a cigarette and, as an afterthought, offered it to Iskander. "A very special brand," he said as he struck a match. "Have you recently seen that good lady, Madam Aliya?" he added casually.

"The old one?" Iskander muttered under his breath. Then he said, "Such a nice lady! We all love her! Put a finger on *Binti Ma'mum* and the mobs of Baghdad will be after you—and me, too!" The fat man laughed. "What do you want with her?" he asked.

"Khalib was with her before he was killed."

"So?" Iskander said and studied his cigarette.

Chafik waited expectantly, but then the café proprietor gave an almost imperceptible shrug. It was always the same; nobody would talk about the Lady of Good Deeds.

"Devils are supposed to materialize when one mentions them," said Iskander. "You, Inspector, talk of angels, and—lo—one appears." He nodded in the direction of the door.

The street was a stage, the sun a spotlight. A frail, bowed woman stood against the flaked whitewash of the wall across the way. She wore a chuddar, the shroudlike outdoor robe of the Middle East. A bulging oilcloth reticule dangled from one hand and in the other was a *khubis,* a piece of unleavened bread, folded over meat; she gave it to a beggar who came whining up to her.

"So kind," said Iskander, tearfully.

Chafik said nothing, but the sergeant said softly, "May the Great Architect of the Universe shower His abundant blessings upon her—apples of silver, caskets of gold—"

"You prate as a bazaar letter writer writes," grumbled the Inspector. He crossed the road to talk to the old lady. She was unveiled and the headfolds of the rusty dark robe were arranged to frame her nut-brown, wrinkled face, to which the years had given serenity after beauty. The woman's mouth was gentle, and her kindly eyes sparkled with a hint of mischief that reminded Chafik of his son. He noticed that she gave her hair careful attention, even used henna. Coquetry in one so old pleased the Inspector and he performed his most gallant salaam.

"Of course I know you!" said the Lady of Good Deeds when he had introduced himself. "And I know your son; once he was one of my waifs—such a rascal!"

"A touch of that sauce improves the flavor of small boys."

Madam Aliya's laughter was like the tinkle of bells on the toes of a dancing girl. "I wondered at the time why the face was so familiar," she said thoughtfully. "They all look much alike when smeared with dirt."

"What is this about Faisal?" asked Chafik suspiciously.

"Nothing, oh, nothing!" the old woman said and her delicate hand, bare of rings, fluttered like a hummingbird.

The Inspector decided the old lady was senile. "I have a query," he said, speaking carefully, as to a child. "Did you meet a man named Khalib last night?"

"He is a bad man."

"Yes, madam—"

"And sometimes bad men repent."

Chafik decided the Lady of Good Deeds was being evasive and he said with a touch of brusqueness, "You did meet him!"

She nodded. "He gave me money for my poor; I think it was ten dinars—" Madam Aliya fumbled among the greasy packages of food in her reticule and brought out a small notebook. "Yes, ten," she said as she consulted it. "And I have given it all away—the last dinar only a few minutes ago to—" The laughter of a dancing girl's bells again rang in the street.

A TIDY man in person and thoughts, Chafik was shocked by the present disorder of his mind. One part of it was puzzled by the woman's gentle mockery, while another asked why Khalib, who had gone around the cafés begging money from acquaintances, should have given with such munificence to Madam Aliya's poor.

He said, angered because he couldn't reason it out, "So Khalib gave you money, eh?"

The old lady closed the notebook and put it away but not before the Inspector had noticed a list of names, some followed by figures, others not—the latter were struck out. "You are rude," Madam Aliya said.

"I am a policeman!" he said.

"Did he—" the Lady of Good Deeds started to ask and hesitated. "Did Khalib steal that money?" she said.

"I am not concerned about his ten miserable dinars!" Chafik said, still angry. "Madam, Khalib was killed last night! You were his last witnessed contact, and I want to know, I must know, if anybody was with him—if you saw—"

He was bewildered by the woman's suddenly lifting the folds of her robes over her face, and he was reminded of his son. Faisal had the same baffling trick; he hid under the bedclothes when he was questioned about a misdemeanor. There was even the eye, the one anxious eye, that always peeped out from under the covers.

"Madam," Chafik said, anxious to placate her, and then he heard the murmur and was aware of the mob.

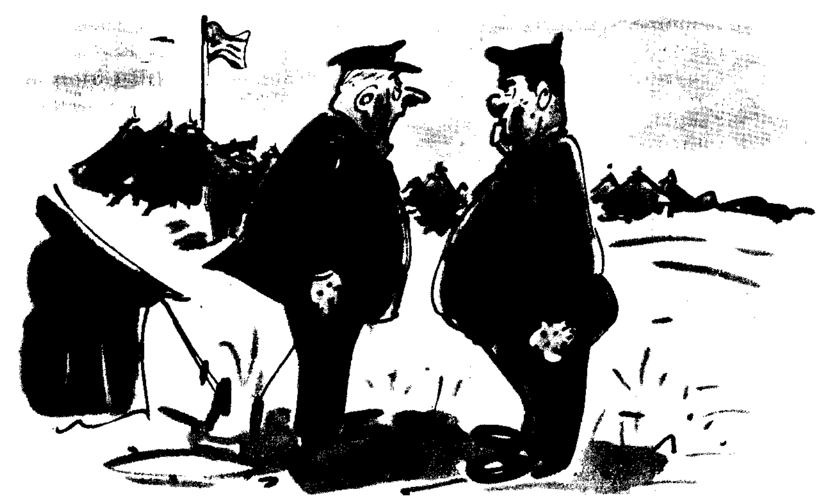
THERE were beggars on crutches, bedraggled women nursing naked children, and there were workmen armed with tools, and shifty men who blinked in unaccustomed light. Suddenly they had come, out of nowhere, and Inspector Chafik knew the reality of Iskander's warning that the poor of Baghdad would protect their benefactress.

If I take her for questioning there will be a city-wide riot, he thought. So be discreet. You can always go to her later if you want her. . . . He smiled at the old lady, said, "Madam, I leave you to your friends," and reproved himself for being afraid when he turned his back on the mob.

In the wide and orderly streets beyond the bazaar, the Inspector began to breathe more easily. "That was not good, my temper was tried," he admitted to Sergeant Abdullah.

He stopped to admire a haberdasher's display. Often, when on his rounds of the city, the little man took time out for this shop window; he was attracted by ties and socks as a woman is by novelties and hats. "An imported foulard," Chafik said, as he rubbed the dust of a recent storm off the window, the better to see a certain tie. "One dinar," he added, and fingered his thin wallet. "Abdullah, remove me from temptation," he said, and walked on.

Then he went back and pressed his nose to the glass. There was a boy in



COLLIER'S **"If anybody answers you back today, pretend you don't hear them. The guardhouse is full"** REAMER KELLER

Quiet

THERE are times when even the slightest noise can spoil the picture—such a picture, for instance — as your motoring comfort.

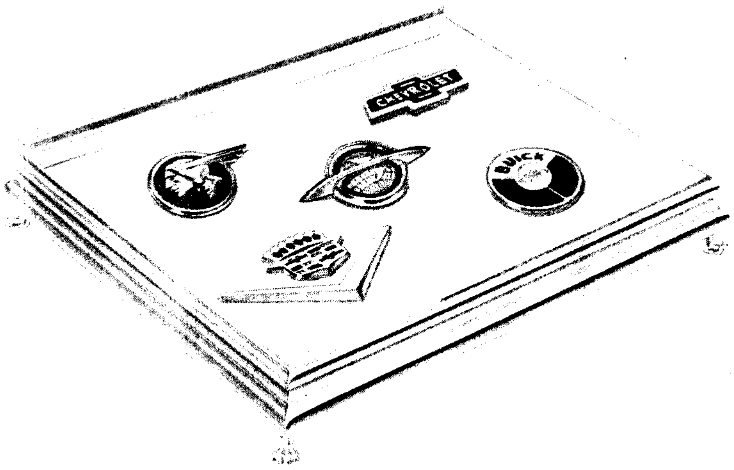
That's why Fisher Body sound engineers go to such lengths to protect you against the irritation of the many little noises which are bound to result from a sizable object like a motorcar moving over rough roads and through traffic.

How well they've succeeded, a ride in a car with Body by Fisher will convince you. Yet their search of silence continues — at the special Fisher Body sound laboratory. Right now, for instance, they are even making use of the latest binaural sound equipment in their work.

This consists of double microphones, attached to a tape recorder on the rear seat of a test car, which register sound exactly the way a person with normal hearing catches it.

So—you can add scientific noise protection to the other luxuries offered you in Body by Fisher: years-in-advance styling, sturdy construction, exquisite appointments.

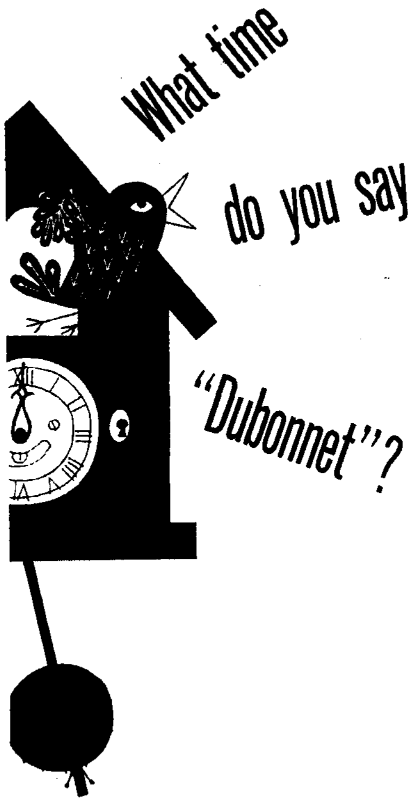
But remember — these are yours only on the Famous Five — Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac. They alone give you Body by Fisher.



Body by Fisher

Exclusively Yours on the five General Motors cars:

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC


What time do you say "Dubonnet"?

Some folks won't take cocktails at lunch . . . others won't have a highball until after dinner, but you don't have to be a "clock-watcher" with Dubonnet!

Dubonnet is so mild, you can enjoy it at lunchtime. Dubonnet is so zestful, you can enjoy it at cocktail time . . . and savor your dinner all the more! Dubonnet is so refreshing, you can enjoy it the long hours after dinner. So next time you'd like to enjoy a drink, but feel that you shouldn't . . . don't pass up the pleasure. Be smart, say . . .

Dubonnet

DUBONNET
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine
MADE SINCE 1846

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
© 1953 DUBONNET CORP., PHILA., PA.

the shop, a small olive-complexioned boy, who proudly displayed a dinar bill as he waited to be served.

"Faisal!" exclaimed Chafik. He went in and in his best policeman's manner put his hand on his son's shoulder. "Where did you get that money?" he demanded.

The eyes that were lifted to his own turned blank with fear. "But, my son!" cried the Inspector, troubled by the reaction. Then he saw the patches of dirt on the boy's face, leftovers from a recent and hasty cleaning. He remembered Madam Aliya's allusion to Faisal, "They all look much alike when smeared with dirt!" and how she had mocked him with her laughter. Chafik's suspicions were confirmed.

"You have been begging!" he accused his son.

"Father, I—it was for tomorrow—you wouldn't give me money—I had to have money!" Faisal's sobs made him incoherent.

"Enough about tomorrow!" the Inspector said, his thin face darkened with anger. "I know what you did! You borrowed rags from one of your unsanitary friends of the bazaars, dirtied yourself, and went honey-voiced to the Lady of Good Deeds! She thought you one of her waifs! Ah, you Thief of Baghdad!" shouted Chafik.

Sergeant Abdullah soothed him, saying, "Sir, the mischief of small boys and puppies is not delinquency. The hand that has an urge to apply itself to them should be restrained—"

"Nevertheless, that hand, like night, must inevitably fall," Chafik said, but controlled himself: a Moslem father did not strike a son in public. "I do not understand," he went on sadly, "you are not a deceitful boy, Faisal, and you have all I can give you, yet you impose on a good old lady whose bountiful charity—" The embarrassed Inspector looked at the dinar which he had been folding and unfolding. All at once he smoothed it out. "You got this from Madam Aliya?" he demanded in a terrible voice.

"Really, truly, my father, I had to do it because—because—"

Inspector Chafik ignored his son. "Abdullah," he said. "With reference to the report of the Ankara police on the subject of counterfeit currency. Was the series Y-thirty-eight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then here is one of the bills! My son had it and he got it from Madam Aliya! Without doubt it is part of the gift the worthless Khalib gave her last night."

IT WAS Chafik's habit to wander through Baghdad when faced with a difficult problem, and he did so now. He had sent his assistant to headquarters to organize a search for the counterfeit money. He expected that the dinars given away by the Lady of Good Deeds would be easily recovered, since he doubted that the counterfeiters had flooded the city. It took time to mastermind such an operation as that, and the warning of the Ankara police had been prompt; so the immediate problem was Khalib—his part in the conspiracy and why he had been killed. And why the man had carried a denouncement of himself!

Twilight and cooling air encouraged Chafik to extend his walk and he went almost to the village of Hinaidi, then crossed the river by the old bridge of boats. He watched some water buffaloes being driven to their night quarters by a group of small boys. He went up the right bank of the Tigris, through rustling palm groves, and so came to the houses of the Karradat Miriam. The lights of Baghdad beckoned in the distance.

Every detail, Chafik thought, must fit into place. It is like weaving a fine carpet. Colors must blend and harmonize with the pattern; and there can be no loose threads.

He dismissed the possibility of Khalib's being the major criminal, for a vendor of smuggled watches lacked both the skill and ambition. Furthermore, if the man had had access to all the counterfeit money, he would not have made such a desperate round of the cafés, seeking a loan.

SOMEWHERE in the period between bilking Iskander and meeting the Lady of Good Deeds, he had found the counterfeit money. "But where?" Chafik asked the equestrian statue of King Faisal the First, which he was passing. The monarch who had tried to unite the Arab world continued his perpetual ride out of Baghdad toward Damascus. The Inspector made an obeisance and went to a nearby police station to telephone headquarters.

Sergeant Abdullah told him nine of the ten bills distributed by Madam Aliya had been recovered. "Sir, you have the tenth in your pocket," the sergeant said, reproaching him. "The one you took from your son, sir."

"I hope I do not spend it in my wanderings," Chafik said.

He was satisfied now that there had been no general issue. It was as he had expected; Khalib's passing of the forgeries had been an isolated incident. The Inspector continued his walk. There was no moon and the streets were dark. He crossed to the left bank by the upper bridge and so came to the old town and the neighborhood of the bazaars. Pedestrians avoided the little man in the white suit who made gestures and talked to himself.

"Would even Khalib dare to cheat God by giving charity with counterfeit coin?" Chafik demanded. "No!" he announced, and stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. "The creature didn't know it was bad money! He found it or stole it, and its owners followed him to get it back, and—"

He heard his voice, cursed the unbreakable habit that made him broadcast his thoughts, and took refuge in a shop where he habitually bought cigarettes. Chafik J. Chafik, you should be the city crier, not a policeman! he reprimanded himself. And then he said to the shopkeeper, "Khalib's skull was thin; he died before they could make him tell what he had done with the cash! How fortunate for the Lady of Good Deeds! But why did he give her the money in the first place? Eh?"

The tobacconist, an old man, said, "I'm not answering questions." His name was Setty; he had a criminal record and disliked the police.

"Is she as innocent as she looks?" the Inspector added, striking the counter with the flat of his hand, shocked by the thought.

"I don't want to hear anything," Setty told him. "I'll not talk, least of all about *Binti Ma'mum.*" He took a pack of Chafik's special brand from a drawer and looked up with softened expression at a cage where a bird fluttered. "Your noisy voice disturbs my Abdu," he complained.

Chafik was suddenly aware of the man, the cage and the cigarettes. He fumbled for money and tried to remember what he had said to annoy Setty. Always diplomatic, he admired the man's bird: "How unusual," he said, "to see one so plump and happy behind bars! He sings?"

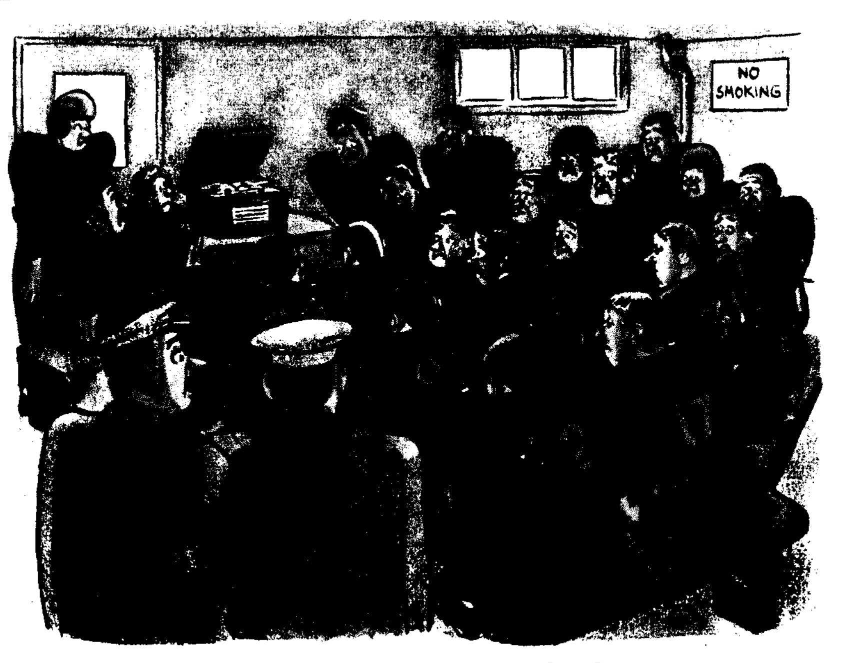
"Once Abdu sang like a muezzin, now not at all." The tobacconist shook his head sadly, took Chafik's money, then threw it down and shouted, "Father of Guile! You send your police to warn me of counterfeit, then give me worthless paper, hoping I will change it so you can arrest me!"

THE Inspector saw he had given the man the bill he had taken from Faisal. "A thousand apologies!" he said. "I did not intend . . ." He wanted to placate the man and had the inspiration to whistle at the silent bird. Abdu cocked his small head, wiped his beak on the perch, chirped, and then sang.

"Truly," exclaimed Setty, clasping his hands. "Abdu has the voice of an angel! And you, Inspector, must be the friend of angels to have inspired him after such long silence!"

Chafik murmured his gratitude to Abdu and praised God for the miracle of song. "You will co-operate and immediately report bad money?" he asked Setty as he replaced the counterfeit with the last bill in his wallet.

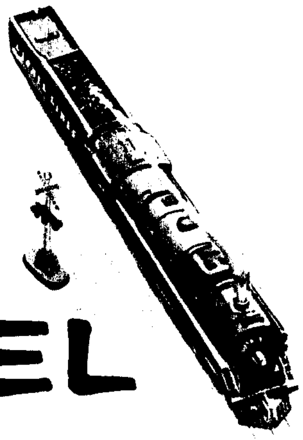
Setty promised. "Kindness deserves



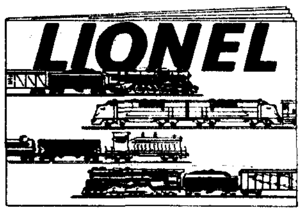
COLLIER'S "I have no respect for a coach who won't do his tongue-lashing in person" ROBERT DAY

Happy Family Circle!

This "ring-around-the-family" is the happiest hobby in millions of American homes. Father and son (and daughter, too!) team up as engineers of the world's most famous railroad . . . LIONEL! They send those real-life trains highballing around the track with all the extra speed and power of Lionel's exclusive *Magne-Traction*. And it's a joy for Mom, too. She knows everything is running smoothly . . . her family and Lionel Trains.



The big, colorful 1953 Lionel Catalog is great reading for the entire family . . . be sure to drop in at your Lionel dealer's for your copy.



LIONEL TRAINS

America's First Gin* is America's Best Gin!

BEST FOR MIXING - BEST STRAIGHT
BECAUSE IT'S THE GIN THAT
GIVES YOU All 4
★ Quality ★ Smoothness
★ Taste ★ Mixability

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

*FIRST GIN DISTILLED IN AMERICA • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

EST. 1870
FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Established 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

a kindness," he said and listened contentedly to the trilling of the bird, and then muttered, imitating the Inspector's habit of talking to himself, "I'll not tell him a thing about *Binti Ma'mum's* little black book!"

In his haste, Chafik left the cigarette on the counter, and he was running before he reached the end of the street. The significance of Madam Aliya's notebook and why some of the names listed in it were struck out had come home to him. "Oh, Mother of Rascals!" he cried. "I put a weapon in your frail and mischievous hands! It is double-edged—may the Merciful One protect your nice old throat!"

THE Inspector doubled through the alleyways of the bazaar and arrived at the rooming house where the Lady of Good Deeds lived the life of one of her own poor. There was a light in her window and Chafik took cover in a doorway. A cautious man, he wished a police patrol would come around, for he had no desire to use the gun in his shoulder holster.

He waited nearly half an hour, afraid to go to a telephone because Madam Aliya might be gone when he got back; then the light went out and the woman appeared. She was no more than a shadow in the dark street. Her body seemed formless in the bat-winged folds of the dark-colored chuddar. He recognized her by the oilcloth reticule that dangled from one hand, and by the way she hopped over ruts and piles of garbage, intent on some mission.

He followed. Her knowledge of this part of Baghdad was better than his own and he knew he must not frighten her with some unusual sound. He went quietly, staying close to the rough walls of unfriendly buildings, aware of the silence, afraid of the silence.

Madam Aliya stopped at a corner and, with an anxious gesture, opened her bag and began to rummage in it. Chafik was afraid that she had forgotten something and he backed into the shadows before she could turn.

A small dark man came up behind him and struck him. The Inspector was in a whirling spiral of shadow and light, and at the top, waiting, was the old lady. The reticule she carried was huge. Then he was inside it and heard the catch snap.

The room was cluttered; there was an ornate table, a confusion of chairs, an old-fashioned roll-top desk overflowing with papers, and, in a corner, a modern safe. It was an airless room but from somewhere came the odor of spices, heated oil and savory food.

Chafik's first movements told him he was lying on a divan and was not bound in any way, but they had taken his gun. His head throbbed and the light hurt his eyes. "It was more restful in that bag," he said, then raised himself and saw the Lady of Good Deeds sitting at his side.

She said, "Poor man," and touched him with a cooling hand.

He winced as he tried to raise his head. "Madam," the Inspector said. "I expected you to lead me to Khalib's killer. I know how you strive to encourage bad men to do charitable acts, but the violence that has been done to me confuses me. Could it be that my reasoning was wrong? Are you responsible—"

A voice from the door interrupted, saying, "For shame, my friend! How could you have any doubts about our *Binti Ma'mum*—that blackmailing old hag!" Anger choked the speaker.

It was, thought Chafik, quite logical when Joseph Iskander came into his range of vision: it explained the cooking odors—the room was above the Café of the Abundant Fruits. "I should have worked the thread into the pattern earlier," the little man said.

"Pattern?" repeated Joseph Iskander, puzzled.

"Ah, that habit of speaking thoughts! I was, Joseph, merely reprimanding myself. Obviously Khalib—the man that you had killed—was without funds when he came here, yet when he left, he went straight to Madam Aliya and gave her ten dinars—counterfeit—"

"Khalib, that thief!" exclaimed Iskander. "He robbed me! Last night—you remember?—he ate my food and drank my wine and went away without paying, but what he also did was to come into this office when I was busy with a fight downstairs—"

"I remember," Chafik said. "You told me you had to put men out of your nicely run kitchen of thieves."

Iskander nodded at the roll top. "I had the money on the desk," he went on. "The good counterfeit bills, Inspector! I had taken one sample from each of the packages that had arrived on the Taurus Express, and I was looking at them under the glass to make sure all had come from the same plate, then—"

"So careless to leave them on the desk," Chafik said.

"I slapped my face! The entire amount—fifty thousand dinars—all of it gone, all gone!—because a thief takes ten—just ten!—worthless pieces of paper!" The fat man swore.

Chafik said reprovingly, "There is a lady present, Joseph." He looked at the old lady huddled under the dark robe, and then he shook a finger at her and said, "You naughty one! How many years have you fed the poor of Baghdad by blackmailing Iskander?"

She lowered her eyes and there was a touch of laughter in her voice as she confessed, "One year, perhaps two."

"But the denouncements you wrote of various individuals are recent."

"One must sometimes apply unusual pressure, to squeeze blood from a stone," said the old lady.

"So there was revolt against your gentle touch!" the Inspector said, and then went on: "You had to make examples of certain individuals, whose names you then removed from your notebook! I do congratulate you on your presentation of these cases, madam. I presume your poor filled in the details?"

A SNARL from Iskander frightened the old lady and she lifted the folds of her chuddar over her face. Chafik once again was reminded of his son's retreat under the bedclothes. "For shame, Joseph!" he chided.

"But she makes me so angry!" complained the café proprietor. "The people tell her everything, and she goes around with her notebook and bag of denouncements and we have to pay. Look at what she wished to sell me"—he showed the Inspector three typewritten sheets—"for five thousand dinars!"

"A small sum for your neck. But I am shocked that madam should have offered to keep silent about murder."

"My poor," said the old lady with spirit, "might have benefited. The law, hanging a bad man, helps neither the living nor the dead."

"You see, Inspector?" said Iskander. "She has no respect for either of us! What is truly troublesome is that we have been unable to cut her throat because of her mob," he went on confidentially.

Chafik frowned; he remembered the empty streets. "I did not see her friends tonight," he said.

"I expected her this evening," Iskander told him. "I sent my men out to beat the heads of those who watch over her and then alert the mob. I regret that they also beat your head—"

Chafik touched the sore spot and then fumbled for cigarettes; he had none and exclaimed, "I must smoke!"

THE fat man made a contented sound. "So I have *Binti Ma'mum* and I have you, and neither her mob nor your police know where you are."

"I need cigarettes," Chafik said in the complaining voice of a small boy.

"My café has plenty—"

"Not my brand!"

"A condemned man is permitted small luxuries; we will get your brand." Iskander beckoned to one of his followers. "Wait! Who sells your cigarettes?" he asked suspiciously.

"A shop near the old bridge. Setty's place."

"Setty?" Iskander laughed. "No friend of the police, that one! Get the Inspector what he wants," he told the waiting man.

Chafik called the man back. "I desire to buy my own," he said with dignity and took a folded bill from his wallet. "I take nothing from murderers, nothing!" he added with a reproachful look at the Lady of Good Deeds. The old woman made a protesting gesture and the Inspector took her hand and patted it gently, forgivingly.

When the messenger returned with the cigarettes and the change from the dinar, Chafik returned the change, saying, "A fee for the executioner!"

So they sat, the old lady with her hands clasped, Iskander nursing his stomach, and the Inspector moving only to put the butt of a cigarette in an ash tray. Eventually Chafik asked, "What do you propose, Joseph?"

"The river," Iskander told him. "But let us wait until Baghdad sleeps, my friend."

Chafik added another butt to the tray—he had stacked them like logs—then he looked at his watch and said, "It is already tomorrow." He remembered the breakfast-table conversation with Faisal, and now he said with the wistfulness of remembrance, "What *was* the significance of tomorrow?"

"With two such valuable presents, it must be Death's birthday!" said Iskander. He watched Chafik add another butt to the pile. "So symmetrical!" he exclaimed.

A man came in and announced, "It's all quiet now and the boat is waiting."

The Inspector put out his last cigarette and reached for the tray. Iskander, rising, took it away and said, "Such a tidy man! All Baghdad knows how you pile the butts of your cigarettes!" He shook a reproving finger and added, "No clues! All this goes into the river with you."

The knuckles of Chafik's left hand touched his forehead in the Moslem's gesture of accepting his fate. "Let us go," he said to Madam Aliya and offered her his arm.

As they went out the old lady spoke from behind her robe, saying, "My poor might have won so much money, had they but abandoned me to this man."

The rear door of the Café of the Abundant Fruits opened on the mud flats of the Tigris. There was no moon, only the stars lighted the night, and it was so quiet that the sound of water rippling against the poles that marked the main channel seemed unnecessarily loud.

Iskander struck a match to guide the escort and prisoners. "Death's birthday," he said, pleased with his earlier jest. "Come, now! We cannot keep Death waiting!"

A beam of light came from the middle of the river, swept the bank, and found the boat where it was being steadied by a waiting oarsman. A yellow flame stabbed from the dark and was followed by the sound of a gun.

Joseph Iskander put his hands to his stomach and pitched forward into the mud. Chafik grasped the old lady and threw her down and lay beside her, saying, "Madam, please be still! You will do much for your poor in the future—with certain reservations as to method."

There was more shooting, and then somebody shouted, "Sir? Sir?" The searchlight of the police boat moored in the middle of the stream continued to search the mud flat.

The Inspector got up and called, "All is well, Abdullah. Kindly do not bleat at me, and put your gun away. *Binti Ma'mum*, our Lady of Good Deeds, has had enough of guns," he added.

He lighted a cigarette and went over to Iskander. The fat man was alive, but his round face was contorted by pain, and he held his stomach where the bullet had hit.

The Inspector gave him the cigarette. "A very special brand, Joseph," he said.

Iskander complained, "But all is so unjust! I had you both and surely no one knew it, yet your Abdullah and the police came. How?"

"The dinar, Joseph."

"Eh?"

"One of your excellent counterfeit bills, Joseph. *Binti Ma'mum* had given one of them to my son, from whom I recovered it—and it was that one I gave to your man to buy me cigarettes! Setty—"

"No friend of the police is that one! Why did he warn—" Iskander bit his lips in sudden pain.

"There was a prior incident with a bird—" Chafik commenced to tell the fat man, but the explanation came too late. "Such a waste!" said the Inspector, as he took the cigarette, which had fallen from the dying man's lips, and threw it away.

WHEN he came home to the house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings, it was dawn, and his wife Leila had returned from her visit. The small dark woman, who wore an expression of acquiescence that was to be expected of the wife of Chafik J. Chafik, extended her arms to him. "I did not expect to find you in such disorder," she said, with reference to his muddied clothes.

"That can be remedied," he said, embracing her. "What needs immediate attention," he added, pausing in enjoyment of his wife's perfumed hair, "is to understand the significance of today—"

"Today?" Leila repeated. She held the little man at arm's length to look at him.

"Yes, today! It was tomorrow, yesterday—so confusing! But today is what I ask you about. Why, for example, did our son need a dinar for the tomorrow today? His persistence eventually produced the clue that enabled me—"

Leila said, "As a detective you may be reasonable, but you are unreasonable as a father with a son. Faisal—and it is my fault. I forgot before I went away—needed money to buy you something for the tomorrow which is now today."

"Eh?" shouted the little man.

"I should not tell you, but he has a tie for you," whispered the small dark woman. "A beautiful foulard tie, my man! We—Faisal and I—know how you have admired it in that shop window. So go to Faisal; he awaits with the gift."

She took his ears and pulled his head down and kissed him. "Fool!" she said. "Don't you understand that this tomorrow, which has gloriously become today, is your birthday?"

—CHARLES B. CHILD

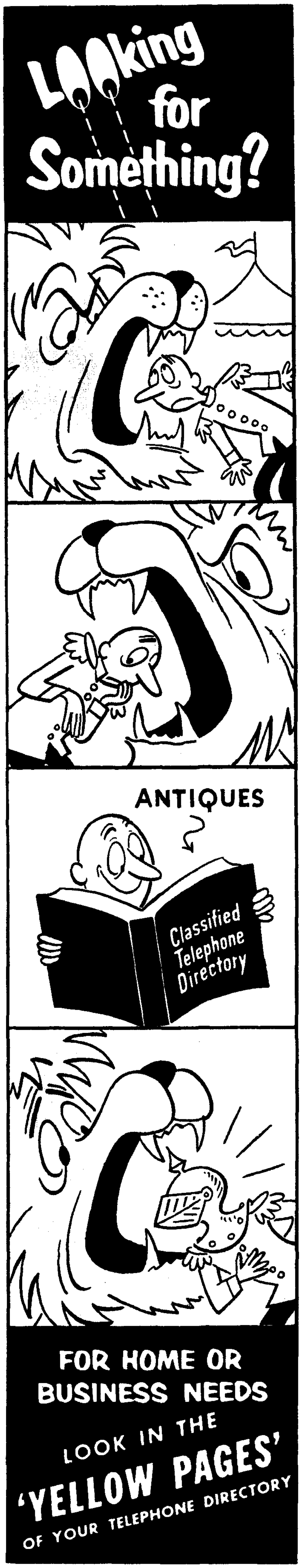
In the Next Collier's

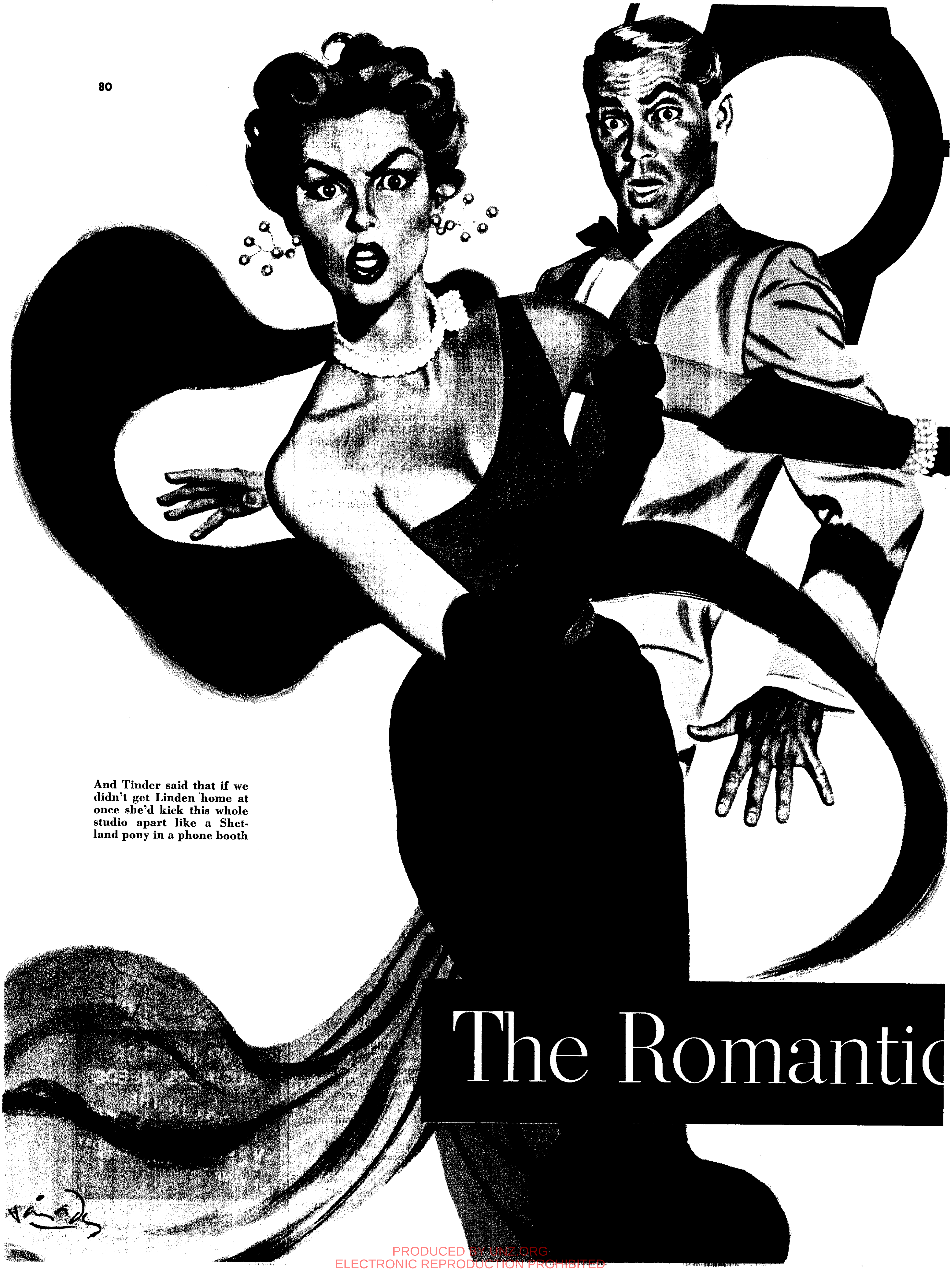
GOAL TO GO

A New Two-Part Serial

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

When All-America Scat Kavanagh signed to coach high-school football, his ambitious bride was furious. But that was only the start of Scat's troubles; the town of Junipero was out for blood—the new coach's blood

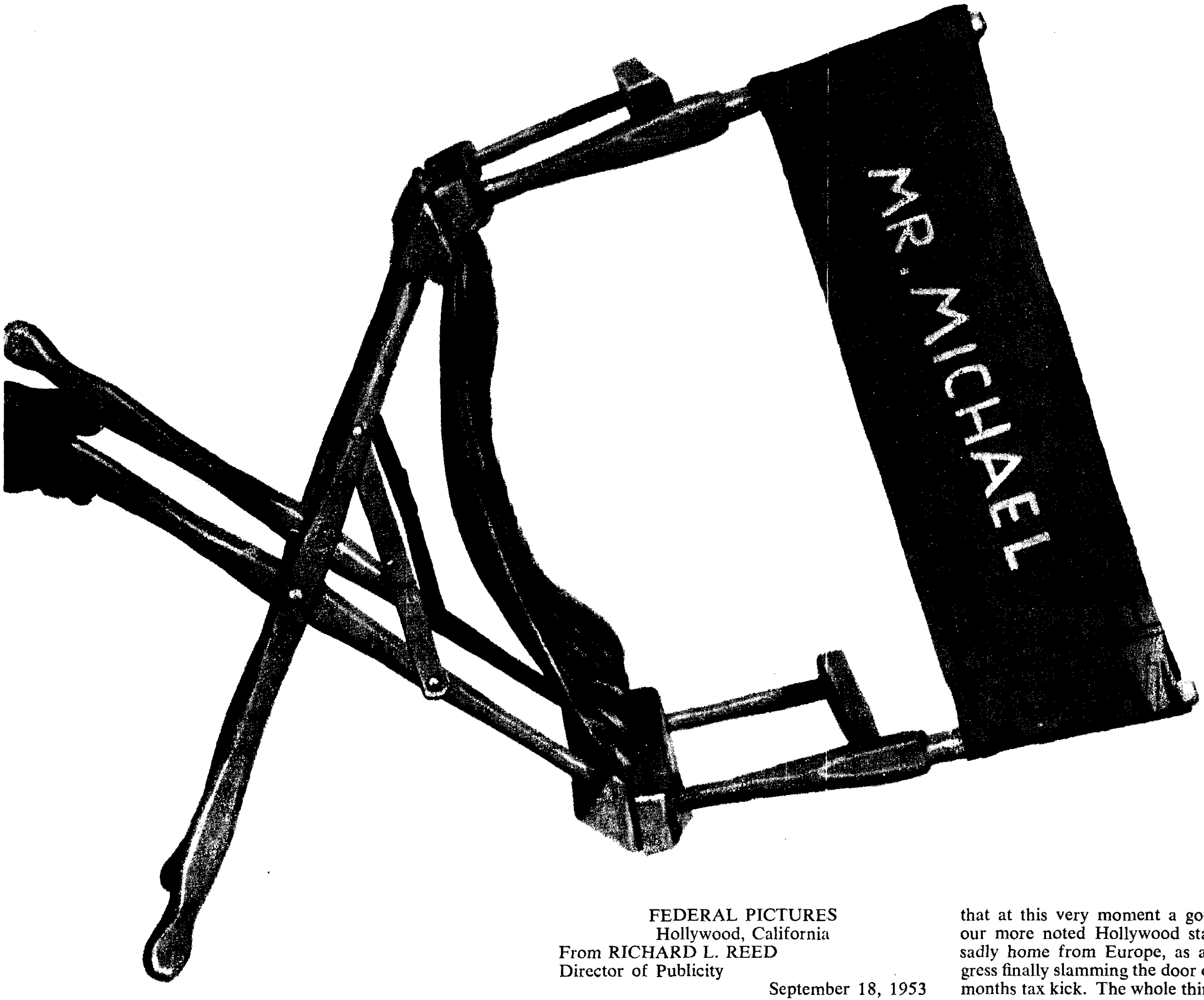

LOOking for Something?
ANTIQUES
Classified Telephone Directory
FOR HOME OR BUSINESS NEEDS
LOOK IN THE
'YELLOW PAGES'
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY



And Tinder said that if we didn't get Linden home at once she'd kick this whole studio apart like a Shetland pony in a phone booth

The Romanti

Dear George was in a jam when the European tax dodge caved in: How you gonna keep your stars down on the lot after they've seen Paree?



Taxpayer

By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity
September 18, 1953
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Mayflower Hotel
Washington, D.C.

Dear George:

George, old boy, turn up your hearing aid like a radio ham trying to get Hong Kong. What I mean is, listen. I have news that will make you jump for joy. I have been hoping for I don't know how long that an assignment would come along someday that you couldn't help but like, something to repay you for some of the little inconveniences I may have caused you—and now let me simply announce that the time is here. The millennium, George, has arrived.

What I want you to do, at once, is to hasten to the nearest haberdashery, buy yourself some natty new duds and hop aboard the next plane to Paris. At our expense. Gay Paree, lad, on us. That is this morning's announcement. And I am not kidding. That is exactly what I want you to do.

Because, George, a little something has come up over there that I need done—at once.

It has to do with that saddest of all documents, Form 1040. You are no doubt aware that at this very moment a goodly number of our more noted Hollywood stars are trickling sadly home from Europe, as a result of Congress finally slamming the door on that eighteen-months tax kick. The whole thing was of course as ridiculous as a seven-legged dog. We needed a few oil workers in Saudi Arabia, so Congress got speedy for once and passed this fool law saying that any spirited adventurers who worked abroad for eighteen months would have to pay no income tax on the proceeds. Get your tools, fellows, and away.

Unfortunately, they failed to realize that other citizens, who owned no tools at all, would be able to take advantage of the same law. And since Hollywood almost simultaneously started this mad rash of making Hollywood pictures practically everywhere in the known world except in Hollywood, we soon had the amazing spectacle of a lot of able-bodied movie stars roughing it in the better European spas, making foreign pictures by the score, and confidently expecting to arrive home with enough tax-free dough to choke a storm drain. And this was all due to a law designed solely to get some technical know-how in Saudi Arabia. That's the trouble with passing laws, George; it's so difficult to think of everything. You pass a law to aid lighthouse keepers, and you find that it gives Gregory Peck the right to take your wife to the beach for three weeks.

At any rate, Congress soon discovered that they had goofed on this one. And besides, no

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

All American Choice

EARLY TIMES

Now America's Leading Premium Straight Whisky*

Tops the field for flavor . . . a hit with fans everywhere . . . Early Times, truly the "All American Choice" because it's every ounce a *man's* whisky—every man's best whisky buy.

*EARLY TIMES OUTSELLS ALL OTHER STRAIGHT WHISKIES AT OR ABOVE ITS PRICE.

Every Ounce a Man's Whisky

EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Early Times Distillery Company
Louisville 1, Kentucky • 86 Proof

family scratching to pay three hundred bucks' income tax enjoys reading about movie stars planning to come home from Europe with great bundles of tax-free loot. So finally Congress got around to passing this new little law, saying that they were only kidding on the first one, thereby putting the lid on the pickle barrel at this particular tax picnic. And so our movie stars have come trickling home, sadder but wiser.

Perhaps you're beginning to wonder how these mighty international problems concern you. Well, I will tell you.

As you know, we recently made a picture over there called Parisian Springtime, starring that noted romantic star Mr. Robert Linden and our own new sensation—Miss Tinder Ryan. Well, George, as you also know, this foreign production business is by no means all peaches and cream; in fact, Parisian Springtime took us well into the summer before we could get the thing in the cancan. And by the time we did get it finished, Miss Tinder Ryan had fallen head over heels in love with Mr. Robert Linden, completely beyond any needs of the script, and he simultaneously and likewise with her. The fact is that after dancing the fandango all over Paris for several blissful weeks, they visited a local preacher on the very afternoon of boat day, and became one—officially.

At this tender point in the romance we dragged Miss Ryan home to start another picture, and Mr. Linden, with no contract to bind him, was unable to resist the financial wooing of staying over there to perform the tax kick. Love is love, but a quarter of a million dollars is money.

So he stayed. But, as I say, we brought her home. And by the time we got her back here, a couple of her earlier pictures had been released; her little hip-flip had become the nation's passion; and she was suddenly the hottest thing on this lot—with practically all hands feverishly preparing additional pictures for her. What with 3-D and our other troubles, the truth is that if it weren't for Miss Tinder Ryan and her wiggle-walk, this whole studio would be as quiet as a Theda Bara movie. I know it sounds ridiculous, but such are the current facts in this magic-lantern dodge.

And, George, not to delay the bad stuff any longer, the terrible part of it is that Miss Tinder Ryan, with fortune at her feet, has not been at all happy. Ever since she got home Linden has naturally been writing her long and impassioned letters, telling her all the dandy things he was going to buy her with the tax money, but even so Miss Tinder Ryan's only desire in this world has been to get Mr. Linden home, and start making the draperies.

But now, even with the tax kick knocked higher than a kite, Linden still refuses to come home. He says if Congress changed its mind once, it can change it again, and he intends to wait it out, on the off-chance that some way may yet be found to salvage part of his tremendous tax swag. He says he's read of Japanese soldiers still holding out in the Pacific, and he says if they can hold out for eight years on those islands, he can hold out for a few more months in Paris. I know it sounds idiotic, but a quarter of a million dollars can make a man do some pretty idiotic things.

But Miss Ryan, let me tell you, doesn't agree at all with these financial shenanigans. Right in the middle of an important love scene she suddenly burst into tears, threw director Michael Michael's mink-lined canvas chair at him, and in general created quite a scene around here. She ended up by announcing that if we didn't get Mr. Robert Linden home at once she would kick this whole studio apart like a Shetland pony in a telephone booth, and until we did get him home she wasn't going to flip another hip, not in this picture or in any of the other seventeen we've got lined up for her. We could go, in other words, to you know where. And then she disappeared into her dressing room, slamming the door in such a manner as to break several panes of the pink-tinted glass therein. It is now nearly noon, and the only person she has allowed to enter is the boy from a nearby health store, bringing a case of gin she evidently ordered over her dressing-room telephone.

Well, as you can imagine, this has precipitated quite a crisis. When you are dealing with children, losing the jacks can be a real problem. There have been countless and frantic huddles of the brass, and Mr. Lou Bentley has finally held a short conference with Miss Ryan, through one of the broken panes. He has definitely promised to get Mr. Linden home, at once, and Miss Ryan has accordingly agreed to resume hip-flipping. Art moves on.

We are left with only one little problem. Nobody here has any idea how to get Linden home. Bentley is sitting in my office this very minute, looking ashen. He has promised to deliver a bird which he doesn't possess, and unless he delivers said bird, he's dead.

And the reason he's sitting in my office, George, is because the minute I learned of the full situation I naturally stepped modestly forward and offered to take this little task off his hands. Since it was impossible, I said, I had just the man for it.

So get over there, George, and get that guy home.

Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

ANY MAN WHO THINKS MORE OF MONEY THAN HE DOES OF MISS TINDER RYAN IS OBVIOUSLY INSANE AND I WOULDN'T APPROACH HIM WITH A PIKE POLE. BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE PARIS. WHY DON'T I GO LATER, AFTER HE'S COME HOME? WHY SPOIL A NICE TRIP? GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
MAYFLOWER HOTEL
WASH DC

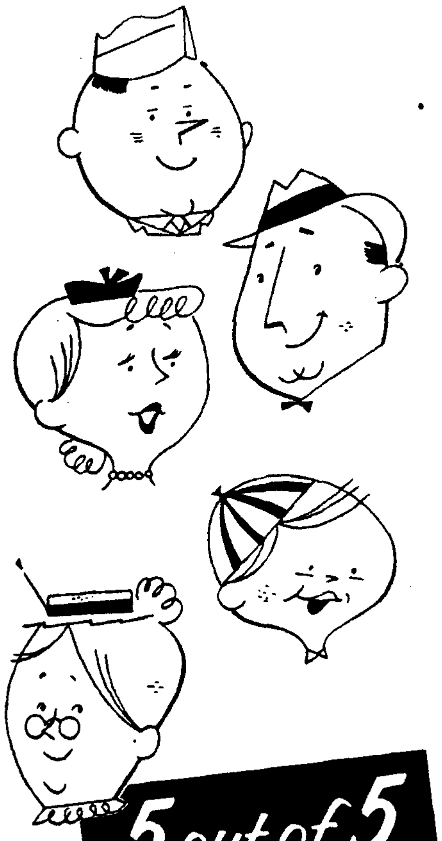
UNLESS YOU GO IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. YOU CAN GO AT ANY TIME YOU PREFER. I TRUST MY MEANING IS CLEAR. RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK BOY, LISTEN. ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO SERVE, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I CAN'T MAKE A GROWN MAN COME HOME FROM EUROPE IF HE DOESN'T WANT TO. WELL, I COULD, BUT HOW WOULD I GET THE BODY ABOARD THE BOAT? SURELY THERE IS SOMEONE ELSE ON HAND OUT THERE THAT THIS DESERVING GIRL COULD FALL IN LOVE WITH. SHE'S ATTRACTIVE. HAS SHE TRIED GOING TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS? GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
MAYFLOWER HOTEL
WASH DC

THANK YOU, BEATRICE FAIRFAX.



5 out of 5 preferred

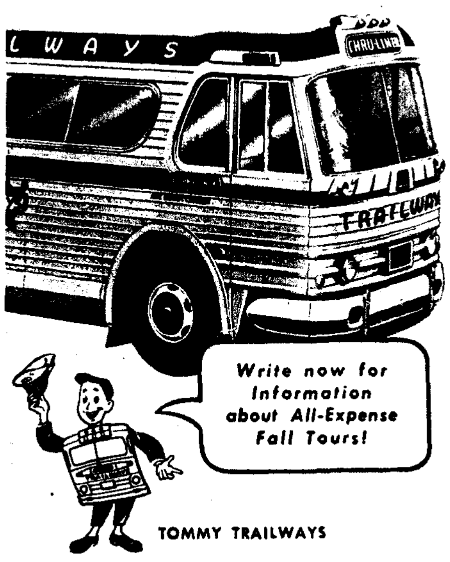
THRU-LINERS

the smartest distance between two points

When asked what type of bus service they preferred, every bus traveler questioned liked Thru Buses with no changes en route.

Trailways was first to offer this modern Thru-Bus service and "THRU-LINER ROUTES" now comprise a major portion of Trailways cross-country service.

So do as millions do . . . call your friendly Trailways Agent *first* next time you decide to take a trip . . . enjoy TRAILWAYS THRU-LINER luxury at no extra cost.


LWAYS
THRU-LINER
TRAILWAYS
Write now for Information about All-Expense Fall Tours!
TOMMY TRAILWAYS

TRAILWAYS

108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AND NOW, IF YOU'RE READY, LET'S GET GOING, SHALL WE? REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
YES, SIR. SEIBERT

HOTEL GEORGE V
Paris
September 23, 1953
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I knew it. I knew that there must be a joker in this deck that you weren't aware of. Your version of this fool's errand just didn't make sense.

Let me inform you that I am here, I have found the missing link, and boy, it's a beauty. It changes this thing from impossible to completely impossible.

I knew all along, of course, that the reason you chose me for this expedition was because I'd been out on about eighteen public-appearance tours with Linden and thus knew him rather well. You cannily figured that I could use auld lang syne to worm my way into his confidences. Actually, I decided that the only thing to do was to be honest with him. So when I got in last night, I checked into this Paris version of the Hollywood Roosevelt—hang the expense—and called his suite. Bob, I said, when he answered, this is George, and I have been sent over here to bring you home; are you going to make it easy or hard for me?

George, he said, after a pause, I have been expecting something like this, but I would still like a little more time to think it over. If you will have breakfast with me at ten, I will probably tell all.

Well, I have just come from that breakfast, and let me tell you I still don't understand why we can't make an omelet the way the French do. All they use are eggs and butter and a skillet, but theirs is good. And that wonderful creamy hot chocolate! Why in the world don't we learn to cook like that? If you ask me I think the trick on the omelet is to use far more butter than you'd think necessary, and then take it off the *instant* it's done.

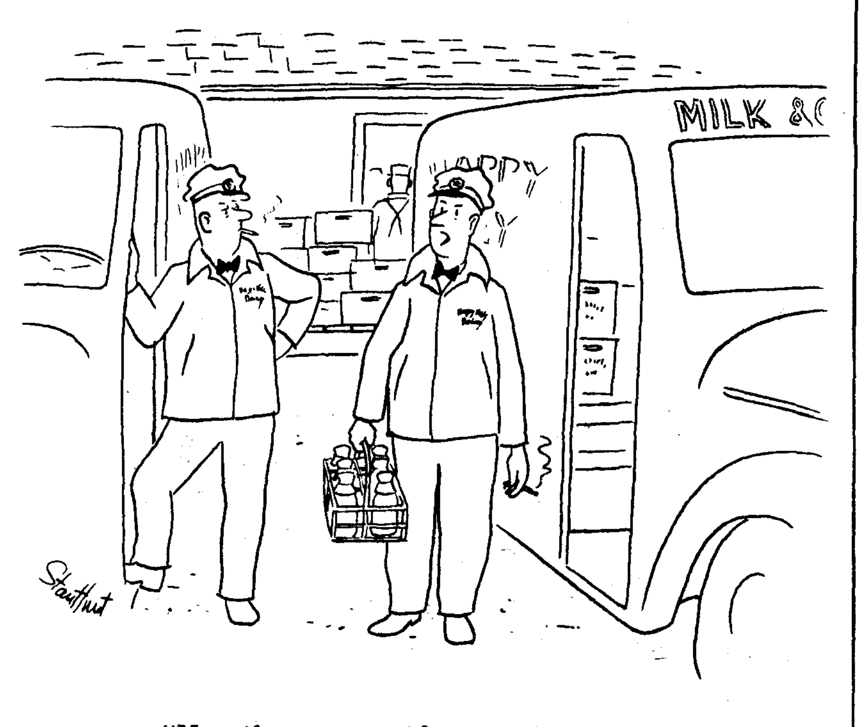
But, Dick, maybe you're anxious to know what Linden said.

He said he wasn't coming home. But you'll never guess why.

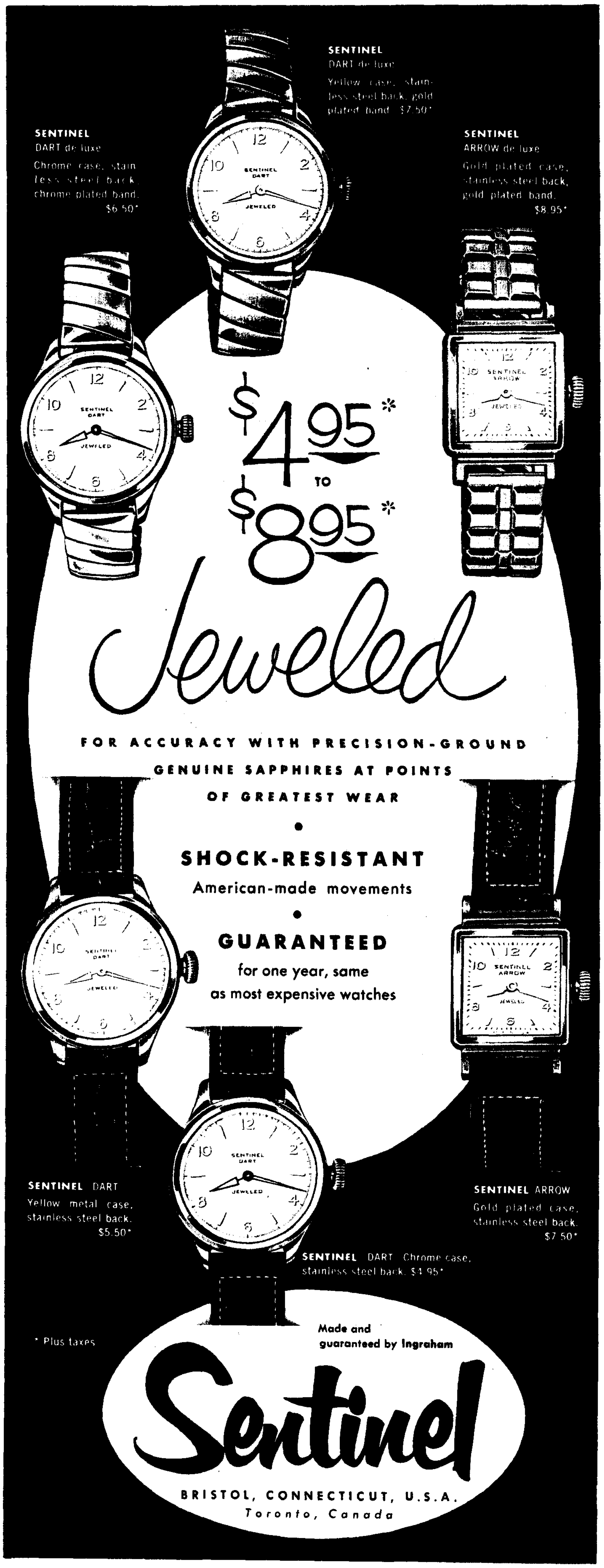
Dick, when it comes to this love business, you keep forgetting that it takes two to tango, meaning that the whole reason Linden has been staying over here all along was not to dodge any taxes at all, but to dodge Miss Tinder Ryan, his new bride and the nation's heartthrob. None of her fans would believe this, I know, but such is the case.

George, said Bob, with a look of great weariness on his famous countenance, as you know, I have been married to quite a group of these glamor girls, and while it's interesting work there are times when a man feels that he should get combat pay. For some reason, they're all so infernally healthy. That Ryan girl's idea of a restful evening was to racket around Paris till dawn, drop past the hotel and change clothes, and head for the studio singing carols. What an incredible piece of perpetual motion!

George, he went on, don't think that it hasn't been fun, and don't think that I don't bear a true regard for the former Miss Tinder Ryan; but, George, the pace is beginning to tell. When that girl finally got on that boat, I crept into my gilded hammock here and slept for four days. *That* is the reason I stayed over here—not this tax thing. I owe the government so much money in back taxes that I couldn't get even if I stayed over here long enough to learn Greek. It's just that I don't dare expose the remaining mileage in this moderately famous carcass to that young woman's volcanic affections. Three months with her and I'd be playing character parts. I was a foolish, impetuous boy when I latched onto that girl, but believe me, I want no more of her. I don't dare. As long as I can continue to use any feeble remnant of this tax thing as an excuse, I'm staying right here, and would you please not mention women to me



COLLIER'S "My wife gets up with me at four thirty every morning so I can get her breakfast" STAN HUNT


SENTINEL
DART de luxe
Yellow case, stainless steel back, gold plated band. $7.50*

SENTINEL
DART de luxe
Chrome case, stainless steel back, chrome plated band. $6.50*

SENTINEL
ARROW de luxe
Gold plated case, stainless steel back, gold plated band. $8.95*

$4.95* TO $8.95*

Jeweled

FOR ACCURACY WITH PRECISION-GROUND GENUINE SAPPHIRES AT POINTS OF GREATEST WEAR

•

SHOCK-RESISTANT
American-made movements

•

GUARANTEED
for one year, same as most expensive watches

SENTINEL DART
Yellow metal case, stainless steel back. $5.50*

SENTINEL ARROW
Gold plated case, stainless steel back. $7.50*

SENTINEL DART Chrome case, stainless steel back. $4.95*

* Plus taxes

Made and guaranteed by Ingraham

Sentinel

BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.
Toronto, Canada

again. And now would you like another slab of this splendid omelet?

In other words, it can't be done. He is not going to come back to Hollywood and stick his head in that blonde lion's mouth. There's no way in the world that he could avoid her there; and if any of those busy columnists ever got onto the real story, he'd get laughed right out of town. Nothing is as ludicrous as an unhorsed great lover.

So please treat all this in the strictest confidence, which is how I got it. Bob is not only my friend but a nice guy at heart, and I can't see what we could gain by dragging him back there at this time. Even if it could be done, which it can't. Believe me, this girl is just going to have to make other plans.

And as soon as she does fall for somebody else, cable me at once, and Linden and I will come home. We'll make out somehow till we hear from you. If we're not here, try the Hotel Carlton at Cannes.

We may be obliged to go down there to help a fellow with his yacht.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL GEORGE V
PARIS

MOST AMAZING COINCIDENCE. JUST AS I FINISHED YOUR LETTER TINDER CAME IN, AND SHE'S FALLEN HOOK, LINE AND YO-YO FOR ANOTHER GUY. SAYS SHE HOPES SHE NEVER SEES LINDEN AGAIN. COME HOME AT ONCE. WHAT LUCK.

REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DEALING WITH A SCHOOLBOY? LINDEN TELEPHONED THE BARTENDER AT CIRO'S, HOLLYWOOD, TO CHECK, AND TINDER WAS IN LAST NIGHT AS USUAL, SHOWING EVERYONE HER SNAPS OF HIM. PLEASE, NO MORE OF YOUR CHILDISH TRICKS. BUT IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING GOOD, LET ME KNOW. I'M SURE GETTING TIRED OF OMELETS. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL GEORGE V
PARIS

GEORGE, YOU GET THAT GUY HOME AT ONCE. I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT OR WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM WHEN HE GETS HERE. LET HIM BUY HIS OWN TRACK SHOES. ALL I KNOW IS THAT WE HAVE GUARANTEED TINDER A FREE SHOT AT HIM, AND I INTEND TO SEE THAT SHE GETS IT. OTHERWISE SHE IS GOING TO QUIT ON US LIKE A CHEAP FUEL PUMP. SO GET GOING. AT ONCE. IS THAT CLEAR? REED

HOTEL GEORGE V
Paris
September 28, 1953
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, what do you know, things are looking up. When I got your sympathetic cable Saturday, I first thought that the only sensible course was just to stroll over and throw myself in the Seine. This project seemed to have blown its cork.

So I rushed for the Seine, going by way of the Place Pigalle to take a last look at the advertising stills outside the bistros. What window shopping! Rows and rows of ladies, and not a stitch to wear among them. And the longer I looked, the sillier suicide became. So much work to be done.

And suddenly I had the solution to the whole thing. Any man who would not want women mentioned to him in Paris must indeed be tired of women. The only way to reach poor Mr. Linden was evidently to get entirely off this dull subject and talk of other things—something not available here. What could it be?

And suddenly I had it. All week end I have hung onto Mr. Linden like a tail, talking endlessly of such wholesome outdoor topics as golf, deep-sea fishing, walks along the Pacific, and how the Los Angeles Rams look this year. And every third sentence, I asked him what he'd heard lately from his two famous pals at such pursuits, Johnny Oak and Bill Spires. I bedeviled him with tales, some true, about how the albacore had been hitting off Catalina all summer. Or I'd wonder how things were out at Lakeside—did Hope still rush over there every noon to play a couple of holes between takes? And what had he heard from Johnny and Bill?

And gradually it began to take effect. After lunch today he drifted over to the fireplace and began hitting approach shots with the poker. George, he said, I fully realize what you've been up to, but I think maybe you're right. This place is no fun without Johnny and Bill. What I'd give to see those guys. George, when you get to be my age that's the life: plenty of golf, fiddling around with a cabin cruiser, good days in the open —no women to bother you . . .

And shaking his head sadly, he went back to hitting approach shots with the poker.

So you can forget this one. In another day or two, as soon as I have his appetite whetted enough, I'll give him the rest of the plan.

And it's all so simple. All Tinder knows of him is his Paris, or romantic, side. She knows nothing of Linden the outdoor man. All he has to do, as soon as I can arouse enough nerve in him to face her, is to come back to Hollywood and immediately go on a big outdoor kick with Johnny and Bill, dragging Tinder along every minute she isn't busy at the studio: days and days on the golf course, if possible using her as a caddy; fishing trips till her little rod sags. All the time, of course, he will be telling her that this is just his normal life in Hollywood; nothing like a good day in the open with the fellows.

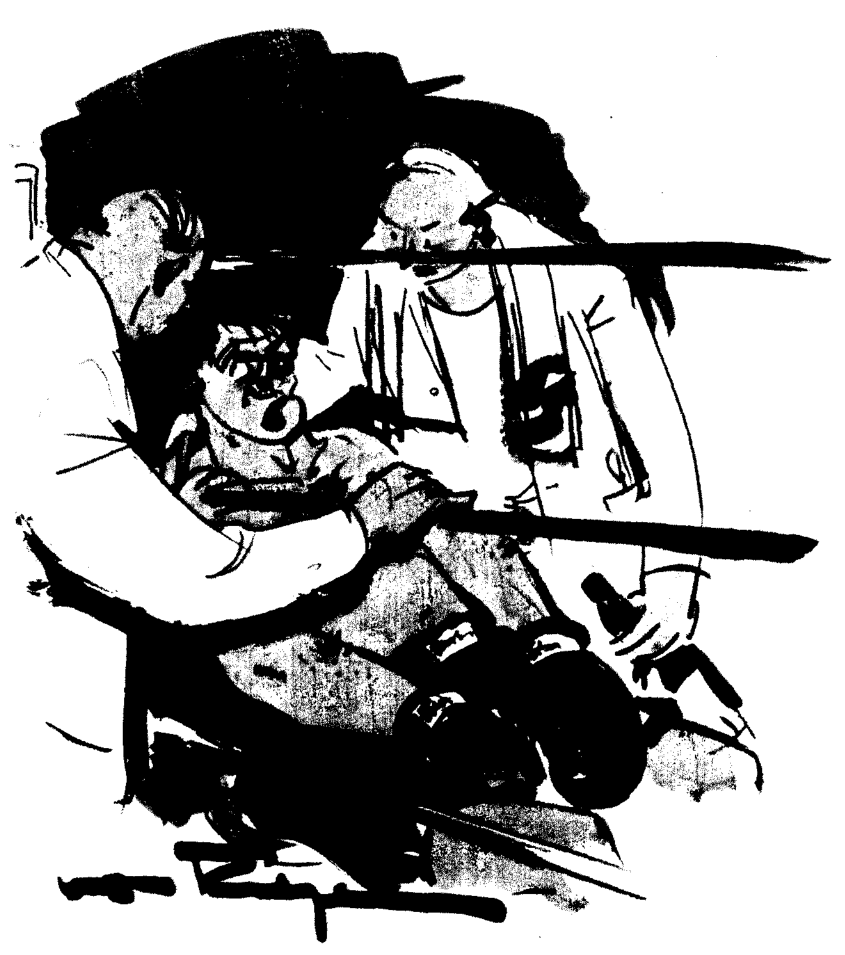
And unless I miss my guess, in not over three weeks she will toss in the sponge. The one thing in this world no glamor girl can stand is too much sunshine, as it is very hard to be sexy with a peeling nose. And as soon as she realizes that she has married another Tarzan, she will grab her vanishing cream and head for the exit. And all that the columnists will be able to say is that he was too much the big strong he-man, which can only help him with his fans.

It is, in short, a perfect plan. Feel free to start lobbying for my bonus.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL GEORGE V
PARIS

YOU KNUCKLEHEAD. YOU HALF-WIT, YOU HOTFOOT IN LIFE'S WOODEN SHOE. YOU MADE LINDEN LONESOME FOR JOHNNY AND BILL ALL RIGHT. SO LONESOME THAT LAST NIGHT HE CALLED UP HERE,



COLLIER'S "He's just lucky he's able to outsmart me!" VON RIEGEN

*SID and IMOGENE Show You...

Six TDC ways to give the season's very best slide "SHOW OF SHOWS"

❶ GREATER BRILLIANCE
Blower-cooled 500-watt TDC Streamliner "500" has 5" f/3.5 *anastigmat* lens. Selectron Semimatic 2x2" slide changer ......$84.50†

❷ EASY PORTABILITY
Built into its own metal case, blower-cooled TDC ShowPak "300" has 300-watt illumination, 4" f/3.5 *anastigmat* lens, handy slide file......$54.50†

❸ SMOOTHER SHOWING
Selectron Semimatic Changer is included with TDC DeLuxe Model D (at top), 300-watt blower-cooled projector, 5" f/3.5 *anastigmat* lens..$69.50†

❹ USE A SELECTRON SLIDE CHANGER
on your TDC Slide Projector to show slides easier, safer, faster without fuss, work.
Semimatic.....$12.50
Automatic.....$25.00

❺ USE TDC PRESTOMOUNTS
to protect your slides from dust, scratches, fingerprints. Easy to assemble, reusable metal and glass.
Box of 20.......$1.85

❻ USE TDC SELECTRAYS
to store, file and keep 30 slides ready for instant projection without handling. Custom-type, numbered $1.50
Econo-Type.....$1.00

*Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca star in NBC-TV's "Your Show of Shows" Sat., 9 P.M., E.S.T.

†Fed. Tax incl. Prices subject to change without notice.

SEND COUPON FOR YOUR FREE SLIDE BOOKLET
Rus Arnold, A.P.S.A., shows and tells how to have better slide shows.

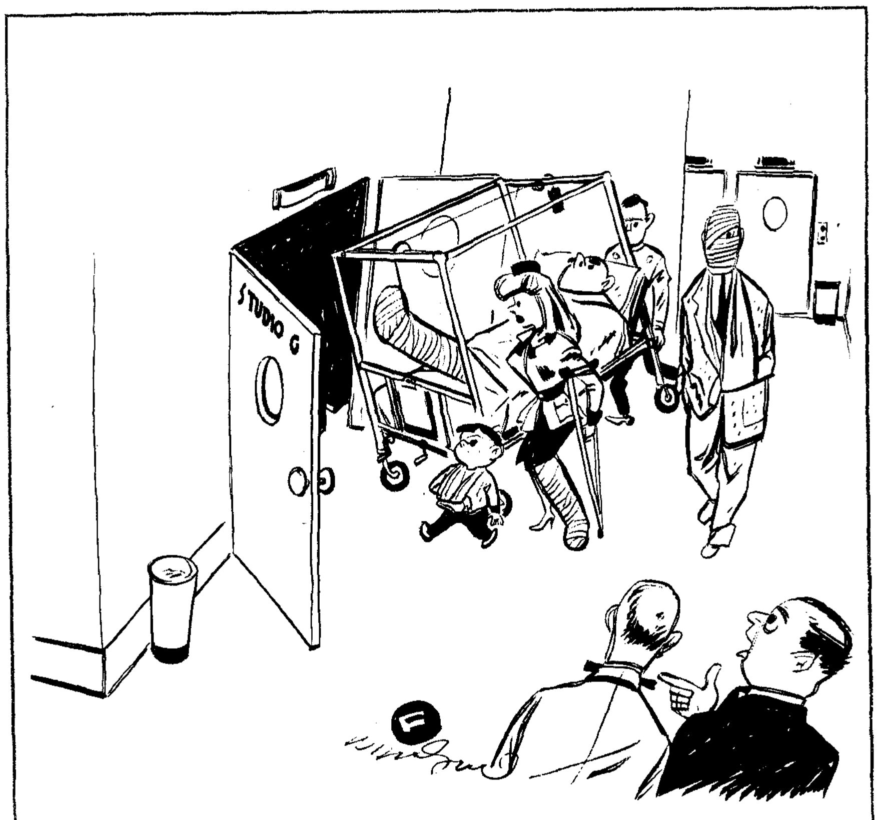
THREE DIMENSION CO., DEPT. E1153
3512 N. Kostner, Chicago 41, Ill.

Send my FREE copy of the slide photography and projection booklet.

Name..........

Address..........

City..........Zone.......State..........



COLLIER'S "They're televising a soap opera. There's the cast going in now!" FRITZ WILKINSON

TALKED TO BOTH OF THEM, AND THEY'VE BOTH JUST LEFT FOR PARIS TO CHEER HIM UP. AND THEIR WIVES, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE LINDA LEE AND JANE RILEY, THE CO-STARS OF THE ONLY OTHER PICTURE IN PRODUCTION ON THIS LOT, AND NOW THEY'RE BOTH MAD AND ARE ABOUT TO QUIT IN A HUFF, AND BENTLEY NATURALLY BLAMES ME FOR THE WHOLE THING. YOU'RE FIRED, NATURALLY, BUT WHAT DO I DO NOW? REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WONDERFUL. EVERYTHING WORKING OUT JUST FINE. TELL THE GIRLS TO HAVE COMPLETE FAITH FOR A FEW MORE DAYS AND I'LL HAVE THIS WHOLE THING WORKED OUT. FOR EVERYBODY. BELIEVE ME, I'VE GOT IT SOLVED. AIR MAIL SPECIAL FOLLOWS WITH FULL DETAILS.
GEORGE

HOTEL GEORGE V
Paris
October 1, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

First I have a small confession to make. I must admit that when I got your cable saying Johnny and Bill were flying over here, it did come as something of a surprise. In fact, for several minutes there I was unable to move; I thought that apoplexy had set in.

But then reason returned, and I tottered shakily to a chair and began to think in a calm, logical manner. And the more I thought, the more I saw that the important thing was not that Johnny and Bill had dropped everything and flown over here, but *why?* How could two grown married men, who make several thousand dollars a week, suddenly drop everything and come clear over here just to play golf with another grown man? It didn't make sense.

Well, the fact is that it makes very good sense, as I found out this afternoon shortly after they got in. Fellows, I said, Bob is naturally delighted to see you, and so, Heaven knows, am I, but how can you scorn the paymaster in this cavalier fashion?

George, said Bill, it is due to a phenomenon of the times. Our beautiful wives, bless 'em, also make several thousand dollars a week, and taxes being what they are, and with the eighteen-months thing out, it has become simply foolhardy for two movie stars in the same family to slave away simultaneously. So since our loyal wives have these unfortunate long-term contracts, and thus have to work, Johnny and I recently decided to take a short vacation of a couple of years or so. That's why we haven't liked any of the recent roles offered us.

We haven't told our wives yet about this interesting decision, he went on, but they can hardly fail to agree that it's a brilliant plan, because when their contracts are up, two or three years from now, Johnny and I, well rested and fresh, will leap into the breach and just act all over the place, and they can take a breather. And due to taxes, this rest won't cost us a dime. And now, George, if you will pardon us, we would like to seek out a local golf course, because what we are over here for is to aid this needy friend.

After going over to Johnny's suite, and changing clothes, they headed in a roistering manner for the golf course.

And, Dick, there you have it. Taxes again. Always taxes. It's getting so a man can't take a drink of spring water without first figuring the tax angle.

Well, I propose to put an end to it. Enough of this nonsense. Trying to attack these ridiculous truancy problems under the present tax setup is impossible. You fix up one thing, and the fire only breaks out somewhere else. It's like trying to kill an octopus by trimming his toenails.

Dick, what we have got to do now is clear. There is only one possible course of action. I must go to Washington, take up this whole Hollywood tax situation with the proper authorities, and

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER
HERBERT TAREYTON
WITH THE GENUINE CORK TIP

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON
TAREYTON

MRS. JAY RUTHERFURD, beautiful member of New York and Palm Beach society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Rutherfurd says: "I find Herbert Tareyton's genuine cork tip especially nice, and so many of my friends do, too."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

"So Easy On the Eyes!"

say owners of

SYLVANIA TV with HALOLIGHT

The Frame of Light That's Kinder to Your Eyes

Yes, actual owners—*thousands of them*—say HaloLight is the greatest eye comfort feature in all television. And only Sylvania TV has HaloLight—the frame of light that softens the contrast between bright picture and surrounding darkness.

HaloLight is now available on more models—at lower prices than ever. See the 40 beautiful new 1954 Sylvania models at your nearest Sylvania TV dealer. Visit him *today*.

Fair Haven, Conn.: My Sylvania TV with HaloLight is best set I've seen. It's easy on the eyes...and makes the picture seem clearer and larger.
Mrs. Joseph Pascarella

Ft. Thomas, Kentucky: Talk about bright, clear, beautiful pictures, I've never seen anything to compare with Sylvania TV with HaloLight!
Davis T. Moore

Des Moines, Iowa: I can watch my Sylvania with HaloLight all evening and my eyes feel good. Certainly glad I bought Sylvania Television.
Al W. Jacobs

Jackson, Michigan: HaloLight is an outstanding feature in television. We get clear reception—no snow or other interference. A wonderful set.
Mrs. John Crawford

North Madison, Indiana: The picture always comes in clear and true to life. Our evenings are so enjoyable with our new Sylvania set.
Mrs. Hilda M. Cordrey

Pomona, California: Satisfied in every way. Sylvania's picture and sound best I've seen. Beautiful mahogany cabinet. And HaloLight is excellent.
W. H. Ross

HaloLight is a Sylvania Trademark

SYLVANIA TV

Sylvania Electric Products Inc.
254 Rano Street, Buffalo 7, New York

work out some better arrangements. Go over everything. All our returns for the past several years, individual by individual, studio by studio.

I am therefore leaving tomorrow morning for Washington. And when I get through pounding the table there, let me assure you that some of these tax problems will be solved.

Hurried regards,
George

BILLY RUKE
FEDERAL PICTURES DIST CORP
WASH DC

QUICK. STATION ARMED GUARDS ALL ENTRANCES FEDERAL INCOME TAX HEADQUARTERS. GEORGE ON WAY THERE TO HELP US WITH OUR TAXES. MUST NATURALLY BE STOPPED AT ALL COSTS. FIVE MINUTES IN THAT PLACE AND HE COULD HAVE ALL OF US IN JAIL. NOT THAT WE'RE CROOKED, NOT THAT AT ALL, BUT THEY MIGHT CONSIDER SOME OF OUR CHURCH CONTRIBUTIONS A LITTLE HIGH. PARTICULARLY MINE. SO STOP HIM. WATCH ALL HIGHWAYS. SCAN THE SKIES. SET UP IMPENETRABLE DEFENSE. AND SINCE HE WILL NO DOUBT SLIP THROUGH ANYWAY, BENTLEY AND REPRESENTATIVES FROM SEVERAL OTHER STUDIOS, WITH A GREAT COVEY OF TAX EXPERTS, ARE LEAVING HERE AT ONCE BY PLANE TO UNDO DAMAGE IF POSSIBLE. TILL THEY CAN GET THERE, DO YOUR BEST. AND IF YOU SEE GEORGE, BEAT HIM WITH A WET SACK TILL THE FIRE'S OUT.
RICHARD L. REED

ROBERT LINDEN
HOTEL GEORGE V
PARIS

WELL, YOU ROVER BOYS, THERE'LL BE SKATING ON THE POND TONIGHT. TINDER, LINDA AND JANE ON WAY TO PARIS TO JOIN YOU. ALL DUE TO YOUR GREAT FRIEND GEORGE. JUST BEFORE HE LEFT FOR WASHINGTON HE TELEPHONED THE GIRLS HERE WITH LURID TALES OF HOW YOU THREE WERE LIVING IT UP OVER THERE. IT SEEMS THAT THAT GUY HAS FINALLY LOST HIS MIND.
RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

SOMEBODY HAS EVIDENTLY LOST HIS MIND, BUT NOT GEORGE. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JUST BEFORE HE LEFT FOR WASHINGTON? GEORGE IS RIGHT HERE. SO ARE OUR DEAR WIVES. PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD IS HERE EXCEPT YOU. WHY DON'T YOU GET YOUR GOLF CLUBS AND COME OVER. BEST.
BOB LINDEN

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YES, RICHARD. WHATEVER COULD YOU MEAN? I'M RIGHT HERE. AND EVERYTHING IS JUST FINE. JUST DANDY. AS YOU'LL SEE ANY MINUTE IN AIR MAIL SPECIAL ALREADY ON WAY.
GEORGE

HOTEL GEORGE V
Paris

October 7, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, now we can get a few things cleared up. I might even say it's about time.

First, this Washington business. I naturally never intended to go to Washington. That was just to keep you occupied till I could work out this main problem. But the move, while subsidiary, was not without its own intent. I knew if I threatened to go to Washington and take up these tax matters, Bentley and some of the real brass around there would finally get off the dime and go themselves.

On their trip they would inevitably have a fine chance for a concentrated chat about taxes, and might even get something worked out—which I find they did.

Last night I talked to Billy Ruke in Washington, and as you no doubt already know, the trip resulted in the forming of a permanent interstudio group called the Hollywood Tax Council, which will, at long last, give everybody in Hollywood what they have needed all along, one centralized office, staffed by industry-paid experts, where they can all go with their specialized and often idiotic tax problems. As word of this spread through the George V here last night, there were cheers reminiscent of an old-time Fourth of July. And this morning the noise of the trunks being packed is like a great symphony. They're all coming home, including, of course, our own six truants.

Oh, I didn't tell you about that. I did, indeed, call the girls and invite them over. Since Linden, particularly with Johnny and Bill here, never would have got up enough nerve to come home and try my foolproof plan there, the only possible thing to do was to have Tinder come to Paris and force him to try the plan here. You had to lose a few days' production this way, true, but we'd get it settled. And I thought we might as well have the other two girls come at the same time, and reclaim their own foot-loose husbands, and then we could all get back to work. There was no gamble to it; I knew the plan would work.

And it has, perfectly, though not quite the way I expected. That, Dick, is the beauty of a *good* plan. Even if it doesn't work, it still works—if you know what I mean. With really thorough planning, you're ready for anything.

I still can't understand why I wasn't one of our greatest generals. What tactical genius!

Take this present little battle. The minute Tinder arrived I cried out a sharp warning to Linden, and since he had been thoroughly trained he didn't panic at all, but instantly threw in Plan A, or the Peeling-Nose Defense. He kissed Tinder once, handed her a driver, and they were off: uphill and downdale, hole after hole, course after course. It would be literally true to say that he and Tinder went round and round. And between rounds they were rushing here and there to ride horses, hike up and down mountains, and I believe they even played one game of handball.

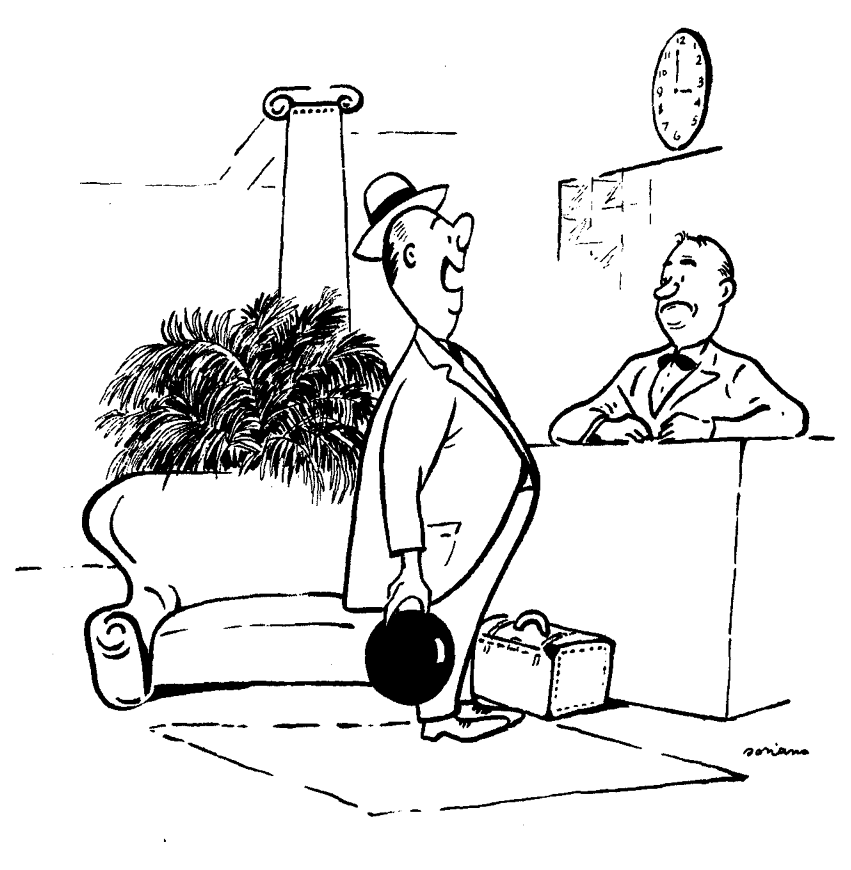
And this all worked out with a completely successful, but most curious, result: it turns out that Tinder was actually a three-letter girl at Canoga High, and thus loved every minute of it.

Failure? Ah no—success. Due to the thoroughness of the plan, since for days I had had Bob out at dawn doing roadwork, he was able to outpace her without difficulty. And each night she has fallen into bed at an early hour, and slept like a baby. All that girl Tinder needed was a little wholesome exercise, so she could sleep nights.

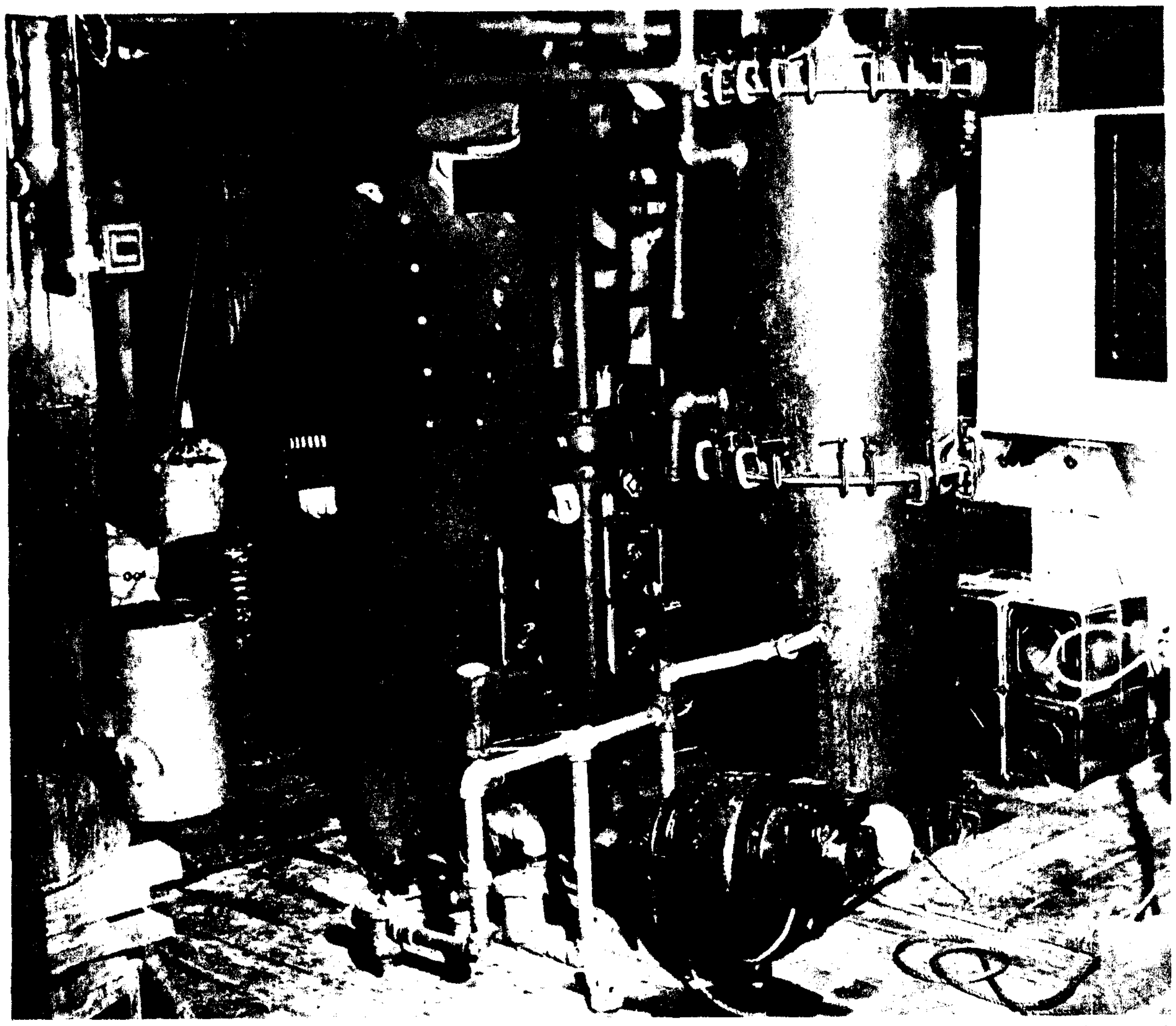
Bob says he hasn't been so well rested in years. He never looked better. And he and Tinder are coming home at once, with the others, hand in hand, love in bloom. What a perfect couple!

As ever,
George

—HANNIBAL COONS



COLLIER'S "I'd like the longest room you've got" SORIANO



When Federal agents and local police raided a farm at Walpole, near Boston, Mass., in February, 1953, they destroyed this illegal still, which they estimated had cost the Government $10,000 in lost taxes *every week it operated at capacity*. Nine 700-gallon capacity mash vats also were found. Officials said the still probably had operated for two years.

Two 1,000-gallon stills and other equipment, estimated by Alcohol Tax Unit officers to cost at least $100,000 to build and install, were seized in a Kensington, Pa., furniture plant. Elaborate and expensive installations like this are indicative of the huge profit to be made in illegal distilling.

The East was the first target of the bootleg syndicates, but today the racket is sweeping across the country. Distilling equipment above was seized in Detroit in July, 1953.

AT TODAY'S $10.50 A GALLON LIQUOR TAX...

Bootlegging is Again a National Problem

A $6 tax will combat it... and give you legal beverages at fair prices

The makers and merchants of legally distilled spirits are asking that the Federal excise tax be adjusted from the present $10.50 per gallon to a maximum rate of $6. Even at $6, the Federal tax alone would still represent approximately one-third of the average retail price of a bottle of whiskey.

In 1944, when the Federal rate jumped from $6 to $9 a gallon, organized crime began to move in; since November, 1951, with a $10.50 a gallon "tax advantage", bootlegging in metropolitan areas has begun to rival Prohibition's worst.

The 1944 and 1951 increases, supposedly "temporary", have long outlived their usefulness. They have encouraged the ever-growing production of a filthy product that in a single shocking instance put 41 Georgia people in coffins and over 200 in hospitals.

Today, thousands of Americans are risking their health by drinking bootleg whiskey. Priced out of the legal liquor market by the prohibitive Federal tax, they are fair game for the bootlegger and his vicious product.

Federal enforcement staffs are undermanned. Yet last year they seized 10,685 outlaw stills; state and local authorities captured over 10,000 more. *So long as a fantastic profit remains in a bottle of tax-cheating "bootleg", effective enforcement is next to impossible.*

There is only one fool-proof way to beat the bootlegger: *Take his customers away by bringing legal liquor prices down to average-income levels.*

A maximum $6 tax will remove most of the rich profit from illegal distilling... will make big operations like those pictured above too costly a risk.

A maximum $6 tax will recover some of the tax millions now being stolen from Federal, state and local treasuries . . . *a loss that has been conservatively calculated at over half a billion dollars a year.*

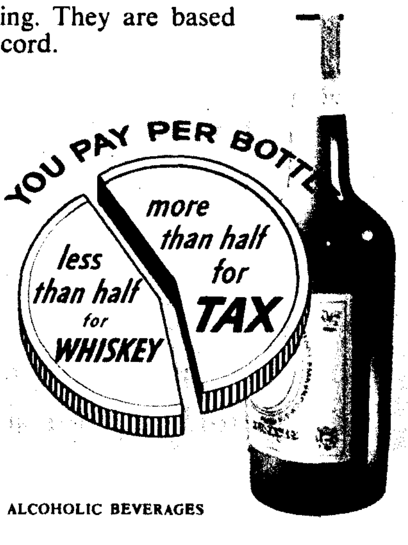
A maximum $6 tax will give *you* good legal beverages at fair prices.

These benefits are not wishful thinking. They are based on the record.

WHISKEY 1.89
TAXES 2.38
Here's what you *really* pay for whiskey!

TAX FACTS. When you pay around $4.27* for a "fifth" of your favorite whiskey from a licensed retailer, you actually pay about $1.89 for the whiskey itself, about $2.38 more in Federal, state and local taxes. In spite of general cost increases since 1942, the average distillery price of whiskey, less taxes, has not increased. Today it's the *tax* that hurts!

**The average national retail price.*



PUBLISHED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC., 155 E. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., IN BEHALF OF THE PRODUCERS AND MERCHANTS OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

If you have trouble getting up, how'd you like to be NBC's Dave Garroway, who conducts the early-morning TV show Today? He sets the clock radio in his Park Ave., New York, penthouse for 3:45 A. M. and wakes to jazz music. For 15 minutes, he lies in bed relaxing (a practice Dr. Fluck frowns on). The alarm goes off at 4:00 A. M. and Dave rises to face a new day. Don't waste any sympathy on him, though. He says he likes to get up early in the morning. He even rises at six on his mornings off

How to WAKE UP

By Dr. PAUL H. FLUCK

Do you set your alarm clock early, then try to snatch some extra winks? Feel terrible when you finally get out of bed? Then heed this doctor's tip on an easy way to get up

THE alarm clock goes off. You reach out groggily for the button, then burrow back into the pillow. Ten minutes later, you're sitting on the edge of the bed, head fuzzy, eyes glued together, ten thousand aching muscle fibers trying to get you back under the covers. You feel terrible. The only consolation you have is the knowledge that millions of other people have trouble getting up in the morning, too.

Actually, getting out of bed is easy. Science has learned the secret, and I've been telling my patients about it. Here's the transcript of a wire recording made in my office a few weeks ago:

"Getting up in the morning is *easy?"*

"It certainly is."

"For a night owl like me?"

"For anybody."

"Tell me how, Doc!"

"Do you have an alarm clock?"

"Naturally."

"And is your alarm clock ten minutes fast?"

"How did you know? Sure, it's ten minutes fast. That gives me more time to wake up, a chance to get forty winks."

"Or lots more, I'll bet. Have you ever heard of the period of relapse? A Lafayette College psychology professor named Albert E. Conway says that the average sleeper goes through three steps in waking up. He calls them the period of awakening, when your alarm clock rings; the period of relapse, when you play possum with yourself; and the period of reawakening, when you wake up all over again. Follow me?"

"Sort of."

"Well that second period, the period of relapse, is a trap. You get your forty winks, all right—but what wakes you up?"

"Nothing, I guess. I just wake myself up."

"Suppose you don't?"

"Yeah. That's happened."

"Why not set your alarm clock on time—and get up when

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEJAREN HILLER

Can you honestly say your present work has all these advantages?

1. I am my *OWN BOSS* in a going business . . . . . ☐

2. I sell an *EXCLUSIVE PRODUCT* . . . . ☐

3. I operate under a successful, *TIME-TESTED PLAN* . . . . ☐

4. I work in an *EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY* . . . . ☐

5. I draw a big part of my income from *REPEAT BUSINESS* . . . . ☐

6. I have *NO CEILING ON EARNINGS* . . . . . . ☐

If you can't write "yes" after each one, if you are ambitious and alert for THE big opportunity—write me today.

GRADY CLARK *Vice President*
INVESTORS DIVERSIFIED SERVICES

This message is addressed to the man who is "successful"—but who still hasn't reached the goal he deserves . . .

. . . to the man held down by a ceiling on earnings—but with no ceiling on his ability . . .

. . . to the man looking for a big challenge and a big opportunity.

Such a man can acquire a going business and virtually write his own ticket on income. He would be his own boss in an independent business . . . sell an exclusive product as an exclusive distributor serving a population of 20,000 to 40,000 people. He would operate under a proven successful plan. While helping to build the security of others, he would be accumulating a substantial estate of his own.

In business for 59 years, Investors Diversified Services is steadily growing in the financial field. The following facts indicate its scope and the extent of its growth in recent years:

. . . I.D.S. now has 164 offices in the United States and Canada.

. . . More than 2,200 men and women are representatives for the company in the two countries.

. . . I.D.S. has over 530,000 investor accounts on its books, and the number has grown every month for several years.

. . . To indicate the size of the company with which the right man may become associated, I.D.S. at present manages assets of approximately $1,150,000,000; more than half of this amount has been added in the past five years.

This extraordinary growth spells an equally extraordinary opportunity for a number of qualified men. To meet the tremendous latent demand for our services, we will add qualified personnel to our organization during the next few weeks. If such a career—with all the advantages we have mentioned—appeals to you and if you believe you can qualify, we will be glad to arrange an early personal interview with one of our divisional managers. Write to Mr. Grady Clark, Vice President, Investors Diversified Services, Room 262, Roanoke Bldg., Minneapolis 2, Minn.

Established 1894

Investors Diversified Services, Inc.

You'll Love the Feel of Its Cushion Bite!

MEDICO Crest FILTER PIPE $3.50

with Guaranteed BITE-PROOF NYLON BIT

Odorless! Tasteless!

Also available in MEDICO V.F.Q. $2

THROW AWAY NICOTINE

When filter turns brown in Medico, throw it away, with nicotine, juices, flakes, and tars it has trapped. Insert a fresh filter for cooler, cleaner, dryer smoking. Imported Briar.

OTHER MEDICO VALUES
Medico Clear-Vue . . . $1.89
Medico Medalist $1.50
Medico Cigarette & Cigar Holders . . . $1.00
Medico Filterette Disposable Holders, 3 for 25¢

GENUINE FILTERS THROW AWAY NICOTINE 10 for 10¢

Wide variety of shapes and sizes
Write Medico Pipes, Inc., N. Y. 22, for Booklet L.

EVIS-*ize* YOUR HOME WATER SUPPLY...

for the surprise of your life!

"...we have obtained excellent results ... my clothes are whiter... dishes and glasses sparkle...grease floats away in the suds...the water is palatable ...I can truthfully say I don't know what I would do without my Evis."
Mrs. B. G. San Diego, Calif.

The BEST THING that's happened to WATER since it was put on TAP!

EVIS IS NOT A SOFTENER!

EVIS Catalytic Water Correction is the FINEST and MOST ECONOMICAL Water Treatment Method.

Pats. Applied For

EVIS eliminates scale from pipes and water heaters . . . KEEPS IT OUT . . . and protects the system permanently.

Sold and Installed by... leading Home Appliance Stores and Plumbing Shops. Ask about Evis Today!

EV 107-A

Product of EVIS MFG. CO. San Francisco, Calif. © 1953 EVIS MFG. CO.

SOLD ON 90 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

it rings? You still get your ten minutes."

"Never thought of it that way."

"That's because you're a procrastinator."

"A what?"

"A procrastinator. A man who puts things off—like getting up. The right time for you to get up is when the alarm clock rings. Get your feet on the floor quick."

"That's brutal!"

"Not as brutal as you think. Try it and see. You won't feel half so woozy if you get up right away. It's those forty extra winks that make you groggy. Just combine the period of awakening and the period of reawakening; skip the period of relapse in between. Now, about your bedroom—plenty of light?"

"Plenty of light? How do you expect me to sleep? My bedroom's as dark as I can make it. I just bought a couple of opaque window shades."

"It's tough to get up without sunlight."

"What's so important about sunlight?"

"Sunlight wakes everything up: bees and birds and lions and laying hens . . . Did you ever hear of a rooster oversleeping?"

"I'm not a rooster. I like my bedroom dark."

"All right, then—why not tie a string from your bed to your window shade? Sleep in the dark; awake in sunlight."

"Do you think I'm nuts?"

"Certainly not. One of my college classmates used to do it years ago—a *cum laude* student who's a research scientist now. We called him Zipper. Zip always said that when sunlight woke him up he felt good all day. I can see Zip now—with a string running from his window shade to his old brass bed. Come morning, he'd yank the string—and zip! Up went the shade. Always faced his bed toward the window, Zip did. What about your window—do you keep it open?"

"Can't, around my place. The birds drive you crazy in the morning."

"Ever do any camping?"

"Sure. I go to the Rockies every summer, fishing."

"Birds wake you up there?"

"Can't say they do."

"Feel good out there?"

"Sure do. It's the only place where I really feel good in the morning."

"You know why?"

"The mountain air, I guess."

"Guess again. It's because when you're outdoors your subconscious mind wakes you up, step by step. Sunshine—sounds—birds—wind in the trees . . . you wake up naturally, like everything else around you. Like the bees and birds and laying hens. Does mountain air make you hungry?"

"You bet."

"Think about it a minute. What time do you go to bed in the Rockies?"

"About nine or ten."

"And do you eat before you go to bed?"

"Maybe a drink of pop or a chocolate bar."

"What time did you go to bed last night?"

"About one thirty, quarter of two."

"Did you eat before you went to bed?"

"Sure—a piece of blueberry pie and ice cream and a glass of milk."

"And you got up when?"

"Seven."

"Eat any breakfast?"

"Half a cup of coffee and a piece of toast."

"Weren't hungry, huh?"

"Never am in the morning. I hardly ever eat breakfast home."

"And you still think it was the high mountain air that made you hungry in the Rockies?"

"Sure."

"Figure the time between your midnight snack and your breakfast this

Next in Collier's

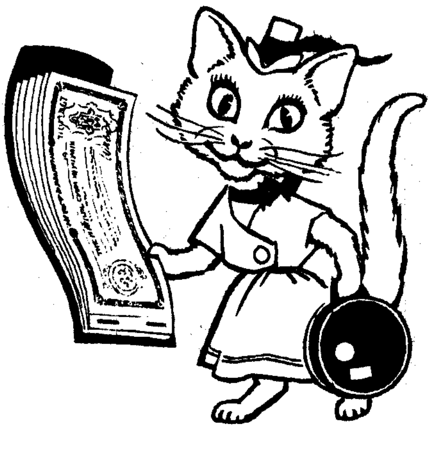
November 27 Issue on Sale November 13

In North Korea POW Camps

WHY DID BUDDY TURN AGAINST BUDDY?

By LT. COL. THOMAS D. HARRISON, USAF

Here's the full, shocking story of the turncoat Americans who sold out their fellow prisoners of war to the Reds, told for the first time by a jet pilot who spent two years in the enemy stockades. What kind of men were these so-called "progressives"? Read the viewpoint of a soldier who battled his captors to the very end —and was tortured for his toughness



Smart copy cats follow the fashion in travel funds

NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS

A most important part of your travel wardrobe is a wallet of National City Bank Travelers Checks. They'll buy anything you need on your journey, anywhere. Safer than cash, because if they are lost or stolen their value is promptly refunded. Cost 75c per $100. In denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100. Good until used. Buy them at your Bank.

The best thing you know wherever you go

NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

MOST Smart MEN WEAR Mayfair® SLACKS

HOW ABOUT YOU?

MAYFAIR slacks are going to college, to business, *to town* (and country), wherever *knowing* men go! Tailoring precise as the printed page; custom-correct styling. America's most popular quality slacks!

At fine stores throughout America.

CORMAN & WASSERMAN, INC.
Baltimore 18, Maryland
200 5th Avenue, New York

Here's to FIRST AID FOR COLDS

Alka-Seltzer
BRAND Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SPEEDY RELIEF FOR THESE COLD DISCOMFORTS
ACHE-ALL-OVER MISERY
FEVERISH FEELING
HEADACHE
SORE THROAT OF A COLD

Alka-Seltzer

Also Use Alka-Seltzer for
ACID INDIGESTION
HEADACHE
MUSCULAR ACHES

Displayed at Drug Stores Everywhere U.S. and Canada

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

Corns
SUPER-FAST RELIEF! Quicker Removal

No waiting! *Super-soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain in a jiffy . . . remove corns one of the fastest ways known to Medical Science. Also in sizes for Callouses and Bunions.

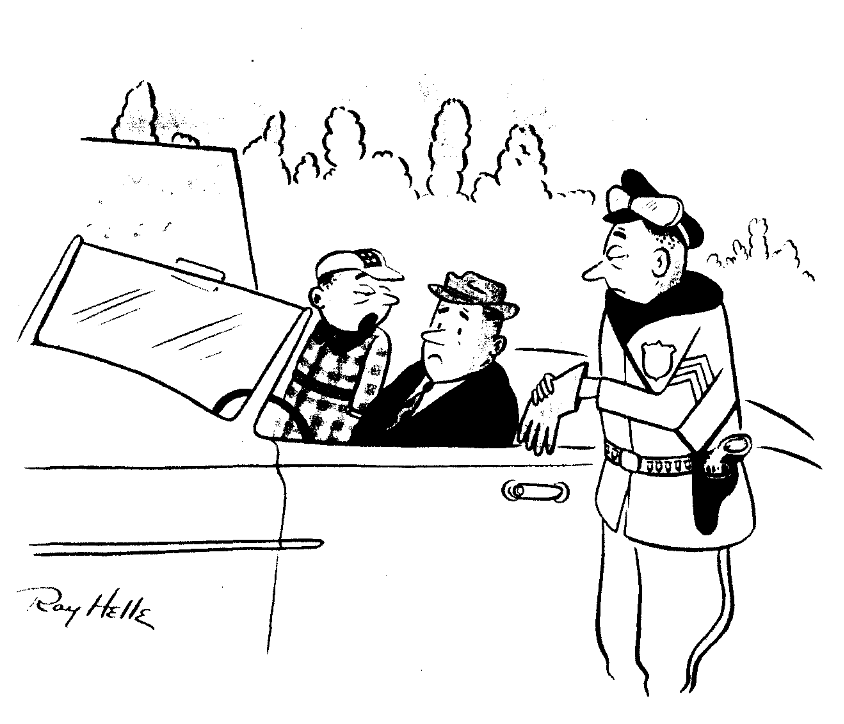
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

SAUCY WALKER
IDEAL'S DOLL THAT DOES EVERYTHING

Turns her head as she walks; sits; stands; cries; sleeps. Has washable Saran hair. 22" size rolls her eyes, too!

AT BETTER DOLL DEPTS.
$15.95 22" $9.95 17"

IT'S A WONDERFUL TOY . . . IT'S IDEAL



COLLIER'S "Look out, Dad—he's got a gun!" RAY HELLE

morning. Then figure the time between your bottle of pop and your breakfast in the Rockies. Five hours and a half, home. Nine hours in the Rockies . . . like going all day without eating until suppertime. I'll bet you'd eat then."

"Sure. Who wouldn't?"

"Don't forget that being hungry helps wake you up. But let's talk about something else. The Rockies make me dizzy. Ever hear of a mental alarm clock?"

"Can't say I have."

"Did you ever go fishing early in the morning, or catch a five-o'clock train?"

"Sure."

"And you set your alarm clock . . ."

"Sure."

". . . and then woke up ten minutes before the alarm went off?"

"Maybe. Sure. I remember one time last summer: the alarm was set for five and I woke up at a quarter of five. Wide awake, too."

"That was your mental alarm clock going off. One professor says there's a sort of timer in your subconscious that helps wake you up at the right time—if you concentrate on it before you go to sleep."

"Gosh."

"Did you ever hear of alarm-clock pills?"

"I didn't know they could make alarm clocks that small."

"They're not real alarm clocks. They're pills that put you to sleep at night and wake you up in the morning."

"I'd better have some of those pills, Doc. They sound like they're just what I need."

"Sorry. They're not for you; they're only for patients whose sleeping and waking habits require medical prompting. And they're sold only on prescription, so don't try to get them at the drugstore."

"How do they work?"

"Well, a sleeping tablet is molded around a pill that wakes you up. When you take an alarm-clock pill at bedtime, the sleeping tablet dissolves right away and puts you to sleep. The coating in between takes seven or eight hours to dissolve. Then the other pill wakes you up. The trouble is, you have to get eight hours' sleep whether you like it or not. Besides, you don't need sleeping pills. When is garbage day on your street?"

"Seems to me it's tomorrow."

"That's fine. Who puts the garbage out at your house?"

"I do it before I go to bed. What difference does that make?"

"Why not do it in the morning before breakfast and get some exercise?"

"Suppose I oversleep?"

"You won't oversleep if you have to put the garbage out. Besides, it does a man good to have a chore to do before breakfast. In the old days a fellow had to harness up the horse or chop the ice out of the washbasin."

"The wife will never forgive me if I miss the garbage man."

"That will be even more incentive to wake up."

"So you think I'll wake up?"

"I certainly do."

"Now let's go over it again. What do I do?"

"First you change your clock to the correct time. Then you set the alarm for the time you really want to get up."

"I've got a radio-alarm clock."

"Good. Tune it in on a rise-and-shine program."

"Okay, Doc."

"Now before you go to bed don't eat more than you would in the Rockies—say a glass of milk and a cooky or two. And don't eat later than eleven. Remember, being hungry helps wake you up."

"Okay, Doc."

"Before you get into bed, put your window shades up."

"As you say, Doc."

"And put your windows up."

"Okay, Doc."

"Before you fall asleep, concentrate on the time you want to wake up."

"Right."

"Now off to sleep you go. But remember: when you *wake* up—*get* up!"

"Sounds brutal."

"It's really painless if you get up quickly enough."

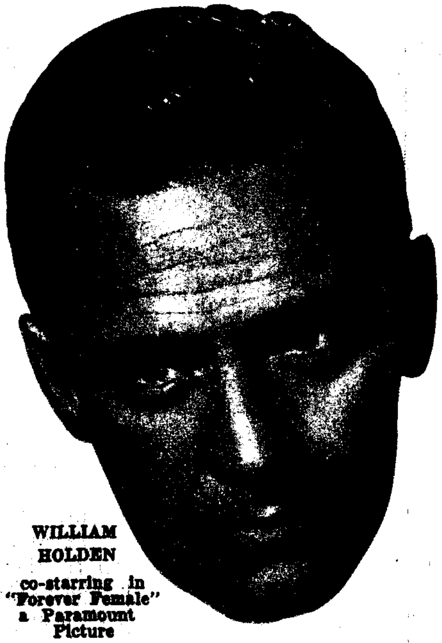
"I'll try it. Doc."

"And don't forget you've got to put the garbage out."

"You bet I won't, Doc. But what about a prescription for some of those alarm-clock pills, just in case?"

"Why take alarm-clock pills? It's easy to get up." ▲▲▲

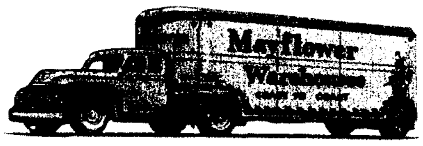
You're satisfied when Mayflower handles the job — say Hollywood Stars



WILLIAM HOLDEN
co-starring in "Forever Female" a Paramount Picture

Two types of moving service are offered by every Mayflower Warehouseman. 1. Local moves within the community, and 2. Long distance moves across the nation. Regardless of size or length of move Mayflower service is unexcelled.

Watching every move you make!



MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MOVING DAY KIT TO
MAYFLOWER WAREHOUSEMEN'S ASSN.
1050 CONSOLIDATED BLDG. • INDIANAPOLIS 4, IND.
NAME______________________
ADDRESS______________________
CITY______________ STATE______

Know your near-by Mayflower Warehouseman--consult your telephone directory

Mayflower Warehouses
Coast to Coast
EXCLUSIVE AGENTS AERO MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO.

How Long You Live May Depen

What are the top causes of death in your state? What diseases threate

HOW long will you live? It may depend on *where* you live. Not only the country in which you live, but the state and sometimes even the community. You're more likely to die in infancy in New Mexico, Alabama and Louisiana than any other states, more apt to commit suicide in the West, more apt to be murdered in the South. And the more prosperous the community you live in, the more likely you are to be stricken by polio in adult life.

But no matter where you live in the United States, you can take comfort in this fact: from the standpoint of survival, you are among the privileged one fifth of the world's 2,000,000,000 population. Americans and others among those fortunate 400,000,000 stand to enjoy 30 to 40 more years of life because they have more food, better sanitation, more doctors and hospitals and a healthier climate than the other 1,600,000,000 people of the world.

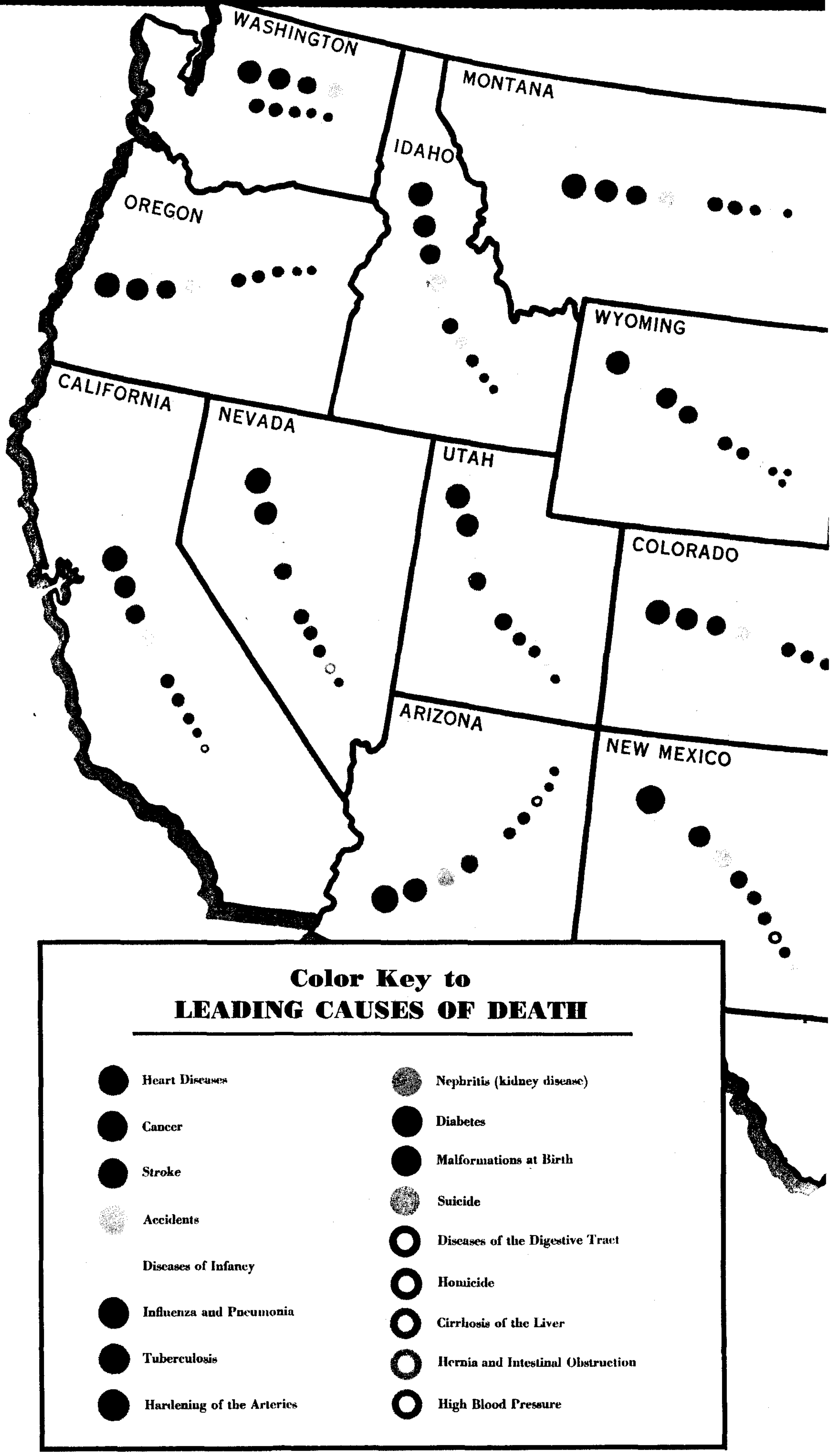
A baby born in India, for example, has a life expectancy of only twenty-seven years. Bring the infant to the United States and its life expectancy would be more than doubled—to 60 or so years. The diseases the baby might contract in this country—measles, whooping cough, mumps and so on—are less severe and deadly than the malaria, cholera and malnutrition prevalent in India.

These and other fascinating facts about our health have been turned up by practitioners of a new science known as medical geography. They map, by continent, country and community, the illnesses which medical researchers have been exploring in laboratories for years. Guiding them is the knowledge that the microscopic organisms which cause most of the world's diseases flourish in certain temperatures and landscapes and disappear in others.

The medical geographers examine the soil, the shrubbery, the winds and rainfall, the flies and mosquitoes, the houses and streets where you live, your clothing, your income group, your social habits. All influence the type of diseases that you are likely to get—and your life expectancy. In time, they may also provide clues to such baffling maladies as cancer, arthritis and high blood pressure.

A nineteenth-century London physician, Dr. John Snow, was one of the first medical geographers. He put the science to effective use in 1854 during a cholera epidemic in the British capital. The cause of cholera and its cure were then unknown, and health authorities felt they could only carry away the dead and wait for the epidemic to run its course. But Dr. Snow was not content to sit and wait. He prepared a map of the streets of St. James Parish, where fatalities were heaviest, and on it marked all the houses of the sick and the dead. He found that most of the cholera victims were concentrated around the Broad Street pump, where residents went for water. Although a number of marked houses were outside the neighborhood, Dr. Snow discovered that those victims, too, had gone to the pump for its "superior" water.

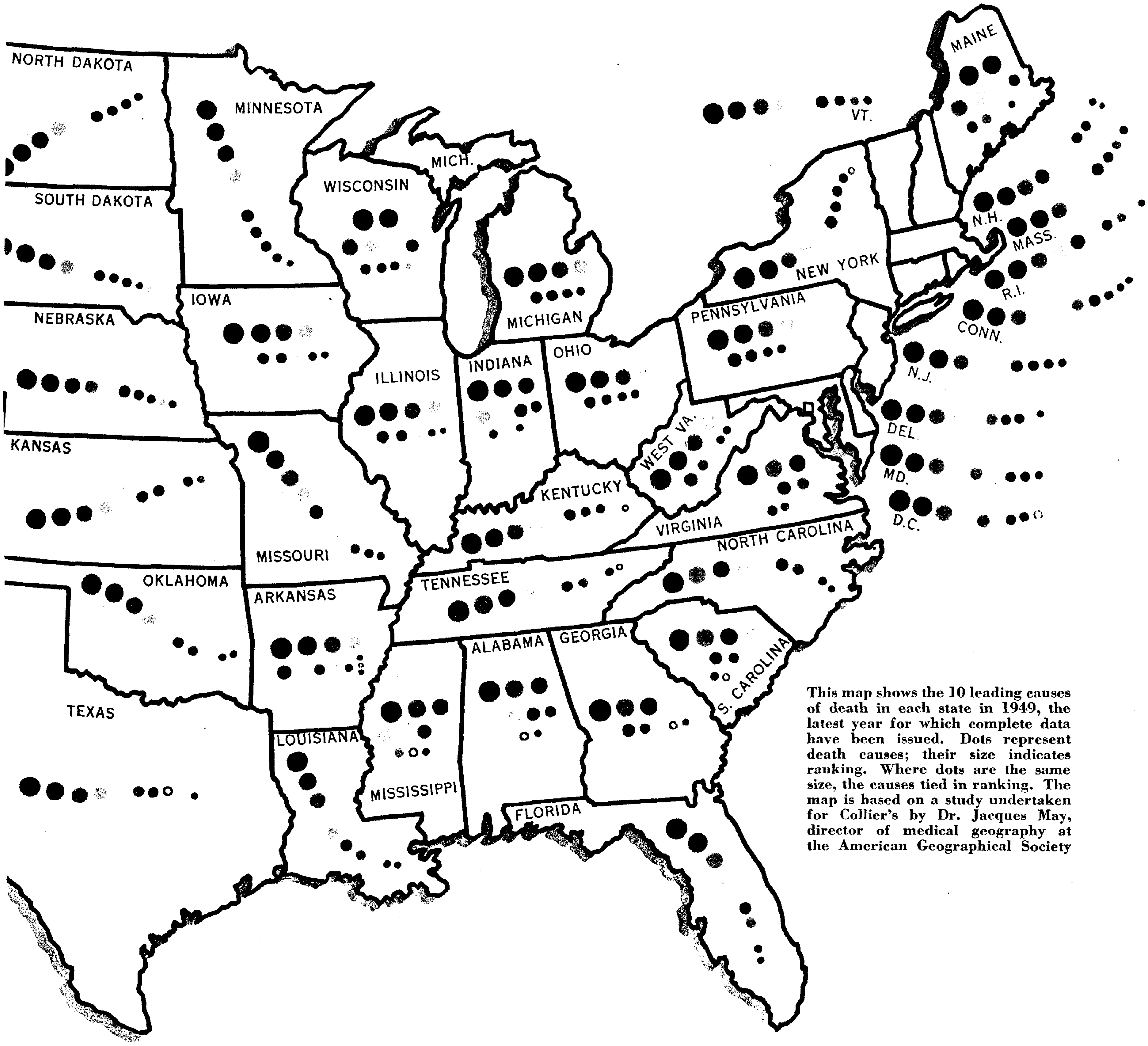
The map pointed to the pump as the cause of the


WASHINGTON
MONTANA
IDAHO
OREGON
WYOMING
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
UTAH
COLORADO
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
Color Key to
LEADING CAUSES OF DEATH
● Heart Diseases
● Cancer
● Stroke
● Accidents
Diseases of Infancy
● Influenza and Pneumonia
● Tuberculosis
● Hardening of the Arteries
● Nephritis (kidney disease)
● Diabetes
● Malformations at Birth
● Suicide
○ Diseases of the Digestive Tract
○ Homicide
○ Cirrhosis of the Liver
○ Hernia and Intestinal Obstruction
○ High Blood Pressure

on Where You Live

By LOUISE LEVITAS

ou? Medical mappers find some surprising answers in a Collier's study


NORTH DAKOTA
MINNESOTA
MAINE
VT.
MICH.
WISCONSIN
SOUTH DAKOTA
N.H.
MASS.
NEW YORK
R.I.
IOWA
NEBRASKA
PENNSYLVANIA
MICHIGAN
CONN.
OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
N.J.
KANSAS
WEST VA.
DEL.
MD.
KENTUCKY
D.C.
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
MISSOURI
OKLAHOMA
TENNESSEE
ARKANSAS
GEORGIA
ALABAMA
S. CAROLINA
TEXAS
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI
FLORIDA

This map shows the 10 leading causes of death in each state in 1949, the latest year for which complete data have been issued. Dots represent death causes; their size indicates ranking. Where dots are the same size, the causes tied in ranking. The map is based on a study undertaken for Collier's by Dr. Jacques May, director of medical geography at the American Geographical Society

Why does one section of the country have a high percentage of accidental death

epidemic. Dr. Snow's instructions to remove the pump ended the outbreak.

Using similar but considerably more detailed house-by-house maps of afflicted areas, U.S. Public Health Service "disease detectives" tracked down the causes of 200 epidemics in American communities last year. When California suffered a serious outbreak of encephalitis (a form of brain inflammation), these epidemiologists helped halt the outbreak by mapping not only the streets, houses and topographic conditions of the affected area, but the prevalence of mosquitoes—which carried the disease—and exactly where they were found.

The Public Health Service was also guided by medical geographers in distributing the limited quantities of gamma globulin available last summer as a preventive against polio. The mappers prepared charts showing where in the United States and to what extent infantile paralysis had occurred in previous years. The charts disclosed certain trends and, after studying them, the geographers predicted where the disease was likely to strike next. It was to these communities that the precious serum was shipped first.

When U.S. Troops Are Sent Abroad

The U.S. Army calls on medical geographers for advice whenever troops are to be sent to outposts abroad. Maps are plotted to show the diseases prevailing in those areas and the types of inoculations that should be given. The Office of Naval Research is supporting the compilation by the American Geographical Society of the first world-wide maps containing similar information.

For its global maps, the Society is amassing and correlating information from almost every agency that has to do with human illness: doctors, public-health officers, missionaries, hospitals, universities, government departments and research scientists in every corner of the world. Altogether, the map makers are reading, digesting and tabulating medical literature from 180 countries, colonies and territories.

To discover what effects the geography of the United States might have on health, Collier's asked a pioneer in the field, Dr. Jacques May, director of the American Geographical Society's medical geography department and a former French surgeon and university professor, to make a special study of disease and the causes of death in this country. The maps and charts on these pages are based on Dr. May's compilations.

Entire Nation's Death Hazards Mapped

The first map, on page 92, shows the leading causes of death in each of the 48 states and the District of Columbia, as tabulated for 1949—the latest year for which complete figures could be gathered and checked.

To learn the potential effect of your environment on your own health, compare the 10 leading death hazards indicated for your state with those of other states. For example, the map reveals that the top causes of death in all but five states (Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming) are heart disease, cancer and stroke. Cirrhosis of the liver, on the other hand, is listed among the top 10 only in New York, California and the District of Columbia.

New Hampshire has the highest percentage of deaths from the disease of old age, hardening of the arteries. The agricultural states—Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Idaho, North Dakota, Utah and Wisconsin—are so free from tuberculosis that the disease isn't even listed in their top mortality statistics. Yet it is an important cause of death in every other state except New Hampshire.

What are the reasons for the striking differences in the causes of death in various sections of the country? The map itself doesn't give the answers. But by correlating the known facts, Dr. May says, the map can accomplish its purpose: it can point out to public-health and disease experts the clues that need further study.

For example, the high percentage of accidental deaths in four Western states—Wyoming, Nevada, Utah and Arizona—suggests a number of theories. Does outdoor living promote recklessness? Are Westerners less cautious than those who lead more sedentary lives? The climate is often severe; do road conditions contribute to the accidents?

The National Safety Council, after studying the maps, offered other theories: mining is the principal industry in those four states and there are more accidental deaths in mining than in any other industry; the highway-accident rate for rural areas is far above that for urban areas, and these states are sparsely populated; the Westerner is a more rugged individualist than his fellow countrymen and may be less amenable to rules and regulations; police enforcement is spread much thinner.

But no definite conclusion could be reached without a more detailed study within the states.

The high infant-mortality rate in New Mexico, Alabama and Louisiana points to research in another direction. Infant mortality is considered an index of living standards. The sharecroppers and tenant farmers in Alabama and Louisiana, as well as the Mexican "wetback" laborers and Indians in New Mexico, are likely to be among the depressed-income groups; their standard of living may overbalance that of the other residents in these states.

The United States as a whole has a high suicide rate; that a few Western states have a higher rate than the rest of the country may be due to social conditions or to the type of people living there. The reasons why homicide is a leading cause of death in four Southern states are bound to be equally complex.

A medical geographer must not jump to conclusions. Take cirrhosis of the liver, which appears so markedly in New York, California and the District of Columbia. Forty or 50 years ago, when it was believed most cases of this disease were the result of excessive drinking, the answer would have been considered obvious: there's more concentrated drinking in these three sections than in the rest of the country. But doctors have since learned that the disease may also be caused by a variety of infections, or by the aftereffects of malnutrition, malaria and other body-wasting ills. To determine the true cause, or causes, doctors would have to study the medical records of cirrhosis patients. The map serves to narrow the field of such research.

There are other signposts to caution. Arizona has the highest tuberculosis death rate in the country. The rate is high, however, not because more people contract tuberculosis in Arizona, but because the state's beneficial climate attracts so many tuberculars from other states. Similarly, the cancer death rate is high in New York City and Chicago because of their numerous cancer hospitals, and in California and Florida because so many elderly people go there to spend their retirement years.

Statistical Puzzle over Heart Disease

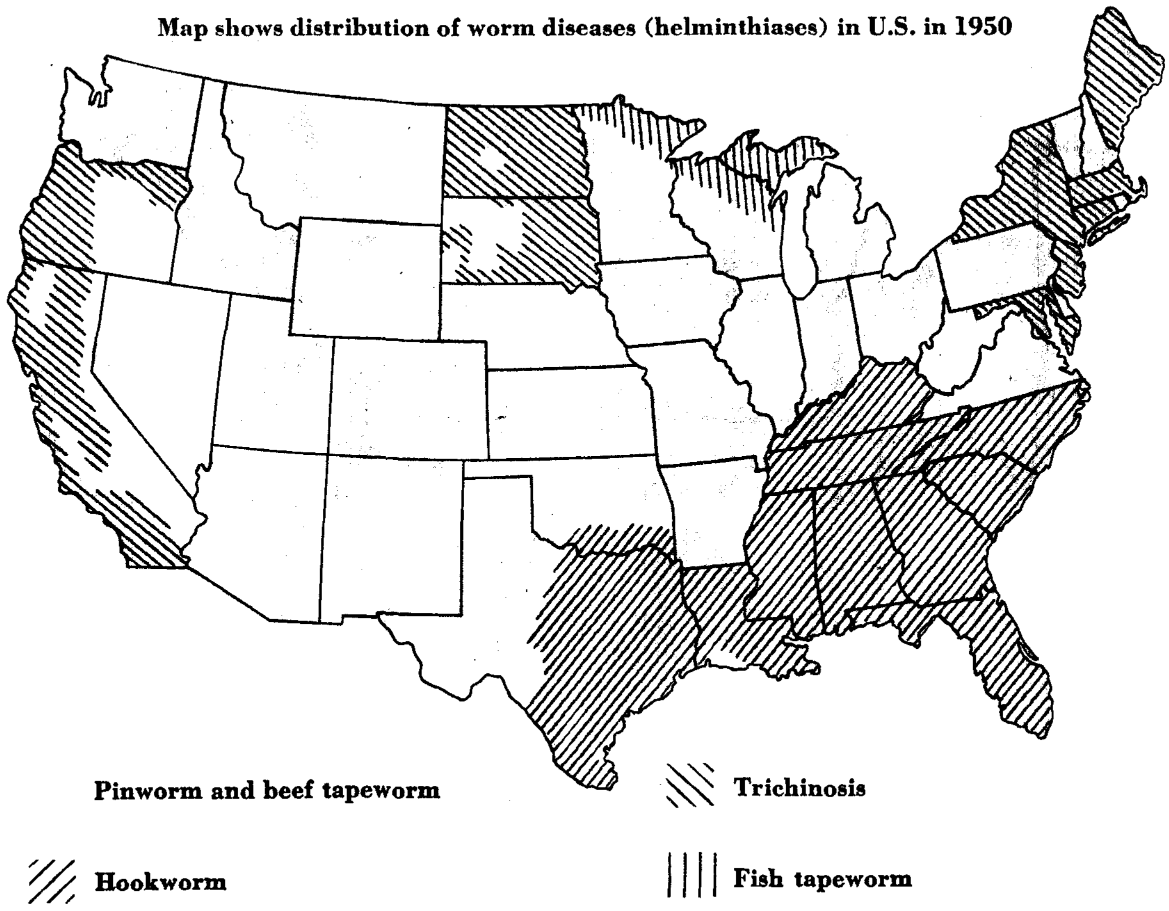
Heart disease, the number-one killer across the country, is another statistical puzzle. "In the end," says Dr. May, "every fatal disease leads to heart failure. The fact that so many of our deaths are attributed to this disease may be due simply to the lack of more elaborate diagnoses."

The pattern of disease in the United States has changed radically in a half century. Fifty years ago, pneumonia and influenza together constituted the number-one cause of death in the United States. Tuberculosis was second. Typhoid, diphtheria and diarrhea were also major threats. Today most of us escape these diseases.

Hookworm, which used to be a common disease in the South, is disappearing because fewer people go barefoot. Our rising standard of living also explains why, although we have malarial mosquitoes throughout the United States, the disease itself has almost vanished; this blood parasite doesn't thrive on a well-fed, well-housed population.

From the maps on these pages, you get a general picture of what medical geography reveals. But it is also a science of infinite detail, as detailed, in fact, as your own neighborhood. The medical map-

Map shows distribution of worm diseases (helminthiases) in U.S. in 1950



nother a large infant-mortality rate? The medical geographers offer some clues

pers have found that children growing up in slums are notably smaller in height and weight than children living in better neighborhoods, and that this difference begins as early as three months after birth. Less sunlight, poorer food, crowded and unsanitary living and play areas are responsible.

Medical geographers have also found that winds, rainfall and vegetation influence your health. The flies, ticks and mites which carry disease abound in damp, lush areas. The quality of the soil affects the food you eat; rickets and goiter are directly traceable to mineral deficiencies in the soil and, therefore, in the food and drinking water. Clothing may protect you against disease, or foster it by harboring lice and other carriers of disease.

Tracing Down a Typhoid Carrier

Social activities play a part, too. During an outbreak of typhoid fever in a Colorado town last year, 12 persons were stricken. At the request of state health authorities, U.S. Public Health Service epidemiologists hastened to the scene. They found that all 12 victims had been present at a recent church supper. The disease finally was traced to a woman who had helped prepare the supper. She was an unknowing typhoid carrier.

The medical geographer must also study the life and habits and the whole geographical environment of disease organisms—viruses, bacteria, spirochetes, rickettsiae, fungi, protozoa and metazoa—before and after they infect human beings.

"Our infectious diseases are merely the by-product of an accidental collision between two or more forms of life, each pursuing its own destiny," Dr. May says. How haphazard the collision of man and germ may be is seen in the stories of many epidemics.

Although the United States is protected by rigid quarantine and sanitary regulations against most infectious diseases, every once in a while the germs break through the barriers. Last year the Public Health Service received reports of psittacosis (a disease transmitted by parrots and certain other birds) from widely scattered parts of the country. An epidemic intelligence officer pieced together all the information on maps, and finally traced the source of most cases to a Florida aviary. The aviary had sent infected birds to pet dealers in Connecticut, New York, Minnesota and West Virginia—the states in which the disease later broke out.

Consider also the last smallpox epidemic in this country. In March, 1947, a merchant living in Mexico took a bus trip to New York, fell ill and was admitted to a city hospital, where he died of smallpox. Twelve more cases of the disease were discovered immediately afterward. Public Health Service agents traced every passenger who traveled on the bus with the merchant, all their families and even nontravelers living along the bus route. The entire population of New York City was revaccinated—just because of one man's bus trip. But the epidemic was stopped.

Still another case of a disease being carried unwittingly from one area to another came to light while Dr. May and his associates were preparing the U.S. map of worm diseases (helminthiases) published on page 94. The researchers were puzzled by an outbreak in Oklahoma of fish tapeworm, a disease usually found in lake regions. Further checking showed that the disease indeed had been imported; some visitors from Finland afflicted with Diphyllobothrium latum, as the parasite is known in medical circles, had passed through Oklahoma at the time.

Collier's map of helminthiases is actually a picture of hidden disease, because most people infected with worms don't realize it. Trichinosis, which comes from eating infected pork that has not been sufficiently cooked, is more common in the United States—especially in the states indicated on the map—than in any other country in the world. More than 20,000,000 Americans are believed to carry this parasite. Mild cases sometimes produce fatigue, nausea and sore muscles; severe cases cause death.

That a country so health-conscious as ours should be so severely burdened with this disease is surprising because trichinosis is so easy to prevent. If all pork and products containing pork were thoroughly cooked before being eaten, no one would get trichinosis. Moreover, the pork itself would be free of infection if we stopped feeding pigs uncooked garbage. The map shows little trichinosis in the Midwest, where pigs are fed corn, and heavy concentrations on the West and East Coasts, where a garbage diet is the rule. Many packing houses try to protect consumers by using only corn-fed pigs. Furthermore, 43 of the 48 states now have legislation forbidding feeding pigs uncooked garbage.

Fish tapeworm, which occurs around the Great Lakes, and beef tapeworm, which is prevalent wherever beef is eaten, are also acquired from insufficiently cooked or insufficiently refrigerated food. Pinworm, chiefly a children's disease and common all over the world, is not so easy to avoid. The disease, which can cause appendicitis, comes from absorption of dirt. Pinworm eggs are so tiny and light they may float in the air as dust particles and be inhaled; or they may be ingested when children put their fingers in dirt and then in their mouths. To contract the fifth worm disease found in the United States, hookworm, the skin must come in contact with a humid, sandy soil. Hookworm is prevalent only in the South, where many people still go barefoot.

The most familiar of our illnesses is also one of the most mysterious; influenza, whose prevalence is pictured on this page. Doctors suspect that it is caused by a virus, but still are not certain. Their research is stimulated by memories of the terrible influenza epidemic of 1918, when approximately 15,000,000 people throughout the world died.

Unlike most other infectious diseases, flu doesn't give immunity. Those who recover from it may get it again. Records show that although influenza deaths have sharply decreased, probably because of the antibiotics now available, there are just as many cases as ever. Flu tends to appear in epidemics at two- to four-year intervals, usually during the winter.

The map illustrates one of influenza's mysteries. In 1950, the year charted, Texas and Virginia were apparently hit hardest by flu. No one knows why, or why the other states were hit in such varying degrees.

Because so little is known about the disease, you'd have to study maps of its occurrence over a period of many years to find the environmental causes. The U.S. Public Health Service has been making such a study covering 30 to 40 years in an effort to learn how the disease strikes and whether there is a noticeable trend in its shift from one part of the country to another. Mapping this trend might uncover more information about flu than the laboratories so far have been able to find.

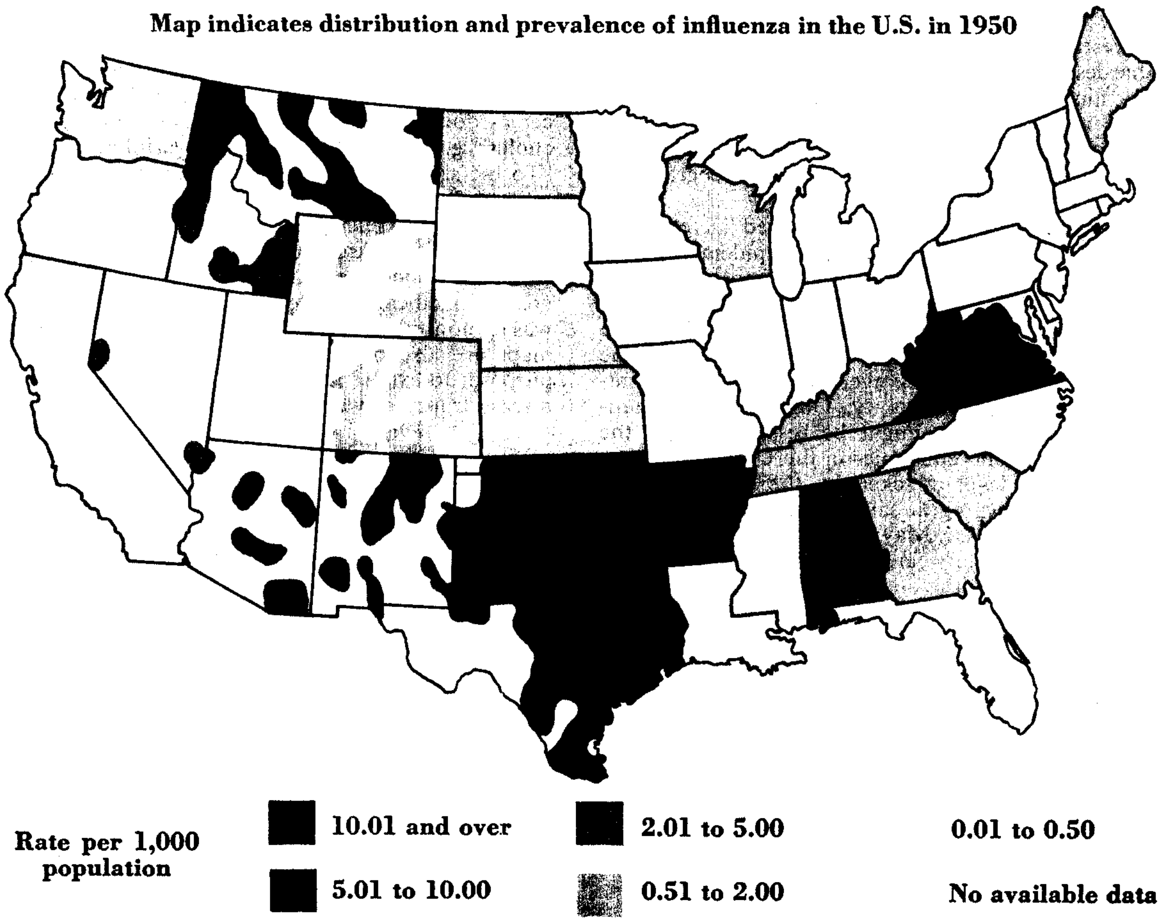
Contagions That Have Their Seasons

Aside from flu, communicable diseases show a comparatively low rate of occurrence in the United States, and your susceptibility to them is closely related to the season. Measles reaches its peak incidence in June through the Northeastern states; a month or two sooner in the Southwest. Its lowest rate of occurrence throughout the country is in September. In general, more people catch bronchitis, diphtheria, scarlet fever and pneumonia in winter.

The chart on page 97, in which you may pick out communicable diseases that have the highest incidence in your own state, reveals some geographical puzzles. One of them—why Nevada has the highest rate of smallpox in the country (about 12 cases to every 1,000,000 inhabitants)—was solved by a letter from the Nevada State Department of Health. Nevada, unlike most other states, does not require smallpox vaccination. Other questions that the chart suggests are not so quickly explained.

Why is it that tetanus, although infrequent, is found more often in Southern states—Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Ten-

Map indicates distribution and prevalence of influenza in the U.S. in 1950



What communicable diseases are prevalent in your state and how often do they occur? Color key at right will help you find the answers on opposite page. The chart is based on 1950 figures. Diseases are grouped under type of germ organisms causing them

RATE PER 1000		to 0.25	0.26 to 0.50	0.51 to 0.75	0.76 and over
BACTERIAL	UNDULANT FEVER	●			
	TETANUS				
RICKETTSIAL	ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPOTTED FEVER	●			
	ENDEMIC TYPHUS	●			
VIRAL	POLIOMYELITIS	●	●●	●●●	
	GERMAN MEASLES	●	●●	●●●	●●●●
	RHEUMATIC FEVER	●			
	INFECTIOUS ENCEPHALITIS				
	TRACHOMA	●	●●		
	SMALLPOX	●			

What's causing the rise in the age level of polio victims in the United States?

nessee and Georgia—than in the North? The tetanus bacillus comes from the soil. Does the soil in the South favor the multiplication of the bacillus? Or do people get more wounds in that section of the country? Or are fewer medical precautions taken?

Why does endemic typhus also show a higher incidence in the South, although the rat flea which carries this disease is found everywhere in the United States? Why does encephalitis occur most often in the West—North and South Dakota, California, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona—and seldom in the East?

Intense Research Yields Polio Data

Medical geographers try to find the answers to such questions by studying the pattern of disease occurrence over a period of years, narrowing the investigation to areas where the disease strikes hardest, and then examining every detail of the terrain. They already have gathered some vital information about polio by this method. Mapping polio, with a grant from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the American Geographical Society found that:

- Although the disease has existed all over the world since antiquity, the worst epidemics in recent years have occurred in the most advanced countries, those with the best sanitation. Experts suggest that in underdeveloped countries where sanitation is poor, people may be exposed to the disease at a very early age, experience a mild attack and develop immunity. Our increasingly antiseptic environment might be responsible for the increase in polio epidemics in the United States.
- The age level attacked by the disease in this country has been gradually rising. "In very primitive countries," Dr. May reports, "polio hits chiefly very young infants; in areas where medium sanitation exists, it's the one- to five-year-olds who are most affected; where the degree of sanitation is still higher, as in the northern United States, the age group is between five and fifteen." The higher a person's income, the later the age at which he is likely to be exposed to the virus; the map shows polio epidemics are most severe in our most prosperous communities. The North has suffered more severely from this disease than the South.
- There is a striking correlation between polio and the weather. In tropical countries, epidemics may occur in any month. In the United States, as in other temperate-zone countries, epidemics occur when the climate is most nearly tropical. Our worst epidemics reach their climax immediately after the hottest and most humid weeks of the year.

Medical geographers have also begun to study cancer. The American Geographical Society is preparing a world map of this disease. There is already considerable evidence that geographical factors produce different kinds of cancer in different parts of the world. The rate of skin cancer is high in our Southern states and in Africa; cancer of the stomach, which occurs frequently in most of the rest of the world, is little known among African natives; primary cancer of the liver is virtually unknown in Europe and the United States, but is common in Africa and many countries of Asia.

Despite this evidence, Dr. May says, conservative medical men are as reluctant to accept the theory that environment offers some clues to cancer as doctors 100 years ago were to believe that cholera germs could be found in drinking water. "To the skeptics of medical geography," Dr. May says, "what is known seems obvious; what is unknown seems irrelevant."

To find the unknown factor in the environment which may be spreading a disease has been the goal of medical geographers since the technique was demonstrated by Dr. Snow. But today medical maps are also being used for a more immediate purpose: to expose the places and situations where disease traps are waiting.

Insect "Disease Cycle" Traps Humans

Such traps exist all over the world. They are the "silent zones" of disease—zones where disease factors exist in the animals or in the vegetation of the area and where possible carriers (mosquitoes, flies, fleas, mites or other insects) are present to transmit the disease from animals to man. The disease is confined to animals until man walks into the area; then he becomes part of the disease cycle.

Allied troops stumbled into just such a disease trap during World War II in Burma. An epidemic of scrub typhus broke out among Allied soldiers setting up a new camp area. Army doctors knew that the parasite is carried by larval mites, usually found on rodents, but surrounding camps had showed no signs of scrub typhus and the area appeared to be free of the disease. Why had it broken out in this one spot? The doctors went up in a plane, made aerial maps of the terrain, and from them discerned the cause. The campsite was near a place in the jungle which nomadic natives had apparently cleared and then abandoned. Now young grass had grown over the clearing, exactly the vegetation which adult mites choose for their food. The mites infected rats in the camp area—and the soldiers from 10,000 miles away walked into the trap.

Disease traps also may be found in inhabited areas where people of differing immunities come together for the first time. In Greenland, for example, government health authorities barred U.S. soldiers from Eskimo villages; Eskimos die from such civilized diseases as measles and scarlet fever.

Plague-Infected Rats Do Little Harm

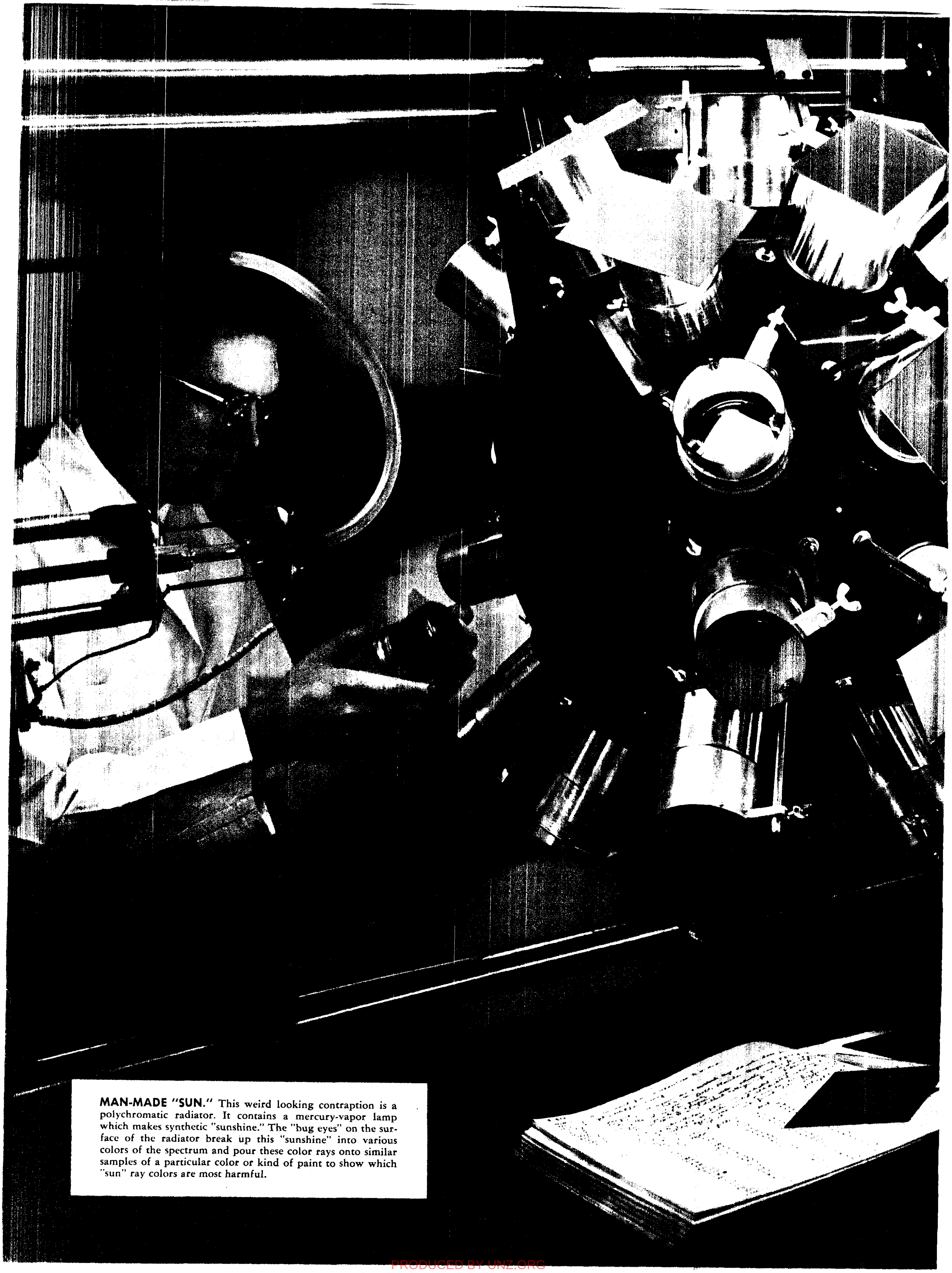
We have disease traps in the United States, too, but our public-health agencies protect us from them. Wild rats, infected with plague, one of the most terrible of all diseases, are found in the Western half of this country, and maps show an eastward movement of the infected animals. Thanks to control measures of the Public Health Service, however, the disease is seldom passed on to humans. The few people who have caught the disease in this country did so on hunting trips in the woods, where they were bitten by fleas from infected rodents.

There is no danger of plague breaking out among the rest of us because several situations would have to coincide before an epidemic could start: rats would have to be living in houses with humans; these rats would have to catch the diseased fleas from the wild rodents; the climate would have to be favorable to the fleas, so that they increased; and, finally, the infected domestic rats would have to die out before the fleas would jump to humans.

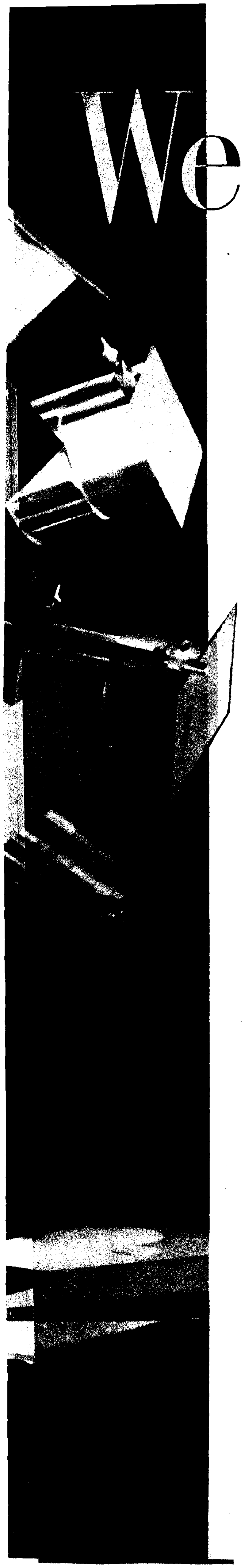
Public Health Service epidemiologists, keeping a careful watch on all these factors, have prevented them from coinciding.

They do it, of course, with maps. ▲▲▲

	BACTERIAL		RICKETTSIAL		VIRAL					
	UNDULANT FEVER	TETANUS	ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPOTTED FEVER	ENDEMIC TYPHUS	POLIOMYELITIS	GERMAN MEASLES	RHEUMATIC FEVER	INFECTIOUS ENCEPHALITIS	TRACHOMA	SMALLPOX
ALABAMA	●	●	●	●	●	●				
ARIZONA	●	●			●	●●			●	●
ARKANSAS	●	●	●	●	●	●			●	
CALIFORNIA	●	●	●	●	●	●●			●	
COLORADO	●		●		●	●				●
CONNECTICUT	●	●			●●	●●				
DELAWARE			●		●					
FLORIDA	●	●		●	●	●			●	
GEORGIA	●	●	●	●	●					
IDAHO	●	●	●		●●	●●●				
ILLINOIS	●	●	●		●	●			●	
INDIANA	●	●	●		●	●				
IOWA	●	●			●●●	●				●
KANSAS	●	●	●		●●	●	●		●	●
KENTUCKY	●	●	●	●	●	●	●		●	●
LOUISIANA	●	●	●	●	●	●	●			
MAINE	●	●			●	●●●●	●			
MARYLAND	●	●	●	●	●●	●	●		●	
MASSACHUSETTS	●	●			●	●●●				
MICHIGAN	●	●	●		●●	●●●●	●		●	
MINNESOTA	●	●			●		●		●	
MISSISSIPPI	●	●	●	●	●		●			●
MISSOURI	●	●	●		●	●	●		●	●
MONTANA	●	●	●	●	●	●●	●		●	
NEBRASKA	●	●	●		●●		●		●	●
NEVADA	●		●		●				●	●
NEW HAMPSHIRE	●	●			●	●●●●				
NEW JERSEY	●	●	●		●	●●●●				
NEW MEXICO	●	●	●		●	●●●	●		●	●
NEW YORK	●	●	●	●	●●	●			●	
NORTH CAROLINA	●		●	●	●					
NORTH DAKOTA	●	●			●		●		●	●
OHIO	●	●	●		●	●	●		●	●
OKLAHOMA	●	●	●	●	●	●	●		●	●
OREGON	●	●	●		●●		●		●	●
PENNSYLVANIA	●	●	●	●	●	●	●			
RHODE ISLAND	●	●			●	●	●			
SOUTH CAROLINA	●	●	●	●	●		●			
SOUTH DAKOTA	●	●			●●				●	●
TENNESSEE	●	●	●	●	●	●	●		●	●
TEXAS	●			●	●●				●	●
UTAH	●		●		●	●	●			
VERMONT	●				●	●●●●				
VIRGINIA	●	●	●	●	●●		●			
WASHINGTON	●				●●	●	●		●	
WEST VIRGINIA	●	●	●	●	●	●	●		●	
WISCONSIN	●				●●	●●	●		●	●
WYOMING	●		●		●	●●●	●		●	
DISTRICT of COLUMBIA	●	●	●		●		●			



MAN-MADE "SUN." This weird looking contraption is a polychromatic radiator. It contains a mercury-vapor lamp which makes synthetic "sunshine." The "bug eyes" on the surface of the radiator break up this "sunshine" into various colors of the spectrum and pour these color rays onto similar samples of a particular color or kind of paint to show which "sun" ray colors are most harmful.



We split a sunbeam 30 ways

to make the beauty of GM cars last longer

ONE thing that everyone seems to notice about this year's Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs is the gay beauty of their colors.

But to come up with new and exciting colors isn't so simple as you may think. The body finish of an automobile needs to keep its beauty for years. It should withstand all ranges of temperature, sunlight, humidity, dew and the salt splash from winter streets.

So before a color can be adopted, it has to pass a lot of tests, just like other materials that go into any General Motors car.

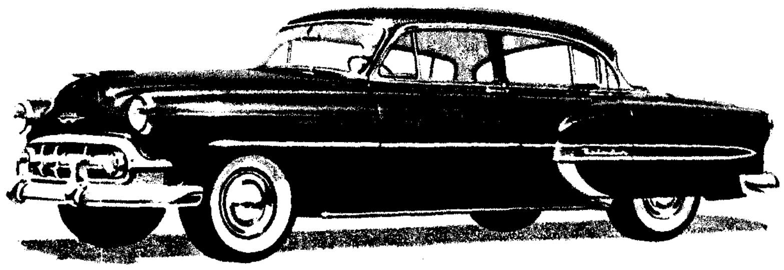
And—in the search for ways to get better and quicker tests of quality — our GM engineers developed such machines as the one shown here, which duplicates the effect of sunlight, and even lets them test the effect of the various spectrum colors one by one. This, of course, is in addition to our "paint proving ground" in Florida, where finishes are exposed to months of tropical sunlight.

How well do all these tests pan out? To answer this question, our engineers conduct an annual used-car survey, examining cars 1, 2 and 3 years old — both our own and competitive makes—for chalking, cracking, blistering and rust spots.

The answer is — year after year — GM car finishes have stood up better than those of other makes.

Further, we believe that our 1953 car finishes, in lasting quality and beauty, are the finest we have yet produced. Another good reason why the *key to a General Motors car is your key to greater value.*

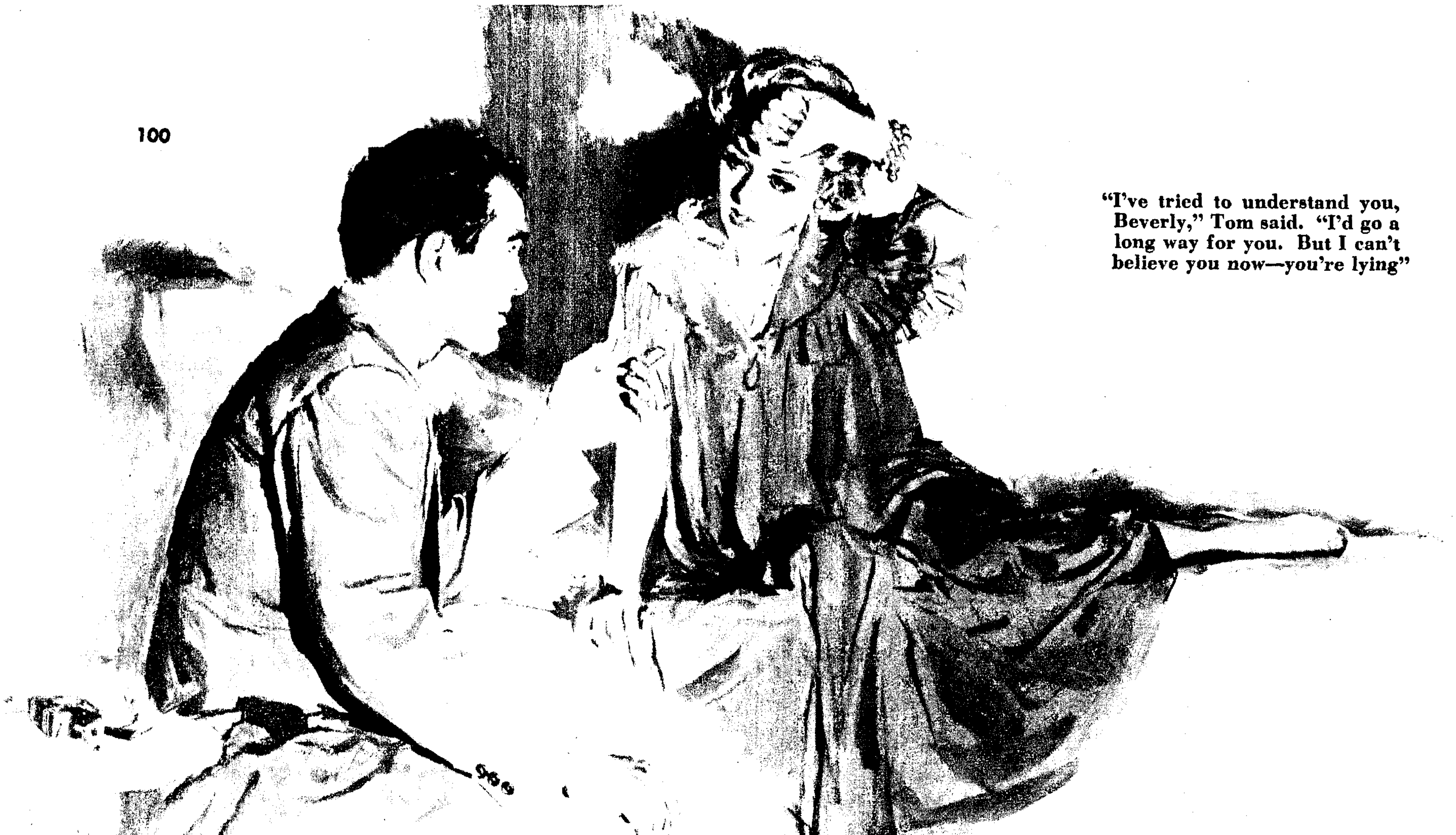
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER
GMC TRUCK & COACH



GENERAL MOTORS

"More and Better Things for More People"

Your tickets on the 50-yard line—General Motors TV College Football Game of the Week—Every Saturday, Sept. 19 through Dec. 5, and Thanksgiving Day. Check your local paper for time and station.



"I've tried to understand you, Beverly," Tom said. "I'd go a long way for you. But I can't believe you now—you're lying"

the Shadows of THE IMAGES

Beverly's evil web was growing, spreading; no one around her could hope to escape

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

Author of the best-selling novel The Left Hand of God

The Story: Paul Logan, young law student and devout Catholic, loved Beverly Colter, arrogant daughter of wealthy, divorced parents, even though she ridiculed his religious beliefs. Her disrespect was symbolized by a wooden carving of Lucifer, the devil, which she bought to shock Paul and which he detested. Yet eventually he gave up the Church for Beverly. He wanted to marry her but she refused, and he went to California to take a summer job not knowing that she was going to have his child. Beverly thought of a scheme that she mistakenly believed would entitle her to an operation that would end her pregnancy legally. She had once attended a trial in which three rapists were acquitted by a confused jury. Using this trial as background, Beverly faked a convincing attack on herself, describing these same three men as her attackers. The men were brought to trial and convicted—largely because of the efforts of Paul's brother, Tom Logan, a police detective—and were sent to prison. The only person who did not believe Beverly's story of her attack was Vicky Leighton, Tom's fiancée, who lived with her grandmother, Elizabeth. Vicky and Tom quarreled over the case and their engagement was broken. Meantime, Beverly, unable to avoid having the child, married Paul in California, and soon after the baby was born they returned to State City. Paul knew nothing of Beverly's attempt to rid herself of the baby and was devoted to her. He was touched by her efforts to keep house in their dismal furnished apartment and to care for their son. But despite Beverly's pleas Paul refused to accept a subsidy from her father, Theodore Colter, who employed him; Paul wanted to earn his own way. Some months after the breakup between Tom and Vicky, Paul went to Vicky to plead Tom's case. His words influenced Vicky and when, a few mornings later, she saw Tom—who had been only a nominal Catholic—in church, she waited to talk with him afterward.

IV

The week of May 25th, 1952, was the hottest May week in the history of State City. The sun blazed out of a cloudless sky and dust floated dispiritedly in the dead, dry air. Listless, gasping citizens consoled themselves with the thought that Friday was Memorial Day. The long holiday week end was a blessing. One could escape to the hills where it was always cooler.

On Wednesday, May 28th, Paul Logan left for Chicago on a night plane. There was a bitter quarrel about that. Beverly had not remembered the Memorial Day holiday when the trip was first proposed, nor had he. But when she did remember, she was angry.

"I'll be back for it," he said wearily. "Your father wants me up there only for the one day. I'm sure of that. He told me to report at his office at nine A.M. Thursday. I'll fly back as soon as I'm through. I may even be in Thursday night."

Until the last minute Beverly was determined to go along with him. Patiently, Paul went over the same old arguments about money: that they had to live on what he earned and not on her father's wealth. They couldn't afford a trip to Chicago for Beverly. Again he asked her to be patient. Soon he'd be through school and worth a lot of money, and he'd get what he was worth.

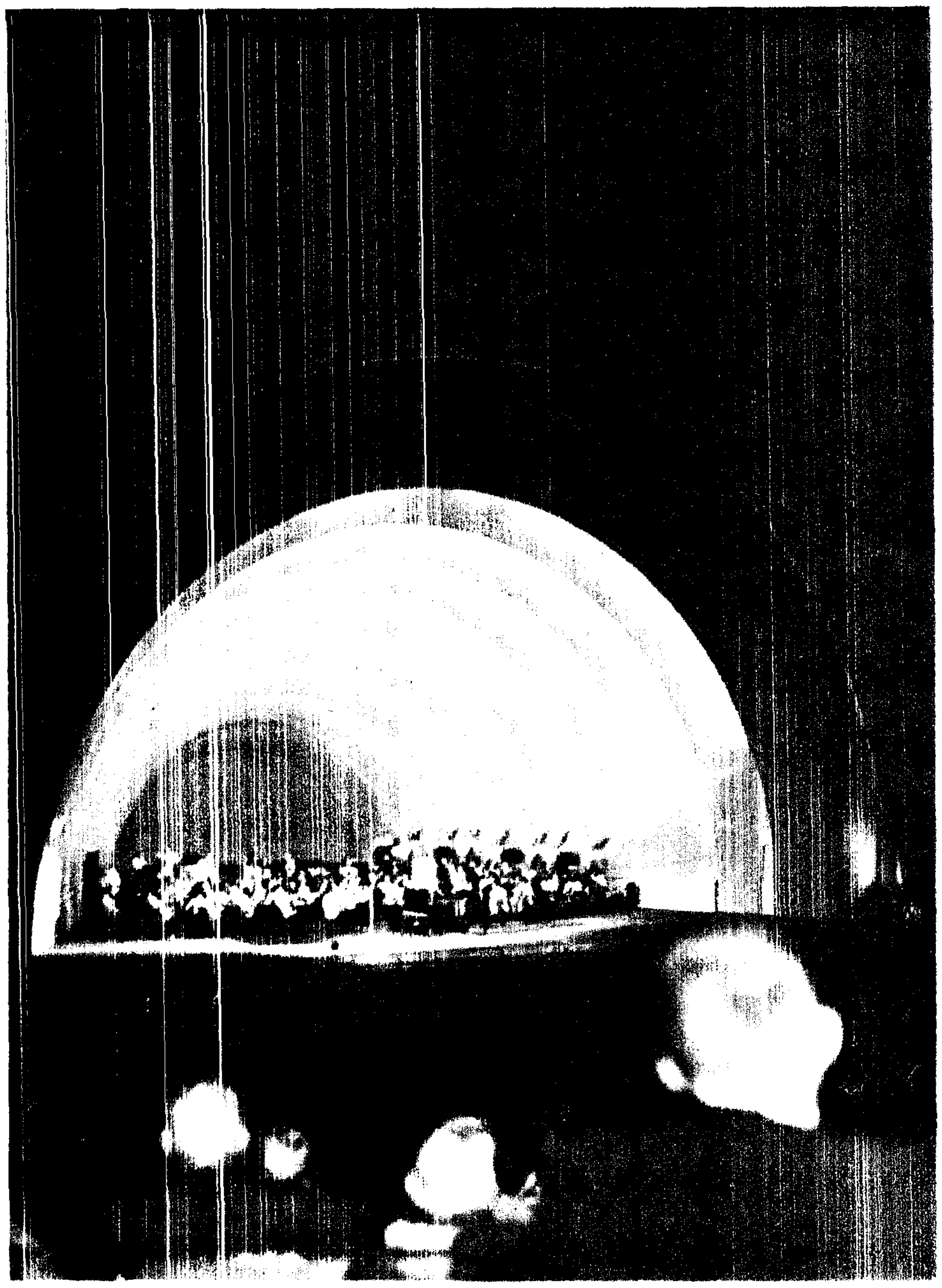
It wasn't the last word; Beverly had that. But she didn't go to Chicago. Paul held her tight when he left. "I'll wire you if I can make it Thursday night," he said. "Otherwise, expect me Friday morning sometime."

He didn't wire—and he didn't make it Thursday night. Beverly awakened Friday morning with a throbbing in her temples. She had a cottony

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

COPYRIGHT 1953 BY WILLIAM E. BARRETT

How we put the Hollywood Bowl into table model television



Big as the Hollywood Bowl is, you can hear the music perfectly from any seat in the house. The orchestra sits in a bandshell which beams the sound out at you.

Using this principle, Zenith engineers have developed a new kind of speaker for table model TV receivers. It's the exclusive Zenith Bandshell Speaker and it gives you sound of a clarity and brilliance that only this exclusive Zenith speaker can give you.

The Zenith Bandshell Speaker is actually a miniature Bandshell. It fits into the top of the set. When you pop it up it beams the sound directly at you, just like the bandshell in the Hollywood Bowl. Your ears can hear the wonderful improvement this makes over conventional table models with the speaker on the side.

This exclusive Bandshell Speaker is another development resulting from Zenith's constant search for ways to put more and more quality into television receivers.

ASK ANY ZENITH OWNER

ZENITH®
The royalty of radio and TELEVISION

Backed by 35 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics Exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Illinois

New 21-inch ZENITH CLYBOURN
Table Model L2235R, $299.95*

One of four new Zenith table models with the exclusive new Bandshell Speaker. Speaker is retractable when not in use. A trim Contemporary design with top and sides of rich mahogany veneers. Other models in this series with 17-inch screens, from $224.95*

- **New Zenith Cinébeam picture tube** in some 21, most 24 and all 27-inch consoles. Millions of tiny metallic particles mean brighter, clearer pictures—just like the movies. Uses less beam current. You get longer picture tube life.
- **New Spotlite Dial** makes channel numbers so visible you can tell where you're tuned clear across a room. Channel number changes automatically as you switch stations with the Zenith Turret Tuner.
- **New Super-K Chassis**—brings in distant stations with ease. Offers greater sensitivity to sound, remarkable picture signal selectivity. Out-performed every set tested against it in coast-to-coast tests, in TV's toughest trouble spots.
- **New—TV's two best ways to tune UHF and VHF.** You'll enjoy one-knob, Bull's eye tuning of Ultra High and Very High Frequency Channels with Zenith's exclusive Turret Tuner. Teamed with a remarkable new Zenith All-Channel Continuous Tuner you get all 82 channels. (Continuous Tuner is optional, extra.)
- **New High Fidelity sound system** offered in five new Zenith TV-Radio-Phonographs. Provides a new natural reproduction of sound that used to require costly, custom-made components.

**Manufacturers suggested retail prices (subject to change) include Federal Excise Tax and Parts and Tubes Warranty. Slightly higher in South and Far West.*

Now Even Better!
Invest More in Savings Bonds

COPR. 1953 Z. R. C.

IODENT
Brighter Teeth and Smiles for SMOKERS!

IODENT NO. 2
. . . is a toothpaste made and guaranteed by a Dentist "for teeth hard to bryten".

SAFELY ERASES "SMOKER'S SMUDGE"!
Twice daily use of special texture Iodent No. 2 is the safe, sure way to really clean your teeth—restore sparkle!

"IODENT YOUR MOUTH"
—the pleasant, clean way to fight tooth decay!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IODENT No. 2 FOR TEETH Hard TO BRYTEN
LARGE 47c
Extra Large ECONOMY 59c

FREE 24-PAGE BOOKLET
Seal Heat IN, Seal Cold OUT
WITH
Bridgeport INNER-SEAL WEATHER STRIPPING

Keep heat IN, seal drafts OUT — weather-strip with tough, flexible, waterproof INNER-SEAL! INNER-SEAL's exclusive patented construction—spring steel molded in live sponge rubber—makes a pressure-tight seal that keeps air leaks out *for good*. Adjustable . . . fits perfectly even on warped frames. Easy to install—lasts for years.

Send for FREE copy of the new 24-page booklet "Why & How to Weather-Strip", and sample of INNER-SEAL.
WRITE DEPT. C-1
BRIDGEPORT FABRICS, INC., BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

AERO SHAVE LATHER BOMB
THE BIGGEST SHAVE NEWS IN 50 YEARS!
JUST PUSH VALVE ...OUT COMES LATHER!
- Richer, Creamier Lather
- No Brush Needed
- No Greasy Cream
- 3 Beard Softeners
- Built-in Lano-Lotion
Only 59¢
AERO SHAVE Lather Bomb

taste in her mouth, and the sheets felt damp and gritty. The baby was crying. She had an idea that he had been crying for a long time, that she had been hearing him in her half-sleep. She rubbed the back of her hand across her eyes and blinked at the clock. It was only ten minutes to seven. It wasn't even time to get up. It wasn't even time to wake up. The baby shouldn't be crying.

"It's Paul's turn to make the coffee," she said. That thought disturbed her more than the crying of the baby or the fact that it was not yet seven o'clock. She needed coffee before she could wake up, and it was not her turn to make it.

But she could not lie where she was, on the hot sheets in the stuffy, airless room. She rolled over slowly, reluctantly, and sat up. She felt giddy, and her head throbbed. The baby's crying was another demand on her. She had to stop his crying, and that meant waiting on him, doing things for him before she fixed coffee for herself. She sat on the edge of the bed, irresolute. What she really wanted to do was simple: she wanted to walk right out of the apartment and not come back. That, too, would be an effort.

There were more windows in this ridiculous apartment that could be opened, but opening them did no good. A certain amount of air came in, but it was dead as soon as it got inside. The place was designed all wrong. All the windows were on the same side of the house. The air never moved through the place, not even when the door to the hall was open. The floor felt warm, dry and warm, under her bare feet. The living room, where the baby slept, was even hotter than the bedroom. It was like a furnace room.

The baby's face was a dark red. He cried and kept on crying, even when she touched him. "Shut up!" she said. "I can't help it."

HER head felt light as she bent over the crib. The baby kept crying, not kicking or fussing; merely pouring out sound. His face looked hot and hateful. "I feel terrible, too," she said. "You're only making things worse."

She did not want to change his diaper. That was the feature of having a baby that she hated worst of all. Paul laughed at her disgust with the facts of infant life, but he changed the baby in the mornings and he washed the diapers. Now he wasn't here, and the baby needed changing. She didn't want to do anything like that until she had had her coffee and was feeling better.

But she changed him, forcing herself to do it, almost deserting him when she saw that the sheet had to be changed, too. He stopped screaming, but he did not cheer up. He sobbed, panting a little.

She left him and went into the kitchen and started the coffee. She fixed the baby's formula too, working under a certain sense of compulsion, fighting all the way, not wanting to do any of these things. When the bottle was ready, she started into the other room with it, then remembered that she had not tested it. She squeezed a little onto the back of her hand and winced. It was too hot. She looked at it helplessly. It shouldn't be too hot. She ran cold water over the bottle.

The coffee boiled over while she was fixing the bottle. A sullen, wordless anger against Paul built up in her. If he hadn't gone to Chicago none of this would be happening to her.

She turned off the gas under the coffee and got a cup from the cupboard. She remembered the baby's bottle then and tested it again. It did not seem quite warm enough now. She looked at it, baffled. "Anyway," she said aloud, "it's better than having it too hot."

She took the bottle in to him and propped it beside him. He was crying hard again, and she had to shake him to make him realize that she'd brought his bottle. He choked, sobbed a couple of times, and then began to drink. The sudden silence was almost shattering.

Beverly read the morning paper while she was eating her breakfast. Because of the unseasonable heat wave, the paper reported, state patrolmen had been alerted to expect heavy traffic on all the mountain highways. The headline read: *Holiday Throngs Flee City Heat.* She couldn't flee the heat; Paul was in Chicago.

She wondered what time he would come. If he didn't get in pretty early, she would blow her top. He should have got in last night.

There was only one piece of coffee-cake left on the plate—a mute reminder that she had eaten practically the entire cake by herself. She looked at the last piece and decided that it would be silly to try to save it. It would just dry out and get stale in this heat. She wished that she didn't like butter on it. Butter was fattening, too.

She hated to be reminded that she was getting fat. On his last visit her father had said, "You're beginning to put on weight, aren't you?" That blunt statement had rankled for days. She *was* overweight, about fifteen pounds overweight. Paul had never said anything about it, but he was at least as observant as her father, and she had been ready for him several times when she'd thought he was going to say something.

She did not like the flesh that had been gathering around her middle and over her hips. She had pushed some of her best clothes into a corner of the closet so that she would not have to look at them. She couldn't get into those dresses any more. She had complained sometimes to Paul that there was no sense in trying to dress well when she had to live the way she lived.

She would never admit to Paul that she couldn't get into those clothes. It took away some of her own guilty feeling if she could make him feel guilty. After all, she had been slim before she'd had to live like this. Not that she was fat now—not yet; she was merely putting on weight. If things were different, she'd take it off. She didn't define to herself how different things would have to be, and she was vague about how she would lose the weight.

She looked resentfully at the green walls of the kitchen. It was a disgusting shade of green, particularly in the morning. There were cracks in the paint, and the cracks looked so dirty. She felt trapped, trapped in this dull town and in this depressing apartment. Everybody was gone to the mountains, and she had to stay here.

THE woman downstairs hadn't gone to the mountains either. Her phonograph came to life with an overloud suddenness that was shocking. A sugary, ingratiating male vocalist was singing his heart out: "Wee-ping," he cooed, "Weeping on the east side, Weeping on the west side. Weeeeee-*ping* . . . all over town over you."

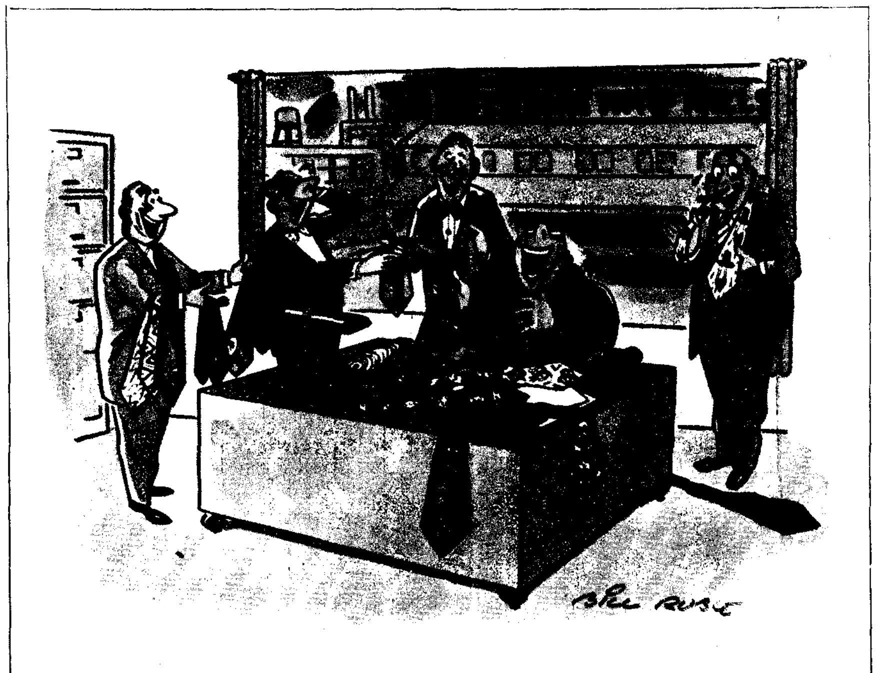
Beverly swore. She piled her dishes into the sink, making a clatter with them, trying to ignore the intolerable, stupid noise from downstairs.

She went into the living room, and the baby was crying again. Her nerves tightened and she strode angrily to the crib. When she looked at him, however, her mood softened. He was tired of crying, and he no longer cried loudly. He did not look mean or ill-tempered or unreasonable; he looked unhappy. He had taken only a third of his bottle. When she tried to give it to him again he pushed it away. She sighed, and her shoulders slumped.

"I know how you feel," she said. "It's so hot. I suppose I'll have to give you a bath."

She thought about the bath that she wanted herself, the freedom to lie in the tub and soak. Very reluctantly, she decided to give Paul, Jr., his bath first. Thinking of him as Paul, Jr., made her angry again.

She had meant to look at the comparative temperatures in the morning paper; she was willing to bet that it was cooler in Chicago than in State City. Even if it weren't, Paul would spend his time in air-conditioned offices and hotels. He would ride around in taxicabs. Her lips tightened. "Just stop complaining for a few minutes," she told the baby, "and I'll fix your bath."



COLLIER'S "It's the best assortment of Christmas ties we've ever come up with, chief" BILL RUBLE

She walked back to the bathroom, her slippers making a slapping sound against the floor. She was still wearing her nightgown.

The record concert from downstairs was coming in full blast now. Beverly ran water into the bathtub, but the noise of the running water—even with the added spray from a loose washer on the faucet—did not protect her from a shouted "luh-luh-luhving yooo." She had to bathe the baby in the bathtub. It would be much easier in a smaller tub, if she had one.

The baby was still crying, a whimpering cry, not sustained as it had been. Beverly hesitated at the door of the living room. It was one of those moments when she endowed the baby with adult humors and motives. I hate to go near him, she thought, in the mood he's in.

The morning light was merciless to the pink of the living-room walls. At night they were merely dingy-pink, but in the morning they were streaked and stained and faded. The flowered green slip covers on the heavy furniture were bright and cheap-looking. There were several tassels missing from the fringe of the bright pink lamp shade.

Last night's newspaper was scattered on the floor in three sections, and there was a wadded house dress on the divan. Her stockings, which had felt hot on her legs last night, were on the floor beside the big chair. The ash tray was piled high, and there was a sticky-looking glass and the crumpled wrapper from a candy bar on the marble-topped table.

The place needs some cleaning, Beverly thought. There wasn't any use in doing anything about it though, she decided, because it still wouldn't look like anything.

The baby stopped whimpering when she bent over him. She accepted that as a friendly gesture and her feelings toward him softened. "I know just how you feel, worry wart," she said. "I want to kick and scream too." He was wet, and she picked him up gingerly. "I don't know why you have to be so repulsive all the time," she said. "I try to be nice to you, but you're so sloppy and smelly."

SHE carried him into the bathroom, where the sound of the record from downstairs was even louder than before. The baby sobbed a couple of times, swallowing hard, taking no joy in anything. He usually liked his bath, but today he merely accepted it, without any cooing, kicking or enthusiasm. Beverly supported him in the water as she bathed him. "Okay," she said, "sulk. But it's not my fault. I don't like this any more than you do."

She was drying Paul, Jr., when the woman downstairs switched over to hillbilly records. A yodeling voice came wailing up, accompanied by the twanging of an amplified guitar. The baby puckered up his face. Beverly shook him. "No, you don't!" she said. "You can be a burglar when you grow up, if you want to, but you can't make noises like that ape. If you start now, so help me, I'll put soap in your mouth."

She carried him back to the other room. The groaning, tortured voice pursued them, but it was not so loud in the living room. Beverly put the baby on the floor while she turned his mattress. He had already had one clean sheet today, but after a moment's hesitation she brought him another. She was feeling sorry for him again. It was a lousy life, she thought, being a baby.

When she laid him back in the crib, he stretched his arms and legs and kicked a couple of times. He seemed surprised to find himself so comfortable. He grunted with relief and expelled a long sigh. The sigh did it. Beverly had been on the verge of leaving him to take her own bath, but now she paused a moment. "Okay, jo-jo," she said. "You win. I might as well go all the way with you. I'll fix you another bottle."

She did not mind fixing this bottle. Just so long as he's reasonable, she thought. I hate anybody who is always complaining. She even tried not to mind the latest record, which sounded like the dinner hour at the zoo. "I can be a strong character if I want to be," she said aloud.

She went back to the baby, feeling a little proud of herself. He accepted the bottle from her without enthusiasm, rolling reluctantly over on his right side to take it. She stood for a moment, watching him, vaguely disappointed. She felt somehow let down. "You aren't even friendly," she said, "after all I tried to do for you."

BEVERLY felt rejected, snubbed and finally annoyed. The baby was just like Paul. Paul didn't care about her either, when there wasn't anything he wanted from her. He was probably enjoying himself in Chicago not even thinking of her. She thought, if he doesn't come back today—

But no. She refused to consider that possibility. He *had* to be back today. Today was a holiday. That meant that it was a holiday in Chicago too; there wouldn't be anything to do. She returned to the bathroom for her own delayed bath, steeling herself against the blaring noise from downstairs. But there was no noise; the woman downstairs had put her records away. She's gone to the mountains too, Beverly thought.

She ran the water in the dead, smothering quiet that seemed to hover in the bathroom like steam. The faucet squeaked, and the rush of water frightened her. I'm alone, she thought. I'm all alone in this place.

She had never minded being alone in the past, but when she turned off the water the heavy silence came in around her again and she was unnerved. She half expected to hear the phonograph again, dreading it, yet hoping that the woman was down there and would play it. "I don't want to hear it, really," she whispered. "I hate it. It would be dreadful to be the kind of person who had to have noise all the time, who didn't feel safe without it."

She eased herself into the tub cautiously. She tried to ignore her body, as she succeeded in doing when she put on her make-up. By concentrating on her face, she could forget her body, postpone doing anything about it until next week. Her face, she thought, was pretty; the plumpness was becoming.

The water felt good on her skin—tepid, warm enough to give her a feeling of languor, cool enough to wash away the sticky heat. She closed her eyes, surrendering herself to it, content for a moment.

But then the quiet pressed down on her, the awesome, deadly silence. She felt it first as a tangible thing, something crouching in the room, vaguely menacing; then it began to vibrate like sound. She lay in the tub, holding her breath, afraid to open her eyes, hearing the hush all around her, the terrifying sound of no sound at all.

Beverly wanted to grip something

DuBouchett
(say doo-boo-shay)
Many, Blanc
Cordials

The Velvet-Blend vodka, for the dry-er Martini and the smoother Collins. 80 and 100 proof. Made from 100% grain neutral spirits

Delightful as a straight drink. With crushed ice makes a delicious frappe. 60 proof

70 proof

Enjoy the "party" touch every day...

with DuBouchett, the cordials with the *natural* tang!
Enjoy them straight or in mixed drinks...
and delight in the difference they make!
MANY, BLANC & CO., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Free! *Recipe book featuring delicious uses of the 24 incomparable DuBouchett Cordials. Write DuBouchett Booklet, Suite 3623, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.*

SAMOVAR
VODKA
Crème de Menthe
DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
DuBOUCHETT
Blackberry Flavored Brandy

tightly and scream, but the sides of the tub were slippery, without handholds, and she had the feeling that if she tried to scream, no sound would come out. She drew more air into her lungs and then let it all out. The exhalation was a soft, sighing sound.

She opened her eyes. There was nothing, nobody in the room but herself. She stared at the faded Mother Goose cutouts on the wall—a moronic-looking cat with his fiddle, a lopsided moon and a walleyed cow. It was so terribly quiet!

She got out of the tub, dried herself and walked out of the bathroom, carrying the towel. The air of the apartment was like the breath of a desert. She took a fresh cotton house dress out of the closet and put it on, not bothering with anything underneath. There wasn't a sound from the street—not even the honk of a car horn. Nothing stirred anywhere. Nobody spoke. Even the baby was asleep. Sometimes when she felt alone and jittery he was fun to talk to, or play with. By going to sleep he had, in a way, walked out on her—like Paul.

She sighed again. The air smelled heavy and dry, the way it felt. I wish we had an electric fan, she thought.

THE thought persisted. An electric fan would move the air around and might cool things off a little. An electric fan made a humming noise too; it wouldn't be so creepy quiet with a fan going. She turned swiftly and went back into the bedroom. She had forty dollars hidden away. It was hers. It would buy an electric fan, and there would be money left over.

She got down on one knee in front of the dresser, plunging her hand into the depths of the bottom drawer. Before her fingers found the cigarette case in which her hoard was hidden, they closed on a tissue-wrapped figure. She hesitated and then pulled it out.

She had not taken Lucifer out for a long time. She had thought of him often and seen his sardonic smile in her mind's eye, but she had not looked at him. He hadn't been worth arguing about with Paul. Now, suddenly, it seemed a subtle revenge on Paul to bring him out. She unwrapped him.

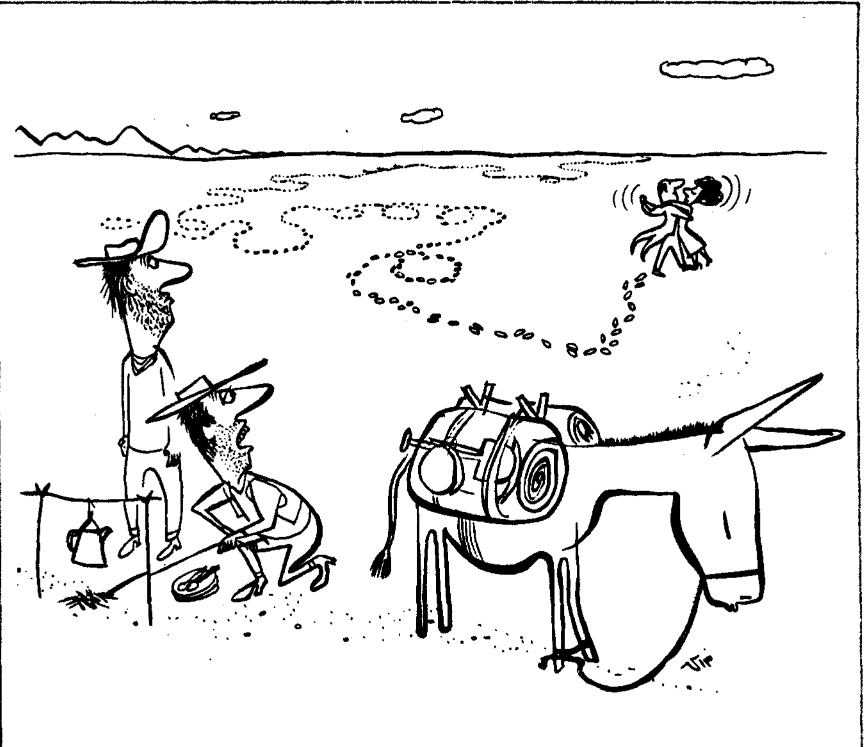
Lucifer looked at her mockingly. His body was smooth, cool. She had the weird feeling that she had had so often before, the feeling that this piece of wood was somehow alive. It did not feel like wood. The face did not look like something that a man had carved. The glittering, amber eyes seemed alight.

She remembered, suddenly, every detail of the room where Lucifer had once been enshrined. The walls had been a heavenly shade of turquoise blue, without a blemish on them. The sunlight had filtered into the room between the clean, white slats of Venetian blinds. The light had fallen softly on the polished blonde wood of her dressing table. The mirror had been kind to her, giving her back a slender, arrogant reflection. Lucifer had stood on the shelf above the foot of her bed, proudly defiant—mocking her, laughing at her sometimes, holding out to her the lure of the unknown.

She knelt on the gritty floor now, remembering, enthralled. Lucifer's smile seemed softer, as though he too remembered and regretted. "This all started with you," she whispered. "I never took Paul too seriously until the day I took him to get you. I never wanted to belong to him, nor to anybody. I wanted to belong to myself."

The old response seemed lacking in the image of Lucifer. She had lost the knack, or else he was withdrawn from her, alienated by his long exile. The strange eyes glittered, but she did not feel the challenge or argument that she had once felt. She was aware again of the silence, the dead, brooding quiet of the apartment and the neighborhood. It was a holiday and she was alone; and it was suffocatingly hot. She looked into the face of the image, and he seemed to be laughing—malicious, goading laughter. The words came into her brain, then, unbidden. "And how do you like the taste of apples?" Lucifer seemed to say.

She hurled the image away from her, hurled it swiftly, violently, without thought. It hit the floor just short of the open closet door and, skidding forward, disappeared into the darkness. She looked after it, and her mouth tightened. "I don't care," she said.



COLLIER'S "Probably in love" VIRGIL PARTCH

She plunged her hand into the drawer again and found the cigarette case. It contained a twenty-dollar bill and two tens. The thought of an electric fan was a saving thought. It was something she wanted, and she had the money to pay for it. She sat on the edge of the bed and looked for the ads in the classified section of the telephone book. She found a listing for an appliance shop near the apartment and dialed the number. She let the telephone ring for a long time, but there was no answer.

She picked out another number and tried again. When that number did not answer either, she realized why. She dialed another number desperately, and a fourth. She sat then with the telephone in her lap. It's a holiday, she thought miserably. Even the people who sell fans have gone to the mountains.

She wadded the three bills into a ball and threw them on the floor. She looked at the bedside clock. It was only twenty minutes to ten—not half the morning gone yet, and she had the whole long day to endure. Where was Paul? She got up and walked into the living room. The baby was still asleep.

Silence seemed to follow her around the apartment. She could not seem to make any noise no matter what she did. Thinking back, she could not remember that the telephone dial had made any sound either. It had moved like a shadow, without a click. She knew that was absurd, but she had an impulse to go back and dial another number, just to see if she were right.

Then the telephone rang. It was like an explosion, like the sudden striking of a big gong. The apartment seemed to rock and echo with the sound. The baby woke up with a whimper, and he started to cry as she ran toward the telephone.

The operator said: "Chicago calling. Just a moment, please."

Then Paul's voice was on the line. He said, "Hello, Bev, I—"

She cut in on him. "Where are you?" she said.

"I'm at the hotel. I thought I could get away before noon, but I can't. I—"

"You've got to. It's a holiday. You should have left last night."

"I couldn't. Listen a minute, Bev."

"I don't want to listen. It's hot here. I can't breathe. Even the people who sell electric fans have gone to the mountains. I can't stand it. I'm all alone. You've got to come back. Right away."

Her voice was rising. It was getting away from her, and she couldn't help it. She felt desperate. The very thought of Paul in a Chicago hotel room was too much to take. It would be clean and bright and air-conditioned.

Paul's voice coming over the wire sounded unreal to her; nothing that he said or could say made any difference. "After our talks yesterday," he was saying, "your father had this man come up from State City, and—"

"Why didn't he have me come up?" Beverly said. "Don't I count?"

"Please, Bev. I've only got a few minutes. I'm trying to tell you."

"Why have you only got a few minutes? What are you going to do?"

"Please. I'll tell you. Your father has some work for me to do in State City. It's important. I'm going to work part time for the new governor—Martin Kemp, who used to be D.A. Your father backed him. I can't discuss the details—it's a tax matter—but I'll be helping to draw up new legislation. I won't be on your father's payroll. I'll be on the state's. . . ."

"And you'll still get peanuts! I don't want to hear about it. I want you to come back here. I'm going crazy in all this heat and with the baby cranky. Or I'll come to Chicago. I'll leave right away for Chicago."

"Bev, we can't. Please, please be reasonable. I've worried about you."

"You act like it."

"I called you the first chance I got. This is a big thing for me, for *us.* I worked with your father's attorneys yesterday. This morning Martin Kemp's secretary flew in. I have to be briefed on the new governor and the whole setup. If I do a good job . . ."

"Promises. Promises. I don't care," she said. "You told me you'd be back today." She paused, and then her voice sharpened. "Where are you going to have lunch?" she said. "The club?"

"Yes."

She could see the club—the dark paneling of the dining room, the silver and the linen on the table. There would be cool drinks in tall, frosted glasses, and laughter at the table, and the big blue lake rippling outside, with a white sail or two showing from the window. It wasn't fair. That all belonged to her, not to Paul.

Paul's voice registered only dimly, a hateful sound coming from the telephone receiver. "Look, Bev," he said. "I'll take the first plane I can get, just as soon as we're through."

Her fingers tightened on the instrument. "I don't give a damn if you never come back," she said.

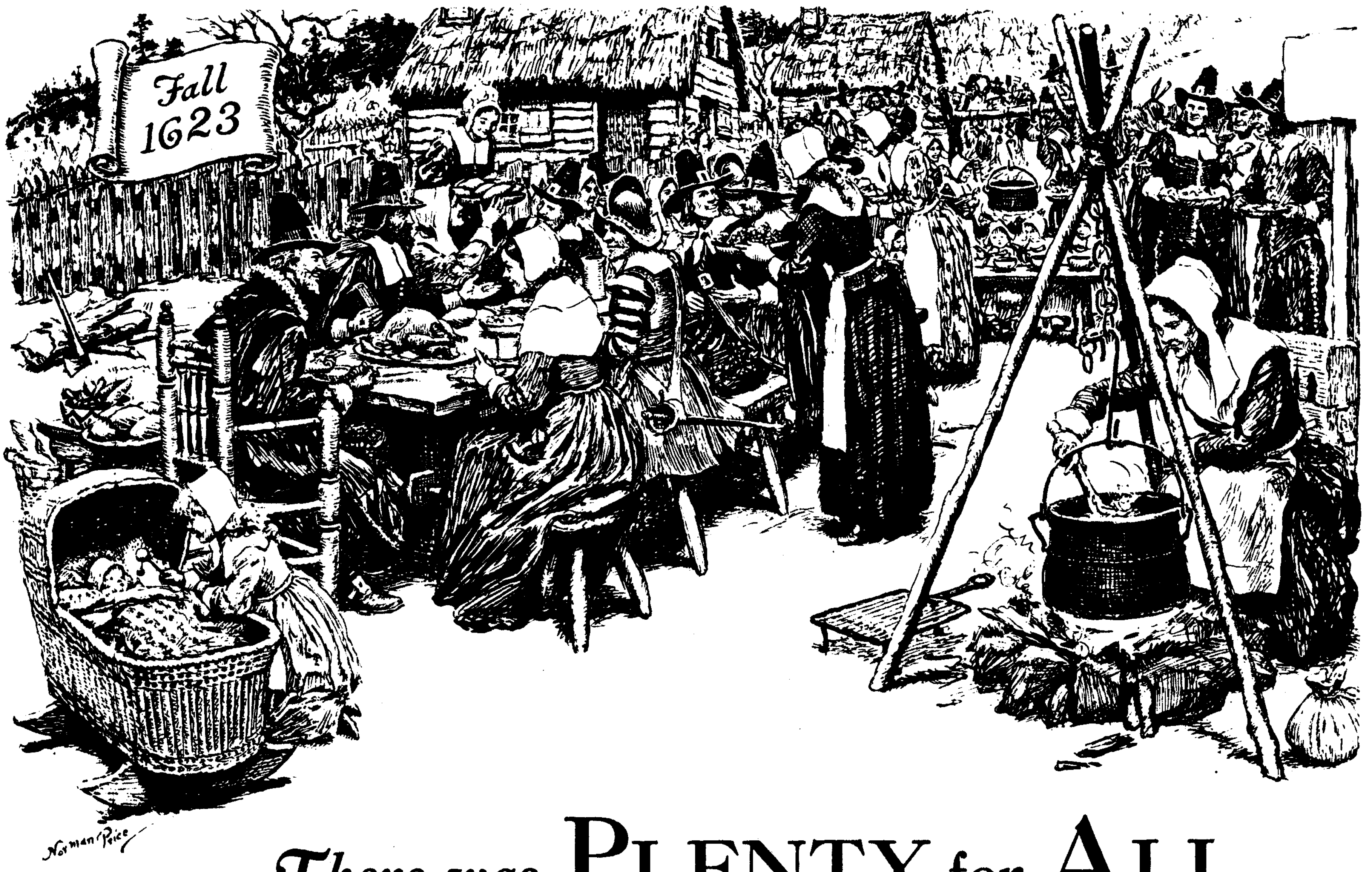
She slammed down the receiver, and when the echo died away the silence crept in on her again. The baby was crying, but it was a distant wailing sound, having nothing to do with the terrible quiet that surrounded her. She was alone. Paul was in Chicago. Paul was having fun. He was going to the club. Her anger made her hands tremble, and she could not stop them.

AS SHE walked into the living room, the baby's crying got louder. Paul had waked him up—Paul and his maddening phone call! She walked past the crib and across the room to the marble-topped table. Her hands were still shaking, and she had a hard time getting a cigarette out of the package. She struck four matches before she succeeded in lighting it.

The baby was screaming, literally screaming. His voice seemed to search out every corner of the room and echo from each corner. There was a big fly gliding lazily around in circles. The smoke was dry in her throat, hot. She thought of a tall, cool Tom Collins at the club. A cigarette would taste all right there: it would taste the way a cigarette should taste. She turned toward the crib. "Shut up!" she said.

The baby kept on screaming. He held a long, steady, sustained cry until it seemed that he would burst with it. Then he gasped, drew his lungs full of air and screamed again. The pauses between sound were harder to take than the sound itself. Beverly laid her cigarette in an ash tray and walked across the room to him. "Stop it," she said. "You've got to stop it!"

His face was red, all his features tense and straining. He looked hateful, she thought, perfectly hateful. She picked him up, and he was wet. The fresh sheet she had given him was wet. A scream died in his throat as she lifted him out of the crib. He uttered a low complaining sound, a peevish sound; then he threw up. She held him away from her, repelled, half-sick from looking at him. She started to put him back, and he began crying



There was PLENTY for ALL

...only when men were Free to work for Themselves!

DID YOU KNOW that the Pilgrims nearly starved to death? That they suffered hunger for two long years, with *never* enough food in the Colony's storehouse?

Have you heard how the Governor and his councilors had complete control of the land and what people produced? How they tried to *rouse* the Colonists to raise more grain; and how they found a way that worked?

During their first year, food was scarce. Even after the 1621 harvest was gathered, the daily ration was only about a quarter of a pound of bread for each person.

In the spring of 1622, the Colonists complained they were too weak to work raising food. Although they were, on the whole, deeply religious, some were so hungry that they stole food from their starving fellow-workers.

Young men complained because they had to work hard to feed other men and their wives and children. Strong men who were heads of families griped. They said that even though they put in long hours and raised good crops, they and their children received no more food or clothes than men who were unable or unwilling to put in more than a few hours' work a day.

Women rebelled when ordered to cook for men not their husbands, or when requested to wash their clothes. And what about the husbands of women who had been set at these jobs? Their wives, they growled, were little better than slaves, and many men declared they wouldn't permit their women-folk to do that kind of work.

After months of bitter complaints, the Governor and chief men of the Colony came to the conclusion that they were making a bad mistake. As Governor Bradford said, they *had* thought they were "wiser than God."

And so, in 1623, they turned away from government dictation and gave each family a parcel of land for its own use.

Then what a change took place! Even the women went into the fields willingly, taking their children along with them. All — men, women and children — planted as much corn as they felt they could possibly work.

People who had formerly complained that they were too weak to dig or hoe, declaring that it was tyranny to make them undertake field work, gladly undertook to plant and cultivate for themselves.

And when the harvest was gathered, instead of famine they had plenty. And so they all gave thanks to God. And what a Thanksgiving they celebrated!

No wonder they gave up for all time their sharing of poverty . . . their belief that it was good for all to suffer scarcity together. They found that it is better for each man to work for himself to produce *plenty*, because that benefits everyone.

* *

A Free Offer of Special Interest to Parents, Students, Teachers

If you'd like to have Governor Bradford's actual account of why the Pilgrim Fathers celebrated this early Thanksgiving — in his own words and his quaint, old-fashioned spelling — mail a post card to Dept. 413b, The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, New York.

Spring 1623

INCO TRADE MARK THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.

Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend

© 1950, T.I.N. Co.

PREVENT SUDDEN BATTERY FAILURE...
WITH OLIN LEAKPROOF BATTERIES
SIZE "D"
OLIN
LEAKPROOF
BATTERY
An Olin Product

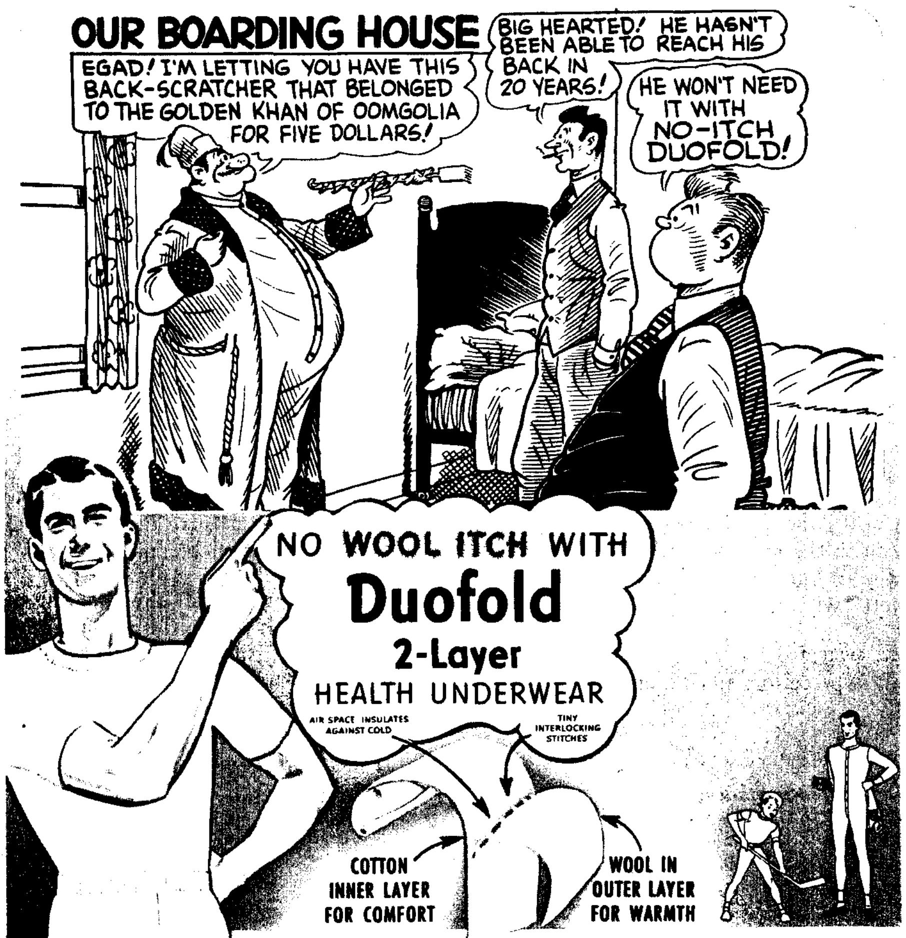
Made with *SOLINITE magic new ingredient

No other battery has it! Exclusive Olin discovery stops sticky ooze that shorts batteries and ruins flashlights. Longer life. More dependable. Ask your dealer for new Olin Leakproof Batteries today.

New flashlight plus batteries free if this battery damages your flashlight.

*Trade Mark for corrosion inhibitor

OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC. • ELECTRICAL DIVISION • NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.



OUR BOARDING HOUSE
EGAD! I'M LETTING YOU HAVE THIS BACK-SCRATCHER THAT BELONGED TO THE GOLDEN KHAN OF OOMGOLIA FOR FIVE DOLLARS!
BIG HEARTED! HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO REACH HIS BACK IN 20 YEARS!
HE WON'T NEED IT WITH NO-ITCH DUOFOLD!
NO WOOL ITCH WITH Duofold 2-Layer HEALTH UNDERWEAR
AIR SPACE INSULATES AGAINST COLD
TINY INTERLOCKING STITCHES
COTTON INNER LAYER FOR COMFORT
WOOL IN OUTER LAYER FOR WARMTH

Underwear *itch?* Switch to Duofold, the modern two-layer underwear that's *light* as you like it, *warm* as you want it—outdoors or indoors. It *can't* itch—because all the wool is in the outer layer—nothing but soft cotton next to your skin. Shrink resistant, too—launders easily. In union suits, shirts and "longies," all popular models and weights for the whole family . . . ski wear in Sun Valley Red. At better stores everywhere. **Duofold Inc., Mohawk, New York.**

again. She shook him. "Stop it!" she shouted. "Just stop it!"

He looked at her wide-eyed, and all his features seemed to freeze. Then he opened his mouth wide and screamed louder than ever.

Something exploded inside Beverly's brain. There was a great white light shot through with silver, and she could hear herself screaming at the baby and the baby screaming back at her. Her muscles tensed and stiffened, and she lifted the baby high above her head. A vivid streak of black lightning flashed across the blinding white light. Her voice choked in her throat. She felt the baby's kicking, squirming body between her two hands. Then she hurled him as hard as she could against the farthest wall.

There were two thuds—the first heavy, the second one soft. All sound ceased then, and the silence came back, flooding into the room and filling it. The white light faded and went out. Beverly looked at the small, motionless bundle on the floor, and the blood that flowed out from under it. She brought her two hands up to her breasts and tightened them into fists. "No!" she said softly. "Oh, no . . ."

TOM LOGAN had always felt that Chris van Grist was more of a friend than a landlord. Tom respected him and his way of life, and he appreciated being close to the warmth of Chris and his family. The apartment Tom rented over the garage was as attractive and comfortable as Dutch ingenuity could make it, and between the house and the garage lay a small rectangle of incredible beauty, the one luxury Chris allowed himself—his flower garden.

Chris worked in the shipping department of a hardware firm, and he worked for modest wages. His family had to watch pennies, and the garden did not reimburse him financially for the work, effort and cash he put into it. But he gave much of himself to the soil—of his time, his thought and his devotion—and flowers grew for him.

Chris had been out early in his garden, and Tom Logan had joined him before seven. After the strain of the past weeks, Tom felt that Memorial Day was a well-earned holiday. It was hot, and the sun blazed down, but the garden perfumed the air, the colors were a joy to see; and he had a date with Vicky that afternoon.

Tom had come a long way since the day last week when he had gone to church seeking help. After his meeting with Vicky on the church steps, they had walked together for blocks. At first they had walked in silence, and when they'd spoken, it had been of unimportant things, neither of them touching on the long separation or the reasons for it. Nor had Vicky tried to probe, to find out more about why she had found him in church, the church he had attended only perfunctorily for so long.

They had walked to City Park and had stopped at a grocery store to buy a loaf of bread. "I'd like to feed the ducks," Tom had said. "Which do you think a duck would like best—white, rye, or whole wheat?"

"Most people feed them popcorn."

"It isn't good for them. Can't be."

He'd bought a loaf of whole wheat, and they had entered the park near the duck pond.

"I fed the ancestors of these ducks when I was a kid," Tom had told her. "I wonder how many duck generations ago that was?"

Tom had unwrapped the loaf of bread and handed Vicky a slice. They had fed the ducks then, taking it seriously, trying to watch individual ducks and to flip the pellets of bread in the direction of those who were getting too little.

"You can't equalize it," Tom had said finally. "You lose track of them. The smart ones outguess you—they know where you're going to throw. The stupid ones move in the wrong direction when you try to give them a break."

"It's a game," Vicky had said. "They don't really need this bread. They like the competitive aspect of it."

The sun had been warm that day, and the fragrance of the lilacs floated on a lazy breeze. The ducks squawked and flapped and occasionally did somersaults. "They have their own version of the prat fall," Tom had said, "and they're the only fowl I ever saw that knew how to laugh." He'd pointed to a small gray duck that was quacking and flapping its wings, seeming to bounce on the water. "Look at that one! He's knocking himself out because that big fellow missed a piece of bread and let it fall in the water. They get pretty corny, but they know we want a show for our money."

Finally, they had sat on a park bench near the water. "Thanks for coming out with me, Vicky," Tom had said. "It's been a long time."

"Too long, Tom. I'm a very stupid person."

He'd looked at her quickly, and then looked away. "I didn't storm the fort," he said. "I had an idea that I was a big mistake of yours. You could do a lot better elsewhere."

"I haven't," Vicky had said quietly. "And lately I've begun to wonder if I was wrong."

"That night I arrested Pelado—I had no right to hit him. I was wrong there. But it was hard to find a way of telling you."

He had been much in earnest, trying to make her understand. The barrier between them had been very thin at that point, and it had worn away completely during the course of the afternoon.

"Why did you go to the church today, Tom?" Vicky had asked him.

Now, remembering how Vicky had asked that question, Tom straightened and stopped to look at Chris working away silently. He had learned on that morning of the Requiem Mass that the Church had a lot to offer him. He had felt drawn to it. As a nominal Catholic he had never felt the reality behind all the ceremony as he had felt it on that morning. He had gone away with a partial understanding of a great religious paradox—that those who have found faith seem most diligent in seeking it.

LOOKING back at it now, Tom understood why the Church could not speak, could not explain herself, to those without faith. Communication required a simple language, and the language of faith was not simple.

Vicky and Tom had talked a long time that day, Tom still searching for words, Vicky discovering that she could not transmit a truth she herself knew and felt and understood but could not share. They had been silent for a while, and then Tom had said, "Look, Vicky, maybe the effort I made today was my offering of faith. You came with me. You shared today with me. I needed you. I'm never going to let you go again. But it doesn't seem to me that I was giving anything in giving faith. In order to give faith you've got to have it. So you keep what you give. That doesn't make sense."

"I think it makes sense," Vicky had said. "Beautiful sense. That's the logic in the supernatural order, Tom. You keep nothing but what you give. Our Lord said it many times, in one way or another.

"Look at it this way," Vicky had continued. "Do people lose anything that they give honestly to marriage? That's love too, as religion is—or as it should be. If people give themselves to marriage, don't they retain themselves, too? I don't know, but I believe marriages break up because people enter into them merely wanting something. Love demands faith, and you never have faith to give until you've surrendered yourself in gaining it."

"Maybe I was meant to learn through you," Tom said. "But you used the words 'love' and 'religion' interchangeably. You meant physical love, man-and-woman love—or did you?"

"I must have. I'm not a thinker, Tom. I feel. But there aren't two different kinds of love, one kind for men and women to feel for each other, and another kind for them to feel for God. If a man and a woman want only to give to each other, surrender to each other, then they are giving to each other what God asks of each of them. Then it's the same thing; it's love. As soon as it's something else, the name of it changes, and it isn't love any more."

Tom hadn't had to take her in his arms—not then. It had been better just to see that look in her eyes, to know that they had walked this mystic way together, to feel that they would never be apart again. He'd said, "I love you, Vicky. I'd have loved you always, even if I'd never found you again."

"Would you, Tom?" she'd asked.

"Forever." He had kissed her then. They had sat on the bench for a long time, and no one else had existed for them. Tom remembered now how good it had been to look around him at physical objects and see nothing but the glory in his own mind, to relax and be safe as a complete person.

Later, they had talked again and made their plans. "We could wipe out a year, Vicky," he'd said. "Let's start where we left off."

"We've started," she said.

She had raised her lips to his and he had kissed her again. Time hadn't mattered, and it had made no difference who saw them.

ABRUPTLY now, Tom brought his thoughts back to the garden. He realized Chris van Grist was staring at him curiously. "I guess I've been daydreaming, Chris," he said. "I'm getting married—June eighteenth."

"No!" Chris said. His blue eyes brightened, and a wide grin spread across his broad, red face. "This news I like," he said. "This is good for you. I must tell Pauline."

He took a half-dozen steps toward the back porch of his house and called to his wife. Pauline van Grist came out, wiping her hands on her apron. She was a medium-tall woman, small beside Chris, and she was wearing a blue house dress with a touch of white at the collar. There was always something very feminine, very soft and shy about her, Tom thought.

Chris boomed out his news. "This fellow Tom, he is getting married."

"So?" Pauline said. She looked at Tom, and there was warmth in her glance—a certainty of his happiness and an eagerness to share it. "We have wanted this for you," she said. "Many times have we speak of it. A good girl you should have. And now it is true. I do not quite believe it."

"You'll believe it, Pauline, when you see her," Tom said, smiling. "You met her once. I brought her out here." That had been over a year ago, he remembered. He and Vicky had been making plans then, too, but the plans had never been worked out.

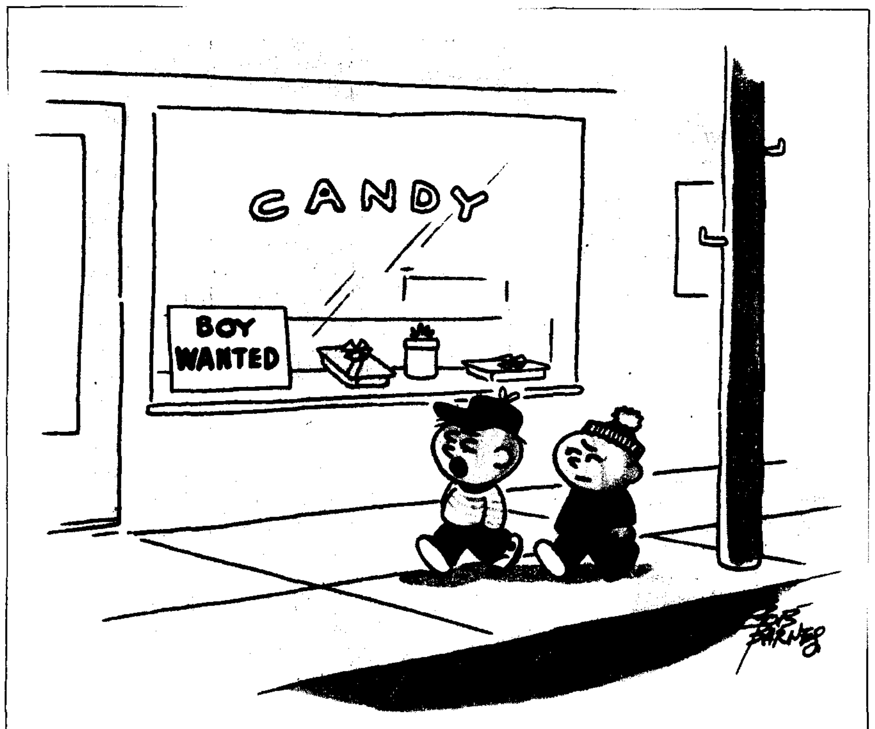
"*Ja*," Pauline said thoughtfully. "A dark girl. Serious."

"She isn't always serious."

"No. She should not be. Life must be doing—not too much thinking." Pauline smiled and added, "I must know her. You will be leaving us?"

Chris grunted. "That I did not think about," he said.

Tom shook his head. "No, we have a conspiracy," he said. "I'm not permitted to live in the precinct where I work, so I'll live here and use this as my address. She must take care of her



COLLIER'S "That's a very misleading ad . . . what they want is somebody to *work!*" BOB BARNES

Nunn Bush
Nunn Bush
Brittany Last
Style 2540
Burgundy Calf
Winterweight Sole
Rubber Heel

Brittany Brogues
put Shoes in the News!

In Brittany Brogues, Nunn-Bush designers have taken the popular European styling and achieved an illusion of small size which smartly flatters the masculine foot. *Ankle-Fashioning,* the Nunn-Bush shape-retaining feature, makes the good looks last . . . through many extra dollar-saving miles!

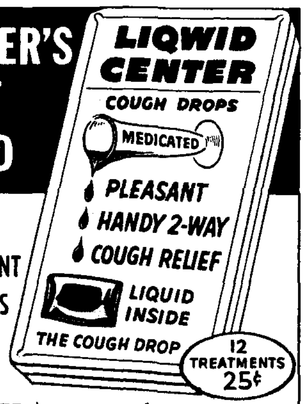
See your local Nunn-Bush Dealer

Nunn-Bush
Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

Write for Elaborate Nunn-Bush Catalog

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

COUGHER'S BEST FRIEND



GREATEST ADVANCEMENT IN 50 YEARS

FAST RELIEF is yours when you use the *only* cough drop containing real liquid cough medicine.

BATHE YOUR THROAT with this soothing, pleasant-tasting liquid medication sealed inside the medicated candy shell . . . to relieve coughs due to simple colds.

EASY *to carry your cough medicine* in your pocket or purse.

LIQWID CENTER
MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Product of Iodent Co.—Detroit

MY ELECTRIC THINGS RUN SMOOTHER WITH A FEW DROPS OF 3-IN-ONE
3-IN-ONE OIL
3-IN-ONE OIL

P.S. Mend broken dolls, wood toys with amazing PLASTIC WOOD

3½% PAID ON YOUR *INSURED* ACCOUNTS

WRITE TODAY for FREE LIST of EASTERN, MIDWESTERN, and WESTERN Insured Savings and Loan Associations paying 3½%, sometimes even more. *WHY TAKE LESS?* Each account 100% *INSURED* up to $10,000.
No charge- No Obligation

B. RAY ROBBINS CO. DEPT. C47
131 State St., Boston 9, Mass., LA 3-2261
N.Y. *MU 7-0067 - Philadelphia* KI 5-1353
Chicago FR 2-7876 - Baltimore SA 7-7214
Detroit WO 3-7047 - St. Louis Main 2381

Personal
To Women With
Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

Mothersill's
The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY
53
THE WORLD OVER
DRUGGISTS

grandmother, so I'll stay there part of the time."

He was cheerful telling about their arrangement, remembering how he and Vicky had worked it out. "It will be wonderful," Vicky had said. "Two establishments. We can feel so respectably sinful."

"That is good," Chris was saying. "It is good that you are not leaving us."

TOM heard his telephone—a shrill ringing, far away. With a hasty apology, he left the Van Grists and hurried up to his apartment. Beverly's voice came over the line to him when he lifted the receiver. She was crying. "Tom," she sobbed. "I dropped my baby. I don't know what to do . . ."

His body stiffened. "Did you call a doctor?" he asked.

"No. I called you right away. I'm afraid . . ."

"I'll call one. And I'll be right over." He hung up, hesitating only a moment before he called Dr. Widbeck. The police ambulance would have to make a long run, and holidays usually kept it busy. Widbeck was only four blocks away.

The doctor himself answered the telephone. "I'll go over right away."

Beverly was sitting on the stairs smoking a cigarette when Tom got there. Her eyes were red, and her face was streaked with tears. "He's dead," she said. "I know it. I can't go in there. Oh, Tom . . ."

She dropped the cigarette and threw her arms around him. He patted her shoulder and turned her back toward the apartment. "Hold it, Bev," he said. "Did the doctor get here?"

"No. Nobody . . ."

"He'll be along. I'll take a look."

The apartment door was open. Beverly hung back. "I can't, Tom," she said. "I can't. I—I'm going to the bedroom."

He had to let Beverly take care of herself for a few minutes. The baby came first. He crossed the hall to the living room and stopped short just inside the door. He saw the small bundle on the floor near the far wall and knew the baby was dead. There was something about death. If you'd ever met it, if you'd been where it was, you knew when it was present. He walked across the room slowly.

The air was heavy and hot. He saw the crib, the spot on the floor, where the baby had been sick, the overflowing ash tray. The odor of something burning, or burned, was strong in the room. A cigarette had fallen from the ash tray and had burned itself out on the faded beige-and-blue rug.

He went down on one knee beside Paul, Jr. The small body was limp and shapeless. Tom had seen that look before.

All his acquired instincts were shouting at him, "Don't go it alone. Get some cops in here." But this was Paul's baby. He had to talk to Beverly himself. He had to find out what had happened.

Tom's detective instincts worked even while he refused to acknowledge them. Actually, this was no longer Paul's baby or Beverly's; it was a body, a dead body. He looked at it, noting where it lay. It was no more than a foot from the wall. There was a big chair to the right of it, a wrought-iron flowerstand just a few inches to the left. It was a narrow aisle from the center of the room to the baby's body. The chair had been moved, and recently; he could see the tracks of it on the rug. If it were still where it had been, it would hide the body.

He raised his eyes to the wall. There was a wide, dark, irregular patch about four feet up from the floor. He got up slowly and touched it with his finger; it was damp. The wet look was fading from the edges of the stain as it dried in the heat of the room. It looked like a water stain; there was no darker stain showing.

Tom looked around, getting a picture of the room: the scattered evening paper of the night before, the stockings on the floor, the wadded candy wrapper. He walked over to the spot on the rug where the baby had been sick. Beverly must have been holding the baby away from her when that happened. He frowned, looked at the crib, and moved a few steps toward it.

He turned then and stood looking at the stain on the wall, measuring its height from the floor and its distance from where he stood.

The doorbell rang. The door of the apartment was open, but the doctor stood outside, apparently unwilling to come in until someone admitted him. Tom went out into the hall and beckoned to him. "I'm Tom Logan, Doctor," he said. "This is my brother's apartment. His wife dropped her baby. I didn't know when I called you, but . . ." He paused. "You can see for yourself," he said.

He led the way into the living room. The doctor's steps slowed, as his own had when he entered the room. He walked across and bent over to look at the small bundle on the floor, and then straightened. "I can do nothing," he said. "The coroner should be notified —or the police."

"I'm a policeman," Tom said. "Lieutenant of detectives, Second Precinct."

"You've called them?" the doctor asked. There was a shade of suspicion in his voice.

"Not yet. I called you immediately, so I waited for you."

"You could tell that the child was dead. There was no reason to wait."

The doctor's uneasiness seemed to increase. He looked swiftly around the room, glanced again at the body, and then turned on his heel. "I advise you to report it," he said curtly.

He was not involving himself nor making himself liable for the signing of a death certificate. He did not like what he saw, and Tom Logan didn't blame him. He wouldn't have permitted the doctor to touch the body even if he had tried to do so.

Tom stood still for a moment, after the doctor had left, making a mental calculation. Judging by the time it had taken the doctor to get here, it would probably take him twenty minutes, certainly no more, to get back home and report the incident.

There were two flies buzzing around the room. Tom waved them away. He took a sheet out of the linen closet in the hall and covered the small body. It was a little like a burial. This was Paul's son, a baby he knew. He had talked to this baby and held it. He had listened while Paul talked enthusiastically about "the Champ." He fought back the emotion that stirred in him and went into the bedroom, to Beverly. She was lying across the bed with her head buried in her arms. She stirred when she heard him and sat up. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Is he—?" she asked bluntly.

"Dead? Yes."

SHE held her hands tightly clenched against her thighs. Tears ran down her cheeks, but she seemed unaware of them. Tom sat down in the chair facing her. "Tell me what happened, Beverly," he said.

"I can't. I can't talk about it."

"You must. I have to make a report, and very quickly now."

"Report? Where?" She looked at him, startled.

"To the coroner, Beverly," he said. "There will have to be an inquest, you know."

"There doesn't have to be. You can stop it."

"Unfortunately not. Why should I stop it?"

"It's too horrible. Talking about it, living it all over again."

"Tell me now. How did it happen?"

"I dropped him. That's all I know. I just dropped him."

"What were you doing? What had you been doing?"

"I'd been talking on the phone with Paul. The phone woke the baby. He—he started crying."

"What was Paul's call about?"

"About his staying over in Chicago."

"And you were angry at his staying over?"

"No. Why should I be? Why did you say that?"

"It was all right, then? You didn't mind his staying over?"

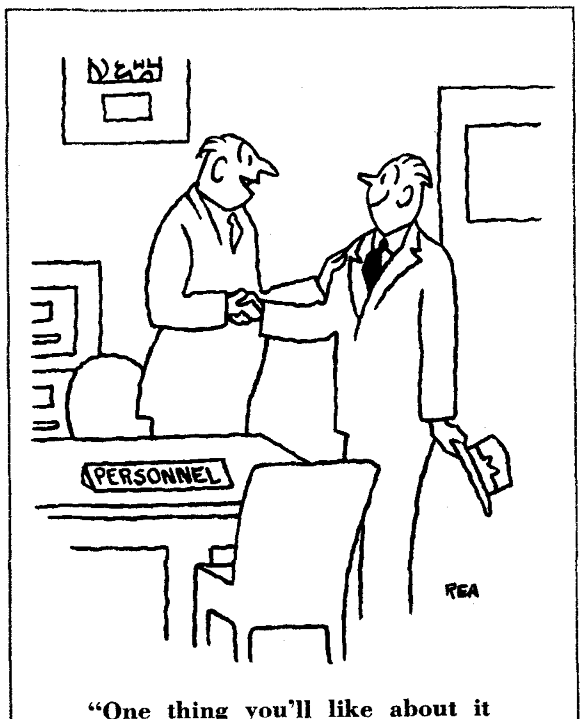
"Of course not. I—"

"But the phone woke the baby?"

"Yes."

"So when you hung up, you went in to him? Right?"

"Yes. I hurried in. He was crying, so I picked him up and tried to do something about him. He wouldn't stop, and I walked the floor with him. Then I tripped over something and—I don't know how it happened—I just dropped him. I'd been jiggling him up and down. I guess I wasn't holding him tight. I . . ."



"One thing you'll like about it here, Ferguson—we have absolutely no system, with the result that things get done immediately"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

IF YOU SUFFER
PAIN
of HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
get FAST RELIEF with

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

AN IDEAL DOLL WITH A PURPOSE

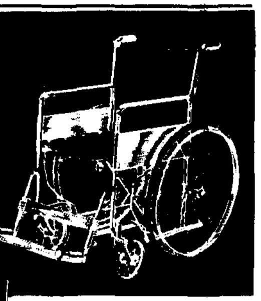
HARRIET HUBBARD Ayer
IDEAL'S DOLL OF BEAUTY

FUN to learn Beauty Care $11.98

with Ideal's exclusive "Magic Flesh"—specially made for doll make-up. Has her own 8 pc. Ayer cosmetic kit, vanity table, instructions. Washable, curlable Saran hair. At all better doll depts.
$13.98
$16.98
$19.95

IT'S A WONDERFUL TOY . . . IT'S IDEAL

FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST WHEEL CHAIRS



LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK E J

FOR NEAREST DEALER & FREE CATALOG
Consult classified telephone book or write to EVEREST & JENNINGS, INC., 761 N. Highland Avenue, Los Angeles 38,

DIABETICS!

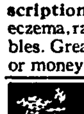
Satisfy your desire for ice cream with DIET-FREEZE, a new, tasty, vastly improved dairy product with a lower insulin demand. Easy to make in your refrigerator. Write now for complete FREE information. Full pint size sample, 60c postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MAPLE ISLAND, Inc., • Stillwater, Minnesota

ITCH RELIEVED IN A JIFFY or money back

Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. 43¢ trial bottle must satisfy or moneyback. Ask druggist for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

TOOTHACHE?



For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS POULTICE

SAY GOOD-BYE TO MONEY WORRIES

taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For details of this money-making plan, write to—

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

She started crying again. Tom looked at her closely. "When did he get sick?" he asked.

"Right after I picked him up." Her eyes widened, and she was frightened.

"The spot was on the rug," he said. "You held him away from you so that it wouldn't get on your dress?"

"Yes. I can't stand it."

"But you didn't drop him then?"

"No."

"It was after you started walking with him?"

"Yes."

"You were jiggling him, you say?"

"Yes."

"Weren't you afraid that would make him sick again?"

"I didn't know."

"He was wet. Why didn't you change him?"

"I didn't know he was wet."

Tom looked at her thoughtfully. "When was the big chair in the living room moved, Beverly?" he asked.

She answered quickly, too quickly. "This morning. Early. I moved it."

"Why?"

"I was looking for something."

"For what?"

"I don't even remember. It isn't important. I'm always losing things."

"You moved the chair and looked for something, and yet you didn't pick up the stockings beside the chair?"

"I don't know. I was in a hurry, I guess. Why are you asking me all these questions?"

"Because there wasn't any way in the world, Beverly, for you to walk, jiggling the baby, to where you say you dropped him—to where he lies now."

Her face was white. "There must be. I *did*," she said.

"There isn't—not with the chair where it was, nor where it is now."

"I did." She bit her lip, her eyes desperate. "What do you mean, Tom?" she said. "I loved that baby. I did everything for him. I was trying all morning to make him comfortable. I fixed two bottles for him. I changed his sheets. I tried and tried. I talked to him. I was crazy about him. Paul called him 'Champ.' Paul is going to feel so terrible . . ."

BEVERLY dropped her face into her hands, and her body shook with sobs. They were genuine sobs. She did, no doubt, love her baby. Tom drew a deep breath and said, "How did that stain get on the wall, Beverly?"

She raised her head. Her eyes were steady. She knew all about that question. She'd expected it. "That was earlier," she said. "He kept wetting diapers. I—I threw one of them away. I was tired changing them. It made me angry."

"And that wet place on the wall is where the diaper hit it?"

"Yes."

She buried her face in her hands again. Tom reached over and picked up a wadded bill from the floor, then two more that were wadded together. "What about this money?" he said. "Why did you throw it away?"

"It wasn't any good to me. I wanted to buy a fan with it. There wasn't any place open." Her eyes flickered again to the closet, a trace of fear in them.

"So, you got angry and threw the money away?"

"I guess so."

He offered her a cigarette, and she took it. He lighted it for her and then got up. He walked back to the closet and found the figure of Lucifer. He held it in his hand, remembering. When he looked at Beverly, her eyes were wide with horror. She was afraid now, terribly afraid. "Why did you throw him away?" he said.

"Paul didn't like him. I forgot I had him. He was in the drawer when I was looking for my money. I never wanted to see him again."

TOM weighed the figure in his hand, watching her. He didn't like finding that image, not now. Beverly was holding the cigarette in her hand, letting it burn, forgotten. The other one had been forgotten too, and it had fallen off the crowded ash tray. It had been a fresh cigarette. She had taken time to light it after her telephone call from Paul, before she went to the baby. It had to be that way. If she'd left it there earlier, she'd have discovered it burning and done something about it.

Now her eyes pleaded with him. "Take that image away, Tom. Burn it or something. I never want to see it again."

"Why not?"

"I just don't. It's bad luck to me." She swallowed hard. "There's paper in the bottom drawer, paper I had it wrapped in," she said. "Please, Tom."

He hesitated a moment, and then he got the paper out of the drawer and wrapped the image. It was evidence of a sort, but likely to be of interest only from the standpoint of sensationalism, a gimmick for the newspapers. "You throw things when you get angry, don't you, Beverly?" he asked quietly.

> *"Six things there are, which the Lord hateth, and the seventh his soul detesteth: Haughty eyes, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked plots, feet that are swift to run into mischief, a deceitful witness that uttereth lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren."*
>
> Proverbs 6:16-19

Her shoulders slumped. She looked down at her cigarette, and absently shook the ash from it. "I guess so," she said huskily. "Most women do."

She had a point there. He remembered Vicky's telling him that she sometimes threw things to let off steam. He looked at his watch. "Do you want me to call Paul?" he said.

"Oh, no. I'll call him."

"You're sure?"

"Yes. I can tell him better."

She does love Paul, he thought. She loved the baby, too, in her fashion. Tom's mind was working up steadily to the point that he had always known he would reach someday. His shield, and all it symbolized, was about to ask more of him than he wanted to give.

Beverly was watching him anxiously, perhaps sensing his struggle. "You'll take care of things, won't you, Tom?" she said. "The doctors or coroners or—" She couldn't say the word "mortician" or "undertaker."

He shook his head slowly, grimly. "I've tried to understand you, Beverly," he said. "I'd go a long way for you, and longer for Paul. But there's one thing I can neither explain nor take."

"What?"

"You had to step across the baby's body to wipe off that wall."

"No. No. I didn't!"

Her voice rose hysterically, and he turned away from her. He dialed a number, and when he got his connection he spoke only one word.

"Homicide," he said.

—WILLIAM E. BARRETT

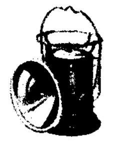
(This is the fourth of five parts)

SHOOTS LIGHT 1500 ft!

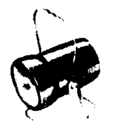
$6.50 less 2 6 V batteries

Delta POWER-KING
12-VOLT ELECTRIC LANTERN

Flip the switch, *and be prepared for a surprise.* 1500 feet of brilliant light—a beam taller than the Empire State Building! Yet POWER-KING weighs only 5¼ pounds complete—is no bigger than a lunch box. See your dealer!



POWERlite
2 lenses. Less 6 V battery . . . $4.95



REDDYlite
360° swivel. Less 6V battery . . $3.50

Delta ELECTRIC CO., MARION, INDIANA

ORIGINATORS AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF ELECTRIC LANTERNS & ELECTRICAL BICYCLE ACCESSORIES

A.1 SAUCE Grand on BAKED BEANS!

Ask for A.1. when dining out, too!

LUGGAGE, PERSONAL LEATHER GOODS, HANDBAGS & CARRYING CASES made from Texon®

● Economical
● Durable ● Lightweight

Georgia Leather Co. • Newark 4, N. J.
Exclusive distributor for Texon, Inc.

WILL YOU SMOKE MY NEW KIND OF PIPE 30 DAYS AT MY RISK?

All I want is your name—so I can tell you why I'll send you my pipe without a cent of risk on your part

I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years—always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets—never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sludge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness *four great natural laws* to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it never has to be cleaned! Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo as it forms!

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes. The claims I could make for this new principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing", I also say "Smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey pipe to smoke 30 days *at my risk*. At the end of that time, if you're willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing.

Please send me your name today. Just a postal card will do. I'll send you absolutely free my complete trial offer so you can decide *for yourself* whether or not my friends are right when they say the Carey Pipe is the greatest smoking invention ever patented. Send your name today. As one pipe smoker to another, I'll guarantee you the surprise of your life, **free**. Write today! **E. A. Carey, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 1611, Chicago 40, Illinois**

Anyone Can Pull a Trigger, But Can You STALK A DEER?

Bagging a buck is only part of the fun in deer hunting. A bigger thrill is following the whitetail through his forest until he's in your sights. Here's how to track him

By ALFRED M. LANSING

THE American white-tailed deer is the most hunted big-game animal in the United States—and the world. During the next three months, about half of the 14,000,000 licensed hunters in the U.S. will pick up their gear and head into the sun-freckled woods after him.

Some, the "meat hunters," will go out grimly obsessed with the idea of getting their deer the quickest way they can and with the least amount of effort. These men seem to have forgotten that when a man goes forth into the forest with his rifle or his shotgun today, he's out not for food but for the sheer fun of it. Such hunters care little about the finer points of deerstalking. They prefer instead to take the easy and seemingly more certain way of getting their whitetail. They go out in groups and take turns stationing themselves in one spot while the rest of the party beats the bushes and drives the deer past them.

Fortunately the "meat hunter" is not the typical deer hunter. More representative is the sportsman who finds his excitement in going out alone, and pitting his skill as a stalker against the deer's inborn ability to keep out of harm's way. He must be on the alert for tiny signs in the forest. A sign missed or falsely interpreted may mean the loss of his deer. The responsibility is his alone—but so are the rewards. If you're a deer hunter, you know what those rewards are:

You're up at 6:00 A.M. It's cold and it's dark, but the first gray pinch of dawn is already seeping into the sky. During the night an inch of snow fell, and now you feel the stinging breath of autumn in your nostrils. You hold a cup of coffee in shivering hands and let the hot liquid blaze a fiery path down inside you. By six thirty you're on the trail, snugly bundled up, a handful of cartridges in your pocket, your rifle cradled in your arms.

You head along a valley toward a ridge. The morning is perfect; your footfalls on the snow are almost soundless. A wonderful exhilaration fills you, and your blood tingles in your finger tips. A hundred tiny but significant sights and sounds and smells bombard your senses and demand attention. In the silence, snow slides off a branch and ploomps to earth. You're startled. Far off a squirrel chatters at breakfast.

Then you stop. There in the snow ahead are tracks, deep tracks—the trail of a deer. They lead up the valley toward a ridge. You turn to follow. Your whole manner changes. You're stalking now. Each step becomes a carefully planned operation.

Noiselessly you slip a cartridge into the chamber of your rifle and slide the stock up toward your shoulder as you approach the ridge. You're hardly moving now. After each step, you wait and look and listen. Finally you reach the ridge and halt.

The tracks lead into a thicket to a bare spot in

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR JORGENSON

the snow where your deer lay down for a nap. But then they move away again toward the undergrowth. Did you frighten him off? The tracks tell you that all is well. They are normally spaced, leisurely, showing that the deer was not alarmed. Very probably some inner sense told him it was safer to seek cover. Maybe he heard you coming and maybe he didn't. In either case you wait. Only your eyes move, intently examining each thicket, seeking out the slightest movement. You listen for the barest rustle of a leaf.

Nothing stirs. At last, long minutes later, you wonder if he has slipped off by another route. You turn your head away toward the valley—just to check. That movement is enough.

From the thicket behind you comes a snort. The ground shudders with the thud from a bounding leap. You wheel as 200 pounds of hurtling buck bursts out of the trees and charges along the edge of the clearing. The sun flashes on huge antlers.

In an instant your rifle's up; the next instant your sights are on him. You squeeze the trigger, and the forest echoes with your shot.

Then all is abruptly still—except inside you. Your heart pounds furiously. Your hands feel weak and your knees are wobbly. But the buck lies motionless in the snow.

Such is the real thrill of hunting the whitetail. It's the challenge of trying to outsmart the quarry. And when it comes to hunting deer, it's a smart quarry indeed. Look at the statistics: in the United States today the deer population (a total of about 7,600,000 according to latest U.S. Fish and Wildlife figures) is estimated by many wildlife experts to be greater than in colonial times. The whitetail and his relatives are found in all 48 states. The whitetail inhabits 44; the mule deer, so called because of his king-sized ears, lives in 16; and the black-tailed deer abound in three.

Deer Are Too Smart for Hunters

You'd think that with so many of the four-footed critters running around, it wouldn't be much of a job to go out and bag one. You'd be wrong.

The experts' astonishing belief that there are more deer now than there were when the white man arrived in North America is impressive proof of the deer's elusiveness. Just compare that increase to the virtual disappearance of the elk, who was once plentiful but now has been almost completely killed off in two thirds of the U.S.

In 300 years of dodging the white man, the American deer has greatly improved his ability, so far as the hunter is concerned, to be in the wrong place at the right time. Therefore, it's a pretty safe conclusion that, even with his modern equipment, the 1953 hunter must be more skillful than the early frontiersman, whose knowledge of hunting lore and crack marksmanship is still legendary.

But if the whitetail is no pushover, he is also an animal of habit. Within very flexible limits, you can count on him to behave in a predictable manner under certain conditions. And if you're planning a hunting trip this fall (the season in most states begins in November), the time to begin your education about his habits is right now.

But before you start, learn what's legal and what isn't. Some states permit you to shoot does as well as bucks. The laws often vary from county to county, however, so look up the rulings in the county of your choice. Check your open seasons and the hours you are allowed to hunt. And don't forget to buy a license.

Now for the first lesson: go out to the woods and learn to walk noiselessly. No matter how well you master the other lessons, they'll be wasted if you sound like a road grader when you walk through the forest. To practice, pick the leafiest, twiggiest spot—one with the greatest noise potential possible.

Stand erect. The deer is much more afraid of the crouching hunter, apparently because in that position man looks like a predatory animal—a bear, or bobcat, or some such critter. When you take a step, move slowly and put your foot down heel first. Then gingerly bring down the rest of your foot. Your boots must be soft enough so that

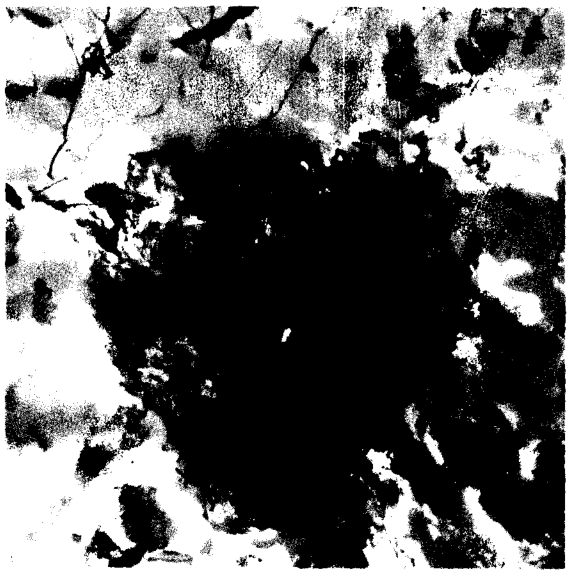
You'll find some of these telltale signs when you've finally located the whitetail's home:

Runways. Niles Fairbairn, Margaretville, N.Y., follows a trail deer use in the Adirondacks

Tracks. They're the basic sign of presence of deer but seldom show if it's buck or doe

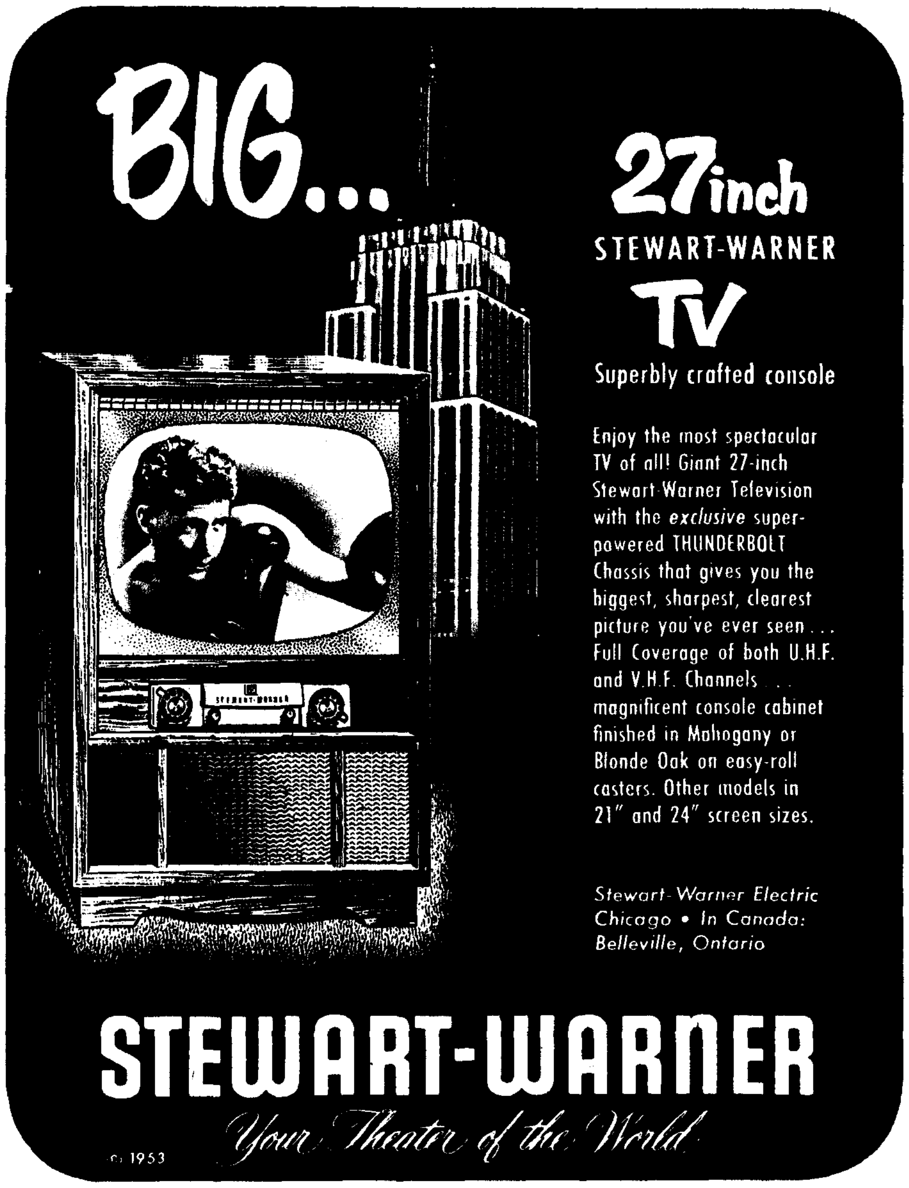
Pawings. Fairbairn examines a shallow hole two square feet in size kicked up by a buck

Hookings. Scars in bark of tree show where a buck rubbed the velvet covering off antlers


Beds. Rounded areas in snow or matted leaves are made when the deer takes a nap. Usually, beds are found on high ground with good view

RUDY ARNOLD

White tails! Two frightened does with their "flags" up bound away. In heavy forest, tails are often the only visible indication of deer


BIG... 27inch STEWART-WARNER TV

Superbly crafted console

Enjoy the most spectacular TV of all! Giant 27-inch Stewart-Warner Television with the *exclusive* super-powered THUNDERBOLT Chassis that gives you the biggest, sharpest, clearest picture you've ever seen... Full Coverage of both U.H.F. and V.H.F. Channels... magnificent console cabinet finished in Mahogany or Blonde Oak on easy-roll casters. Other models in 21" and 24" screen sizes.

Stewart-Warner Electric Chicago • In Canada: Belleville, Ontario

STEWART-WARNER

Your Theater of the World

© 1953

"You can't fool me, my good man — that better be an American Express Travelers Cheque."

It's child's play to cash American Express Travelers Cheques—they're instantly accepted everywhere. And they protect your cash —quick refund if they're lost or stolen. Buy them at any BANK, Railway Express, Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

100% SAFE—SPENDABLE ANYWHERE

THE BEST-KNOWN CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

you can feel an unsafe twig before you've snapped it and startled the deer.

The really important part of deer-stalking, however, is standing still. Not just idly, but always looking, listening, sniffing. Look ahead and to both sides. And don't forget to look behind you. Many's the deer that has sneaked away behind a hunter. It's almost axiomatic that the more slowly you move in the woods, the faster you'll run into your whitetail.

When you've mastered the gentle but far from simple art of treading softly, turn next to the question of where you're going to hunt. Whatever location you select, by all means try to arrange a preseason visit to the area so you can do some preliminary reconnoitering. A week end so spent will pay off in venison later. But choose an area that is remote enough to give you some time alone with the deer. Otherwise you'll find yourself crowded out by the "roadside hunters," who rarely bother to move far away from the highways to hunt. Once you get to your spot, study the terrain. Get the setup fixed in your mind.

Next, remember that the best and most common deer country is mildly hilly and that the deer characteristically feeds in open patches, which are often in the lowlands, at dawn and dusk. He's usually awake on bright nights and goes into the forest to sleep by day. In the mating (rutting) season, when you'll be doing most of your hunting, he'll be more on the move. His method of travel is fairly predictable. Rarely does he climb straight uphill; instead, he'll ascend by a series of hairpin turns, usually following the natural ridges of the land. The spot he finally selects to take a snooze will be so situated that he has a good chance to see and hear any approaching danger.

Deer's Eating Habits

Your job is to find good lowland feeding areas, as lush as possible. Then look for the telltale signs of deer: tracks (be sure they're fresh); droppings; and nipped-off buds from small saplings or bushes (called browsings). A deer will eat a variety of green stuff, but an area rich in hardwood trees like maple, ash and white cedar is a sure deer hangout.

A footnote on hoofprints: don't trust 'em. Some old-timers claim they can tell the sex of a deer by its tracks. They say the hoofprint of a buck will be larger than a doe's because he gets around more, and that the points of his toes will have been worn rounded by his ground-covering. In some cases that's true; in many others it's not. An old buck, however, tends to drag his front feet. Such scuffed tracks are especially indicative in snow that's not too deep.

With a little reconnoitering and not too much trouble you'll find the runways that lead from the whitetail's dinner area to his boudoir. You can identify the runways as well-beaten trails in the grass or leaves which often will lead through dense undergrowth. Travel up the runways and watch for three types of deer signs:

- Beds. In snowy weather they're unmistakable. They're rounded areas, about three feet in diameter, where the deer's body kept the ground free of snow or melted it beneath him. In clear or rainy weather, look for matted leaves in the same shape.
- Hookings. They're scars on small trees where the bark has been scraped off by a buck rubbing his antlers in the mating season. Make sure the hookings are fresh (not last year's).
- Pawings. The ground over about two square feet will be torn up where a buck, in his excitement to impress a sloe-eyed doe, dug a shallow hole with his front feet, throwing soil and leaves over the surrounding area.

How Signs May Fool Hunters

When you find these signs in abundance, you've found a spot where deer are living. Make sure, however, you find all the signs. Don't be fooled into thinking you've located a deer abode by tracks alone. They could have been made by a band of roving deer who paused in one spot, walked around a lot and then took off again. Although a deer seldom travels far from his home, by the time you come upon the tracks, the deer could be two miles away. For a deer, two miles in a dense forest is just a stroll; but for you it would seem more like an Army obstacle course.

There's another tip that may seem elementary but often can make the difference between a successful or an unsuccessful hunt: learn to pick out the color of deer. Obvious? By no means. The whitetail's gray-brown fur coat is an incredibly good camouflage in the woods. I have seen novice hunters stand at the edge of a clearing and look 25 yards across to the other side where deer were feeding and never see them.

True, most of the time the deer's tail, which hunters call the "flag," will be flicking vigorously, especially when he's suspicious or about to bound away; but you're trying to sneak up on him while he's unsuspecting or standing fairly still. Therefore you must learn the exact color of deer so well that you can pick it out from all other similar shades, even if your deer is as motionless as the elk in a fraternal B.P.O.E. statue.

Finally the great day comes and you're in the woods, charged with determination, your rifle in your hands. What then?

Unless you're absolutely certain you've found a spot where deer will have to pass and where you can wait them out, your best bet is to follow their hour-by-hour travels. Start out very early in the morning. Begin in the open lowland patches and work uphill, as the deer do.

Make sure you always hunt upwind —that is, with the wind blowing against you. There are good reasons for that: a deer can see only about as well as a human being, but his powers of smell and hearing are much sharper. When you hunt into the wind, not only is your scent blown the other way, but so is some of the noise you'll inevitably make. And a deer is attuned to unusual sounds. Groups of them have been seen feeding unruffled in the midst of a ground-shuddering thunderstorm, but let a twig crack and up goes every head—eyes, ears and nostrils alert for danger.

There's another reason for hunting upwind: under ideal conditions maybe *you* can smell the *deer*. It's true. A deer has his own special odor (a medium-to-strong gamy, or musky, scent), and once you've whiffed it, you'll never mistake it for anything else. This trick can come in handy when the wind is toward you and you're approaching a ridge. Sniff carefully and you may get the telltale scent blowing over the rise.

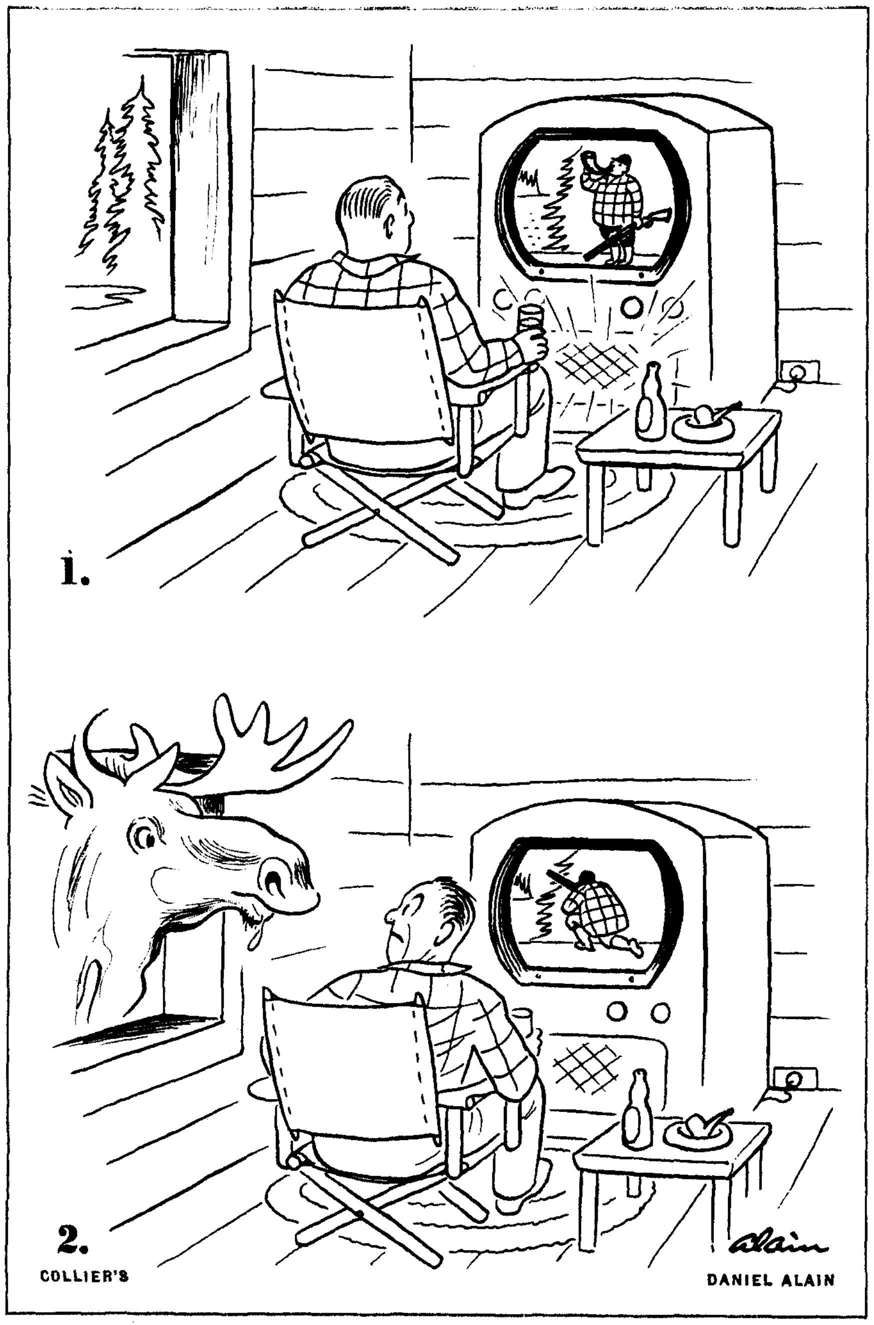
Should all go well, the first deer you see quite possibly will be a doe, maybe a pair, or three. The bucks often ungallantly send the ladies on ahead when the group is on the move. If you're after bucks, stop cold when you spot the does. Remain as motionless as you can. Chances are a buck will be bringing up the rear. You'll have to use your judgment about how long to wait, but ten minutes is a good minimum.

What if no buck materializes? Obviously, there's nothing to do then but move on. Sooner or later, with any sort of luck at all, you'll meet. If you can shoot straight, your hunting trip may end successfully right there.

However, in spite of all your caution, the deer may see you first, and bound off through the trees. By the time he's gone 75 yards or less, he'll probably be out of sight. What do you do then? Nine times out of ten he'll travel slightly uphill, usually along a ridge. He'll cover the first 200 yards in high gear, then slow down to a leisurely walk for another 100 yards. At that point he'll invariably stop in an off-trail thicket to see if he's being followed. If he feels he's put sufficient distance between himself and you, he'll probably go about his business, and perhaps even take a nap. Now you must track him down.

Perhaps the most effective trick in tracking is to head the deer off. However, that takes a bit of doing. You must know your terrain exceedingly well, and you must be fairly certain that your deer is headed for a specific spot—a location you've previously scouted and decided would make an ideal lookout point for a frightened deer. Then, you can let him scamper up his ridge while you take off in the opposite direction to come upon him from the other side. Don't try to cut corners. Make your circle a wide one; and when you approach the deer, do so with great care. Ideally you'll close in on him while he's peering back down the trail looking for you to arrive.

Don't take it too hard, however, if your flanking movement is unsuccessful. It's one of the most difficult maneuvers in hunting. Besides, the odds are with the deer. The more expert you become, the more you'll realize you can never close the gap between your acquired know-how and the deer's instinctive woodland savvy. The fun in deer hunting lies in trying. ▲▲▲



"How did she get so clean so quick?"

You'll find out, puppy, the day you have your first Sergeant's SKIP-BATH. 1-2-3 and this magic liquid will have you clean, piney-fresh and free from fleas—without bathing!

All your master has to do is: (1) Sprinkle Skip-Bath on a sponge. (2) Rub in lightly. (3) He'll quickly towel you dry. Besides being quick and easy to use, it helps reduce your chances of getting chills and colds this winter.

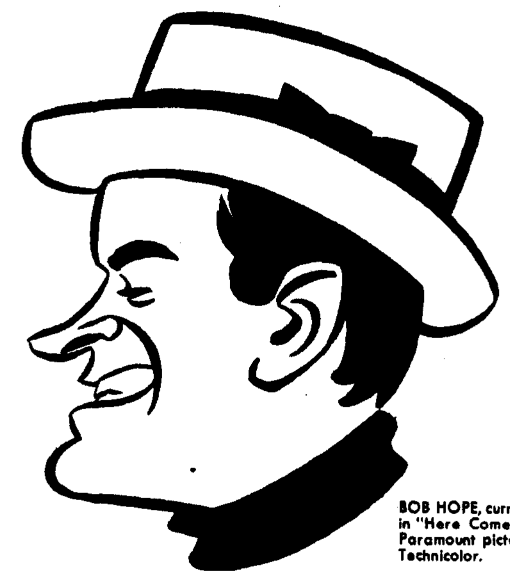
Skip-Bath is only one famous Sergeant's Dog Care Product. There are others for worms, lack of vitamins, ear trouble and almost every ailment a puppy or dog is likely to have. Relied on by dog owners for 78 years, they're all veterinarian-certified. At drug and pet counters.

FREE: the illustrated, indexed Sergeant's Dog Book, a complete and ready reference on dog care, feeding and training. Just write to Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Virginia.

Sergeants
DOG BOOK

Sergeant's® dog care products

DRAW BOB HOPE!



BOB HOPE, currently appearing in "Here Come the Girls," a Paramount picture, color by Technicolor.

WE'LL AWARD A COMPLETE $295.00 2-YEAR ART SCHOLARSHIP—INCLUDING DRAWING OUTFIT—FOR THE BEST AMATEUR DRAWING!

Imagine how you'll feel if you get a telegram reading "Congratulations. Your drawing wins you complete 2-year home study art course!"

It could happen! You've a chance to win free art training from Art Instruction, Inc., world's greatest home study art school, in this contest. All you have to do is draw Bob Hope's head, five inches high. It's an easy way to find out if you've art talent, and it may start you on an exciting career! You've nothing to lose—*everything to gain*. Mail your drawing today!

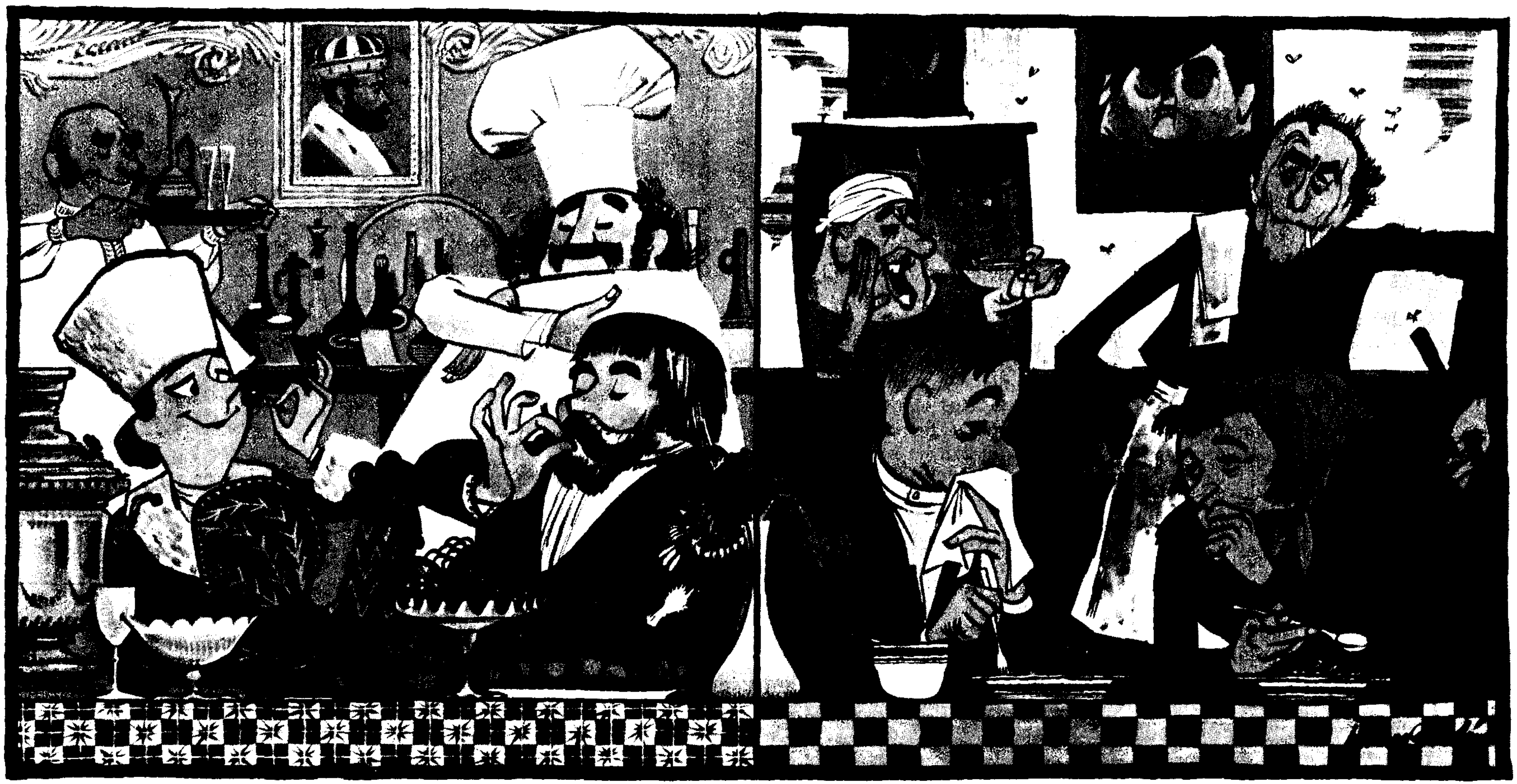
Amateurs Only! Our students not eligible. Make copy of Bob Hope 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be received by Dec. 31, 1953. None returned. Winners notified.

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 11433
500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my attached drawing in your Bob Hope contest. **(PLEASE PRINT)**

Name______________________________Age______
Address_______________________Apt._____Phone________
City____________________Zone____County____________
State__________________Occupation________________

Collier's Editorial



HARRY DEVLIN

In Old Russia, people lived to eat . . . . . . in Red Russia, people eat to live

Russian Food for Thought

IN OLD RUSSIA the art of the gourmet was highly developed. Ivan Ivanovitch, whether he belonged to nobility or peasantry, loved to eat and drink. Great chefs were honored as highly as great diplomats. Travelers returned from Russia with tall tales of gastronomic exploits.

It's not that way any more. Restaurants have been regimented until they are nothing but filling stations—and not very good ones at that. This regimentation applies to every part of the Soviet realm, according to translations of news articles in the Russian press made by the scholars of the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies. They have found lately a sudden flood of complaints about the government's eating houses, and these complaints are being aired with startling emphasis by the controlled newspapers.

When the state runs everything, restaurant patrons get a shabby deal. As Americans know, the restaurant business is one in which competition is an absolute necessity if any reasonable standards of product and service are to be maintained.

The Kremlin is being told unabashedly by the press that restaurants are uncomfortable and poorly furnished, and that the food is tasteless. Waiters are rude and managers indifferent. The people who prepare the food "have neither clean hands nor clean consciences." The officials at the head of the establishments give the best food to relatives and friends; other patrons get the leftovers.

Cooks come in for special attack. Most of them, it is stated, are "very poorly qualified for their jobs." Some have been trained in short-term seminars by bungling bureaucrats; a few have had three-month trade-school courses. The rest have no training at all.

But they have little time to devote to their job, anyway, because the state requires them to spend most of their working hours on complicated accounting for raw materials, semifinished goods, finished products and the other bookkeeping mysteries of systems devised for factories and stores. "Put the cooks back in the kitchen," suggests one editor, "and let the managers do the figuring."

There are constant shortages, too, of foodstuffs and equipment—sometimes due to faulty distribution, but more often to pilfering or bad management.

A visitor to a leading industrial city dropped into Restaurant No. 12 of the chain maintained there by the Trade Administration.

"Bring me a bowl of cabbage soup with meatballs, a plate of goulash and a dish of stewed fruit," he told the waitress.

"No more meat dishes," she replied with a shrug. "You can have a bit of plain cabbage soup, then a bowl of porridge, with boiled potatoes—and some apple sauce."

A man smoking his pipe at the next table leaned across to speak to the traveler. "Comrade, you should have come earlier," he said. "The meat dishes never last until noon. I always get here as soon as the place opens.

"Go easy with the mush," his neighbor advised him. "You may find some strange objects in it. There's no hood over the kitchen stove and pieces of plaster fall into the pan from the ceiling."

The traveler's experience was printed prominently in a Moscow newspaper. It resulted in a flood of letters from readers, pointing out that conditions in Restaurant No. 12 were no different than in many other eating places.

"All restaurants are required to have complaint boxes," pointed out one reader. "The boxes are full of complaints. But nothing is ever done about them."

For top-level reform of such matters, the right man is probably Anastas Mikoyan, the Soviet Minister in charge of the Trade Administration. Russian newspapers don't seem to remember that he visited the United States in the thirties and spent a lot of time studying American methods of food preparation, service and pricing. He expressed considerable enthusiasm for the American system whereby good food was supplied to fit every pocketbook. Back in Russia, he told his countrymen that the Americans had invented many ingenious devices for kitchens and dining rooms and that he was sure many of them could be adapted for Russian use.

But since the Kremlin started its hate-America campaign some years ago, Comrade Mikoyan hasn't had a word to say about that American visit. Maybe it's time for him to apply some of the lessons he learned then.

Collier's has a suggestion for him: Now that he has become one of the big shots at the Kremlin, why not put all the nation's eating places under free enterprise?

We guarantee that private ownership and a competitive system will quickly set the patient on the road to recovery.

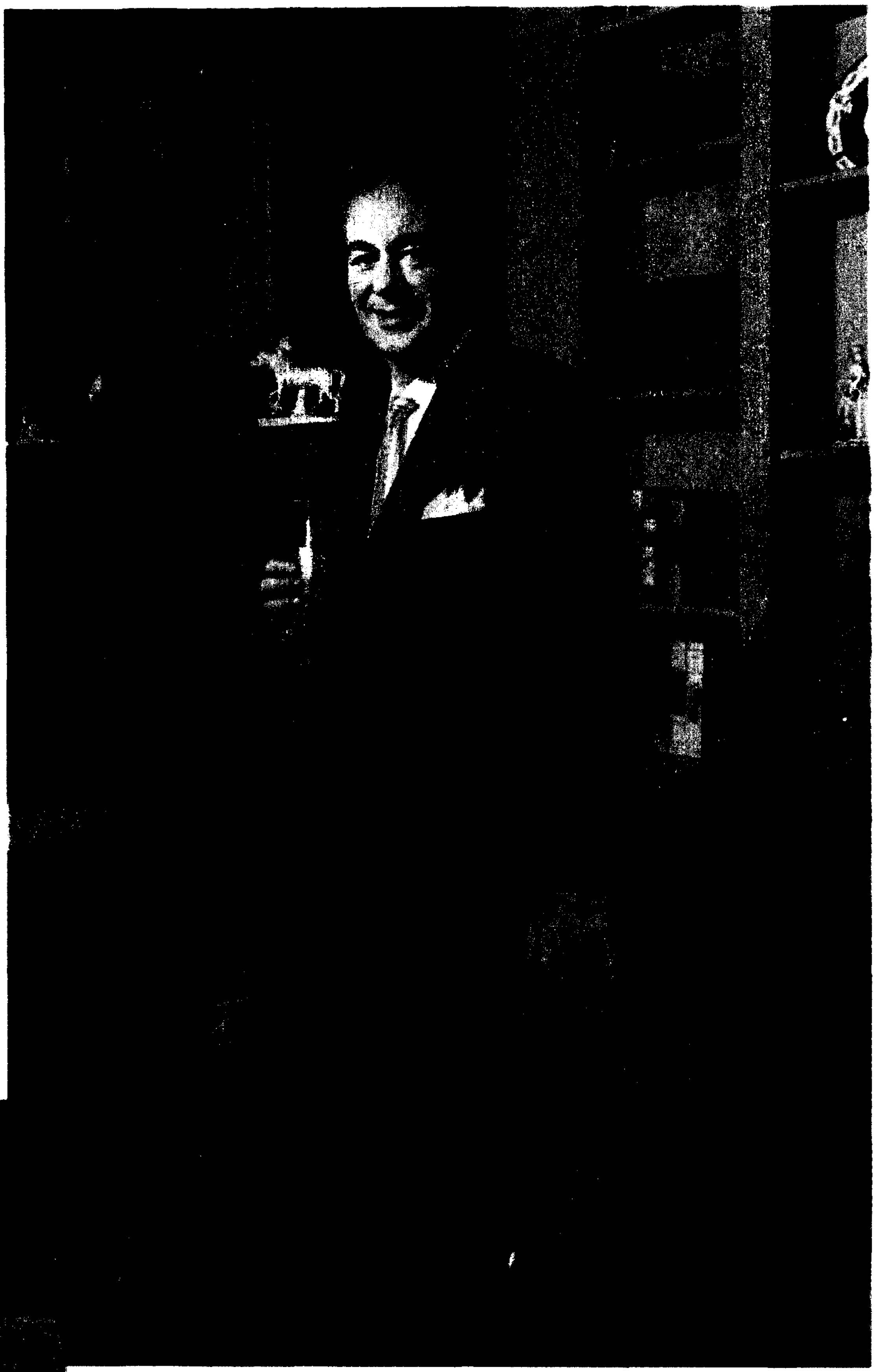
Lord Calvert invites you to meet

Mr. Arthur J. Brown

Man of Distinction . . .

President, A B C Freight Forwarding Corp.

It is for men who, like Mr. Brown, are distinguished by good taste and keen judgment, that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled.* The result is a perfection of flavor, bouquet and lightness unmatched in any whiskey, *anywhere.* So jealously is Lord Calvert's quality guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. We hope you'll try *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert soon. It costs a little more, tastes a little better and adds a little more pleasure to living.



To help support a family of eleven, young Arthur Brown worked as a shoe clerk, caddy, truck washer and sign painter. After eight years as a freight handler, he rose to manage the company whose trucks he had washed. Then, with modest savings, he started his own firm.

That was twelve years ago. Today Mr. Brown's ABC Company, with offices in sixteen cities from N. Y. to Denver and nearly 1,000 employees, is one of the largest freight forwarders in the U. S. A dynamo at work, he still finds time to run a stable of 17 trotters and pacers.

A progressive employer, he recently purchased a 180-acre estate in New Jersey, where employees enjoy free vacations. Week ends, Mr. Brown likes to entertain guests 'round the barbecue at his Flushing, N. Y. home, where *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert is always a great favorite.

LORD CALVERT... *Custom Distilled for Men of Distinction*®

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

TOMMY DORSEY ☆ JIMMY DORSEY ☆ VAUGHN MONROE ☆ EDDIE SAUTER ☆ BILL FINEGAN ☆

Top band leaders tell why they changed to CAMELS

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

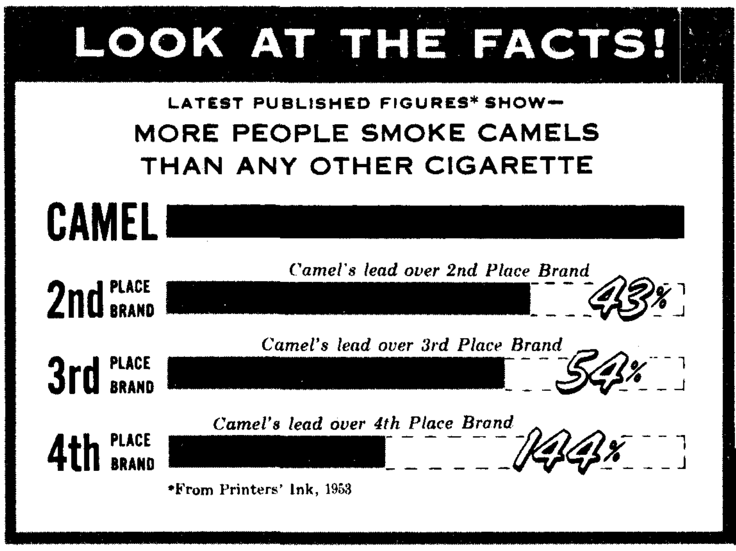
The Dorsey Brothers Their new band makes great music. Jimmy switched to Camels mainly because of their mildness. Brother Tommy, long-time Camel smoker, says: "Besides being mild, no other cigarette tastes as good as Camels to me!"

Vaughn Monroe Famous singing star says, "I've smoked Camels for 21 years. They've always tasted best, always seemed mildest. I think Camels give *any* smoker more pleasure. Why not try 'em?"

Sauter–Finegan Orchestra is new, different, popular. Says Eddie Sauter: "I've tried many brands, but I get most pleasure from Camels." Bill Finegan declares, "With me, Camels clicked instantly. Their mildness and flavor taste exactly right."

For Mildness and Flavor

Camels agree with more people THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!



*From Printers' Ink, 1953

WHAT DOES CAMELS' GREAT POPULARITY MEAN TO YOU?

Just this: If you want to enjoy smoking more than ever, you should try the cigarette that the most smokers enjoy!

MAKE THE TEST THAT HAS PROVED TO MILLIONS...for mildness, for flavor, Camels agree with you best of all cigarettes! Smoke only Camels for 30 days. You'll certainly discover Camels taste richer...Camels' mildness suits you best, pack after pack. So Camels give you *more* and *better* enjoyment!

Make Camel's 30-Day Mildness Test... see how well Camels agree with you!